

THE
WORKS
OF

CELEBRATED AUTHORS,

Of whose WRITINGS there are but
small Remains.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

Containing the WORKS of

The EARL of ROSCOMMON.

The EARL of DORSET.

The EARL of HALLIFAX.

AND

Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand*.

MDCCL.

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MDCCLXXIII



ADVERTISEMENT.

AS a very imperfect Collection of the Works of the celebrated Writers contain'd in these Volumes (the Poems of Bishop Sprat excepted) have been offer'd to the Publick, we presume no Apology is necessary for the present Publication.

After a diligent search we can find no other Pieces written by those Authors, than what are here inserted, and we hope it will not appear, that any spurious ones are printed amongst them.

The Notes to the Earl of Roscommon's Translations referring to the Originals, induced us to publish those Pieces opposite to the Versions; but we judg'd it wou'd be swelling the Work unnecessarily to do the same by the other Translations. The Reader will find some material Alterations

ADVERTISEMENT.

in the Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, which were communicated by Dr. Rawlinson from a Copy corrected by his Lordship's own Hand.

The size of these Volumes, which is greater than we expected, must be our excuse for not adding any more to them, than the Poems of Bishop Sprat.



POEMS



P O E M S

BY THE

EARL *of* ROSCOMMON.



Vol. I.

B

ROBERTSON

P. O. F. M.

BY THE

HAROLD ROBERTSON

CHAS. ROBERTSON

Vol. 1

B
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B



A N
E S S A Y
O N
TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that Author, whose correct * Essay
Repairs so well our Old *Horatian* way :
And happy you, who (by propitious Fate)
On great *Apollo's* sacred Standard wait,
And with strict Discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your Arms before you
But since the Press, the Pulpit and the Stage, [fight.
Conspire to censure and expose our Age:
Provok'd, too far, we resolutely must,
To the few Virtues that we have, be just.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To search the Treasures of the *Roman* Store ;
Or dig in *Græcian* Mines for purer Ore ;
The noblest Fruits Transplanted in our Isle
With early Hope, and fragrant Blossoms smile.
Familiar *Ovid* tender Thoughts inspires,
And Nature seconds all his soft Desires :

* *Essay on Poetry, written by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire.*

Theocritus does now to Us belong;
 And *Albion's* Rocks repeat his rural Song.
 Who has not heard how *Italy* was blest,
 Above the *Medes*, above the wealthy *East*?
 Or *Gallus's* Song, so tender, and so true,
 As ev'n *Lycoris* might with Pity view!
 When mourning Nymphs attend their *Daphnis's* Herse,
 Who does not weep, that reads the moving Verse!
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted Strains
Sicilian Muses through these happy Plains,
 Proclaim *Saturnian* Times, our own *Apollo* reigns.

When *France* had breath'd, after intestine Broils,
 And Peace and Conquest crown'd her foreign Toils,
 There (cultivated by a Royal Hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the Land;
 The choicest Books, that *Rome* or *Greece* have known,
 Her excellent Translators made her own:
 And *Europe* still considerably gains,
 Both by their good Example and their Pains.
 From hence our gen'rous Emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, we shew the World a nobler Way,
 And in translated Verse, do more than They,
 Serene, and clear, harmonious *Horace* flows,
 With Sweetness not to be express'd in Prose.
 Degrading Prose explains his Meaning ill,
 And shews the Stuff, but not the Workman's Skill.
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty Years)
 Scarce know my Master as he there appears.
 Vain are our Neighbours Hopes, and vain their Cares,
 The Fault is more their Language's, than theirs.
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in Words
 Of softer Sound than ours perhaps affords.
 But who did ever in *French* Authors see
 The comprehensive *English* Energy?
 The weighty Bullion of one *Sterling* Line,
 Drawn to *French* Wire, would thro' whole Pages shine.

I speak my private, but impartial Sense,
With Freedom, and (I hope) without Offence:
For I'll recant, when *France* can shew me Wit,
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, Composing is the nobler Part,
But good Translation is no easy Art,
For tho' Materials have long since been found,
Yet both your Fancy, and your Hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment, more.

The Soil intended for *Pierian* Seeds
Must be well purg'd, from rank pedantick Weeds.
Apollo starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,
At the rude rumbling *Baralipton* makes.
For none have been with Admiration read,
But who (beside their Learning) were well-bred.

The first great Work, (a Task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No Mask, no Tricks, no Favour, no Reserve;
Dissect your Mind, examine ev'ry Nerve.
Whoever vainly on his Strength depends,
Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius*, ends.
That Wretch (in spite of his forgotten Rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding Times,
With pompous Nonsense and a bellowing Sound
Sung *lofty Ilium, tumbling to the Ground*.
And (if my Muse can through past Ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping Fool was he;
Exploded, when with universal Scorn,
The Mountains labour'd and a Mouse was born.

Learn, learn, *Crotona's* brawny Wrestler cries,
Audacious Mortals, and be timely wise!
'Tis I that call, remember *Milo's* End,
Wedg'd in that Timber, which he strove to rend.

Each Poet with a different Talent writes,
 One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic Bays,
 Nor lofty *Maro* stoop to Lyric Lays.
 Examine how your Humour is inclin'd,
 And which the ruling Passion of your Mind;
 Then, seek a Poet who your Way does bend,
 And choose an Author as you choose a Friend.
 United by this sympathetic Bond,
 You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
 Your Thoughts, your Words, your Stiles, your Souls agree,
 No longer his Interpreter, but he.

With how much Ease is a young *Muse* betray'd,
 How nice the Reputation of the Maid?
 Your early, kind, paternal Care appears,
 By chaste Instruction of her tender Years.
 The first Impression in her infant Breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
 Let not Austerity breed servile Fear,
 No wanton Sound offend her Virgin-ear.
 Secure from foolish Pride's affected State,
 And specious Flatt'ry's more pernicious Bait,
 Habitual Innocence adorns her Thoughts,
 But your Neglect must answer for her Faults.

Immodest Words admit of no Defence;
 For want of Decency is want of Sense.
 What mod'rate Pop wou'd rake the Park or Stews,
 Who among Troops of faultless Nymphs may choose?
 Variety of such is to be found;
 Take then a Subject, proper to expound:
 But moral, great, and worth a Poet's Voice,
 For Men of Sense despise a trivial Choice:
 And such Applause it must expect to meet,
 As would some Painter busy in a Street,
 To Copy Bulls and Bears, and ev'ry Sign
 That calls the staring Sots to nasty Wine.

Yet

Yet 'tis not all to have a Subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsom Objects to my View,
(As many Old have done, and many New)
With nauseous Images my Fancy fills,
And all goes down like Oxymer of Squills.
Instruct the list'ning World how *Mars* sings
Of useful Subjects, and of lofty Things.
These will such true, such bright Ideas raise,
As merit Gratitude, as well as Praise:
But foul Descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being Like, or being Ill.
For who, without a Qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy Garbage, tho' by *Homer* cook'd?
Whose railing Heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
Make some suspect, He Snores, as well as Nods.
But I offend ---- *Virgil* begins to frown,
And *Horace* looks with Indignation down;
My blushing *Muse* with conscious Fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure Foundations let your Fabrick rise,
And with attractive Majesty surprise,
Not by affected, meretricious Arts,
But strict harmonious Symmetry of Parts.
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital Heat to animate the Mass.
A pure, an active, an auspicious Flame,
And bright as Heav'n, from whence the Blessing came;
But few, oh few Souls, præordain'd by Fate,
The Race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd Height.
No *Rebel-Titan's* sacrilegious Crime,
By heaping Hills on Hills can thither climb.
The grizly Ferry-man of Hell deny'd
Æneas Entrance, 'till he knew his Guide:
How justly then will impious Mortals fall,
Whose Pride wou'd soar to Heav'n without a Call?

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous Fault,) Proceeds from want of Sense, or want of Thought. The Men, who labour and digest things most, Will be much apter to despond, than boast. For if your Author be profoundly good, 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood. How many Ages since has *Virgil* writ? How few are they who understand him yet? Approach his Altars with religious Fear, No vulgar Deity inhabits there: Heav'n shakes not more at *Jove's* imperial Nod, Than Poets shou'd before their *Mantuan* God. Hail mighty *Maro*! may that Sacred Name Kindle my Breast with thy celestial Flame; Sublime Ideas, and apt Words infuse. The *Muse* instruct my Voice, and thou inspire the *Muse*!

What I have instanc'd only in the best, Is, in proportion, true of all the rest. Take pains the genuine Meaning to explore; There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious Oar: Search ev'ry Comment that your Care can find, Some here, some there, may hit the Poet's Mind; Yet be not blindly guided by the Throng; The Multitude is always in the Wrong. When Things appear unnatural or hard, Consult your Author, with himself compar'd; Who knows what Blessing *Phabus* may bestow, And future Ages to your Labour owe? Such Secrets are not easily found out, But once discover'd, leave no room for doubt. Truth stamps Conviction in your ravish'd Breast, And Peace and Joy attend the glorious Guest.

Truth still is one; Truth is divinely bright, No cloudy Doubts obscure her native Light; While in your Thoughts you find the least Debate, You may Confound, but never can Translate.

Your

Your Stile will this thro' all Disguises show,
For none explain, more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a Text,
Whose Exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on Names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the Mist;
And grow unjust by being over nice,
(For superstitious Virtue turns to Vice.)
Let * *Crassus's* Ghost, and *Labienus* tell
How twice in *Parthian* Plains their Legions fell.
Since *Rome* hath been so jealous of her Fame,
That few know *Pacorus*' or *Monases*' Name.

Words in one Language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæsar's* Time,
May neither suit our Genius nor our Clime.
The genuine Sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a Translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiable bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystick Thoughts you must express
With painful Care, but seeming Easiness;
For Truth shines brightest thro' the plainest Dress.
Th' *Ænean Muse*, when she appears in State,
Makes all *Jove's* Thunder on her Verses wait,
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving Things
As *Venus* speaks, or *Philemela* sings.
Your Author always will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
Affected Noise is the most wretched Thing,
That to Contempt can empty Scriblers bring.
Vowels and Accents, regularly plac'd,
On even Syllables (and still the last)
Tho' gross innumerable Faults abound,
In spite of Nonsense, never fail of Sound.

* *Hor. lib. 3. Od. 6.*

But this is meant of even Verse alone,
 As being most harmonious and most known:
 For if you will unequal Numbers try,
 There Accents on odd Syllables must lie.
 Whatever Sister of the learned Nine
 Does to your Suit a willing Ear incline,
 Urge your Success, deserve a lasting Name,
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant Flame.
 But if a wild Uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your veering Heart with ev'ry Gale,
 You lose the Fruit of all your former Care,
 For the sad Prospect of a just Despair.

A Quack (too scandalously mean to name)
 Had, by Man-Midwifry, got Wealth, and Fame:
 As if *Lucina* had forgot her Trade,
 The lab'ring Wife invokes his surer Aid.
 Well-season'd Bowls the Gossips Spirits raise,
 Who while she guzzles, chats the Doctor's Praise.
 And largely, what she wants in Words, supplies,
 With Maudlin-Eloquence of trickling Eyes.
 But what a thoughtless Animal is Man,
 (How very active in his own Trepan!)
 For greedy of Physicians frequent Fees,
 From female mellow Praise he takes Degrees;
 Struts in a new unlicens'd Gown, and then,
 From saving Women falls to killing Men.
 Another such had left the Nation thin,
 In spite of all the Children he brought in.
 His Pills as thick as Hand-Granadoes flew;
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
 His Name struck ev'ry where as great a Damp,
 As *Archimedes* through the *Roman* Camp.
 With this, the Doctor's Pride began to cool;
 For smarting soundly may convince a Fool.
 But now Repentance came too late, for Grace;
 And meagre Famine star'd him in the Face,

Fain wou'd he to the Wives be reconcil'd,
But found no Husband left to own a Child.
The Friends, that got the Brats, were poison'd too;
In this sad Case what cou'd our Vermin do?
Worry'd with Debts and past all hope of Bail,
Th' un pity'd Wretch lies rotting in a Jail:
And there with Basket-Alms, scarce kept alive,
Shews how mistaken Talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my Soul, unhappy Men,
Compell'd by Want to prostitute their Pen;
Who must, like Lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where Guineas lead!
But you, *Pompilian*, wealthy, pamper'd Heirs,
Who to your Country owe your Swords and Cares,
Let no vain Hope your easy Mind seduce,
For rich ill Poets are without Excuse.
'Tis very dang'rous, tampering with a *Muse*,
The Profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For tho' true Wit adorns your Birth or Place,
Degen'rate Lines degrade th' attainted Race.
No Poet any Passion can excite;
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the *Cumæan Cave*,
And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling Eyes:
And panting; *Lo! the God, the God she cries;*
With Words, not hers, and more than human Sound,
She makes th' obedient Ghosts peep trembling thro' the
Ground.

But tho' we must obey when Heav'n commands,
And Man in vain the sacred Call withstands,
Beware what Spirit rages in your Breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.
Thus make the proper use of each Extreme,
And write with Fury, but correct with Phlegm.
As when the chearful Hours too freely pass,
And sparkling Wine smiles in the tempting Glass,

Your

Your Pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Thro' ev'ry swelling Vein a loud Retreat:
 So when a *Muse* propitiously invites,
 Improve her Favours, and indulge her Flights;
 But when you find that vigorous Heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another Summons wait.
 Before the radiant Sun, a glimmering Lamp,
 Adult'rate Metals to the Sterling Stamp,
 Appear not meaner, than meer human Lines,
 Compar'd with those whose Inspiration shines:
 These, nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
 There, Cold salutes; but here, a Lover's Kiss.
 Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong Tide,
 With foaming Waves the passive *Soan* divide;
 Whose lazy Waters without Motion lay,
 While he, with eager Force, urg'd his impetuous Way.

The Privilege that ancient Poets claim,
 Now turn'd to License by too just a Name,
 Belongs to none but an establish'd Fame,
 Which scorns to take it-----
 Absurd Expressions, crude, abortive Thoughts,
 All the lewd Legion of exploded Faults,
 Base Fugitives to that Asylum fly,
 And sacred Laws with Insolence defy.
 Not thus our Heroes of the former Days,
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading Bays;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest Part
 Of what some call Neglect, was study'd Art.
 When *Virgil* seems to trifle in a Line,
 'Tis like a Warning-piece, which gives the Sign
 To wake your Fancy, and prepare your Sight,
 To reach the noble Height of some unusual Flight.
 I lose my Patience, when with saucy Pride,
 By untun'd Ears I hear his Numbers try'd.
 Reverse of Nature! shall such Copies then
 Arraign th' Originals of *Maro's* Pen!

And

And the rude Notions of Pedantick Schools
Blaspheme the sacred Founder of our Rules!

The Delicacy of the nicest Ear
Finds nothing harsh, or out of Order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The Sound is still a Comment to the Sense.

A skilful Ear, in Numbers should preside,
And all Disputes without Appeal decide.
This ancient *Rome*, and elder *Athens* found,
Before mistaken Stops debauch'd the Sound.

When, by Impulse from Heav'n, *Tyrtæus* sung,
In drooping Soldiers a new Courage sprung;
Reviving *Sparta* now the Fight maintain'd,
And what two Gen'als lost, a Poet gain'd.
By secret Influence of indulgent Skies,
Empire and Poesy together rise.
True Poets are the Guardians of a State,
And when they fail, portend approaching Fate.
For that which *Rome* to Conquest did inspire,
Was not the *Vestal*, but the *Muses* Fire;
Heav'n joins the Blessings: No declining Age
E'er felt the Raptures of Poetick Rage.

Of many Faults, Rhyme is (perhaps) the Cause;
Too strict to Rhyme, we slight more useful Laws,
For that, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never known,
Till by barbarian Deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their Invaders way.

I grant that from some mossy, Idol Oak,
In double Rhymes our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;
And by Succession of unlearned Times,
As *Bards* began, so *Monks* rung on the Chimes.

But

But now that *Phœbus* and the *sacred Nine*,
 With all their Beams on our blest Island shine,
 Why should not We their ancient Rites restore,
 And be, what *Rome* or *Athenæ* were before ?

- * Have we forgot how *Raphael's* num'rous Prose
- Led our exalted Souls thro' heav'nly Camps,
- And mark'd the Ground where proud apostate Thrones
- Defy'd *Jehovah* ! Here, 'twixt Host and Host,
- (A narrow but a dreadful Interval)
- Portentous Sight ! before the Cloudy Van
- *Satan* with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,
- Came tow'ring arm'd in Adamant and Gold.
- There bellowing Engines, with their fiery Tubes,
- Dispers'd *Æthereal* Forms and down they fell
- By thousands, *Angels* on *Arch-Angels* roll'd ;
- Recover'd, to the Hills they ran, they flew,
- Which (with their pond'rous load, Rocks, Waters, Woods)
- From their firm Seats torn by the shaggy Tops
- They bore like Shields before them thro' the Air,
- 'Till more incens'd they hurl'd 'em at their Foes.
- All was Confusion, Heav'n's Foundations shook,
- Threatning no less than Universal Wreck,
- For *Michael's* Arm main Promontories flung,
- And over-prest whole Legions weak with Sin :
- Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
- 'Till the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd,
- And (arm'd with Vengeance) *God's* Victorious Son
- (Effulgence of Paternal Deity)
- Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his Hand
- Drove th' old Original Rebels headlong down,
- And sent them flaming to the vast Abyss.

O may I live to hail the Glorious Day,
 And sing loud Pœans thro' the crowded Way,

• *An Essay in Blank Verse, out of Paradise Lost, Book VI.*

When

When in Triumphant State the *British Muse*,
True to herself, shall barb'rous Aid refuse,
And in the *Roman* Majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.



A PARAPHRASE on the

CXLVIIIth P S A L M.

O Azure Vaults ! O Crystal Sky !
The World's transparent Canopy,
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on Things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the *God* of War,
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
Let Ecchoing Anthems make his Praises known
On Earth his Footstool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of All, whose Glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day,
O praise his Name, without whose purer Light
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyss of Night,

Ye Moon and Planets, who dispense,
By *God's* Command, your Influence ;
Reign to him, as your Creator due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as First, of Things
From whom all Joy, all Beauty springs ;
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who useth thee for his Empyrean Robe.

Praise

Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres,
 Whose Sacred Stamp all Nature bears,
 Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
 And whose Command is th' universal Law :

Ye wat'ry Mountains of the Sky,
 And you so far above our Eye,
 Vast ever-moving Orbs, Exalt his Name,
 Who gave its Being to your Glorious Frame.

Ye Dragons, whose contagious Breath
 Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
 Change your fierce Hissing into joyful Song,
 And praise your Maker with your forked Tongue.

Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep,
 That in the Seas vast Bosoms sleep ;
 At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,
 Yet know their Limits, Tremble and Adore.

Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
 And you who through the Concave blow,
 Swift Executors of his holy Word,
 Whirlwinds and Tempest, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's View
 Seem less than Mole-hills do to you,
 Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,
 All Heav'n was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.

Praise him, sweet Offspring of the Ground,
 With Heav'nly Nectar yearly Crown'd ;
 And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praise,
 That in his Temple Sacred Altars raise.

Idle Musicians of the Spring,
 Whose only Care's to Love and Sing,
 Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling Throat
 Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note. Praise

Praise him each Savage Furious Beast,
That on his Stores do daily feast:
And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
Whose Pow'r hath here no Periods,
May all Attempts against your Crowns be vain;
But still remember by whose Pow'r you reign.

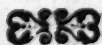
Let the wide World his Praises sing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring,
And from the *Danube's* frosty Banks, to those
Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus* flows.

You that dispose of all our Lives,
Praise him from whom your Pow'r derives:
Be True and Just like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praise him, old Monuments of Time;
O praise him in your Youthful Prime:
Praise him fair Idols of our greedy Sense;
Exalt his Name, sweet Age of Innocence.

Jehovah's Name shall only last,
When Heav'n, and Earth, and all is past:
Nothing, Great God, is to be found in Thee,
But Unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt, O *Jacob's* Sacred Race,
The God of Gods, the God of Grace;
Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,
And with his Glory recompense your Praise.





*A PROLOGUE spoken to his Royal
Highness the Duke of YORK,
at Edinburgh.*

FOLLY and Vice are easy to describe,
The common Subjects of our scribbling Tribe;
But when true Virtues, with unclouded Light,
All Great, all Royal, shine divinely bright,
Our Eyes are dazzled, and our Voice is weak:
Let *England*, *Flanders*, let all *Europe* speak,
Let *France* acknowledge that her shaken Throne
Was once supported, Sir, by you alone:
Banish'd from thence for an Usurper's Sake,
Yet trusted then with her last Desp'rate Stake:
When wealthy Neighbours strove with us for Pow'r,
Let the Sea tell, how in their fatal Hour,
Swift as an Eagle, our Victorious Prince,
Great Britain's Genius, flew to her Defence;
His Name struck Fear, his Conduct won the Day,
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling Prey,
And while the Heav'ns were Fire and th' Ocean Blood,
Confirm'd our Empire o'er the Conquer'd Flood.

Oh happy Islands, if you knew your Bliss!
Strong by the Sea's Protection, safe by His,
Express your Gratitude the only Way;
And humbly own a Debt too vast to pay:
Let Fame aloud to future Ages tell,
None e'er Commanded, none Obey'd so well;
While this high Courage, this undaunted Mind,
So Loyal, so submissively Resign'd,
Proclaim that such a Hero never springs,
But from the Uncorrupted Blood of Kings.

VIRGIL'S



VIRGIL's Sixth Eclogue,

S I L E N U S
T R A N S L A T E D.

The A R G U M E N T.

Two young Shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promis'd a Song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him Hand and Foot, and then elaim his Promise. Silenus finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his Song; in which he describes the Formation of the Universe, and the Original of Animals, according to the Epicurean Philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising Transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her Birth. This Eclogue was design'd as a Compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the Principles of that Philosophy. Silenus acts as Tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two Pupils.

My Aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latin, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some Names and Passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.

The



S I L E N U S,

E C L O G A VI.

FAUNORUM, SATYRORUM ET SYLVANORUM
DELECTATIO.

PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,

Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

Cum canerem reges, & praelia, Cynthius aurem

Vellit, & admonuit: Pastorem, Tityre, pingues

Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.

Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,

Vare, tuas cupiant, & tristia condere bella)

Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.

Non injussa cano. si quis tamen hac quoque, si quis

Captus amore loget; te nostra, Vare, myrica,

Te nemus omne canet. nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,

Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

Pergite, Pierides. Chromis & Mnasyllus in antro

Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,

Inflatum besterno venas, ut semper, Iatcho.



The SIXTH ECLOGUE.

S I L E N U S.

I First of *Romans* stoop'd to Rural Strains,
 Nor blush'd to dwell among ¹ *Sicilian* Swains,
 When my ² *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,
 And Kings and Battles were her lofty Choice,
Phæbus did kindly humbler Thoughts infuse;
 And with this Whisper check th' aspiring Muse.
 A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flock should feed,
 And choose a Subject suited to his Reed.
 Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
 To write thy Praises, *Varus*, and thy Wars)
 My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
 Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)
 Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains shall sing,
 And ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Eccho ring.
Phæbus delights in *Varus* fav'rite Name;
 And none who under that Protection came,
 Was ever ill-receiv'd, or unsecure of Fame.

Proceed, my Muse.
 + Young *Chromis* and *Mnasilus* chanc'd to stray
 Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,
 Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
 And always boil in each extended Vein;

His

*Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant:
 Et gravis attrita pendebat cantabaris una.
 Aggressi (nam sæpe senex spe carminis ambo
 Luferat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis.
 Addit se sociam, timidisque supervenit Ægle:
 Ægle Naiadum pulcherrima. jamque videnti
 Sanguineis frontem moris, & tempora pingit.
 Ille dolum ridens, Quò vincula nectitis? inquit.
 Solvite me, pueri. satis est potuisse videri.
 Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis;
 Huic aliud mercedis erit. simul incipit ipse.
 Tum verò in numerum Faunosque feràsque videres
 Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.
 Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnassia rupes:
 Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphæa.
 Namque canebat, uti magnum par inane coacta
 Semina terrarumque, animæque, marisve fuissent,
 Et liquidi simul ignis: ut his exordia primis
 Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
 Tum durare solum, & discludere Nerea ponto
 Cæperit, & rerum paulatim fumere formas.
 Jamque novum ut terræ stupeant lucescere solem,
 Alius atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres:
 Incipiant sylvæ cum primum surgere, cumque
 Rara per ignotos errant animalia montes.*

Hinc

His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use;
Drop'd from his Head, a wreath lay on the Ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound;
Eager for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive Song:
But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Egle, the fairest ⁶ *Nais* of the Flood,
With a ⁷ Vermilion Dye his Temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
Loose me, he cry'd; twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,
(She shall be satisfy'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,
The knotty Oaks their listning Branches bow'd,
And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For lo! he sung the World's stupendous Birth,
How scatter'd Seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, through universal Night
And empty Space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable Race of Things,
By circular successive Order springs.

By what degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere
Was hardned, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear;
How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,
A new-born Sun surpris'd the dazled Sight;
How Vapours turn'd to Clouds obscure the Sky,
And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty Ground supply;
How the first Parent rais'd his ready Head,
Till when, few wandring Beasts on unknown Mountains
fed.

Then

*Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiâsque refert volucres, furtumque Promethei.
His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
Clamâssent: ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.*

*Et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaën nivei solatur amore juvenci,
Ab, virgo infelix, quæ te dementia cepit?
Præcides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros:
At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
Et sæpe in lævi quæssisset cornua fronte.
Ab, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!
Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,
Ilice sub nigrâ pallentes ruminat herbas,
Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. claudite nymphæ,
Diææ nymphæ, nemorum jam claudite saltus:
Si quâ fortè ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
Errabunda bovis vestigia. forsitan illum
Aut herbâ captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,
Perducant aliquæ stabula ad Gortynia vacca.*

*Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:
Tum Phaëthontiadas musco circumdat amara
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.
Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
Aopas in montes ut duxerit una sororum;
Utque viro Phæbi chorus adsurrexerit omnis;*

Then *Pyrrha's* stony Race rose from the Ground,
 Old *Saturn* reign'd with golden Plenty crown'd,
 And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd Desire
 ' Rival'd the Sun with his own heav'nly Fire)
 Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vultures endless Prey,
 Severely pays for animating Clay.
 He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods cou'd tell?)
 Into whose Arms the lovely *Hylas* fell;
Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the Coast.

He with Compassion told *Pasiphae's* Fault,
 Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty Thought?
 'The 10 Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
 And imitated lowings fill'd the Skies,
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)
 Did never burn with such unnat'ral Heat.
 Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains stray,
 He on soft Flow'rs his snowy Side does lay;
 Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:
 Surround, my Nymphs, she cries, surround the Grove;
 Perhaps some Footsteps printed in the Clay,
 Will to my Love direct your wandering way;
 Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
 My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
 By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid,
 And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,
 While with the World th' ambitious Brother burn'd.
 All he describ'd was present to their Eyes,
 And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* Will
 Guide wand'ring 11 *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:
 (Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
 With deep respect the learned Senate rose,

*Ut Linus hæc illi diuino carmine pastor,
 Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
 Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Musa,
 Ascræo quos antè seni: quibus ille solebat
 Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.
 His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo:
 Nequis sit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo.*

*Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,
 Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstribus
 Dulicbias vexâsse rates, & gurgite in alto
 Ab timidos nautas canibus lacerâsse marinis?*

*Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus?
 Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona parârit?
 Quo cursu deserta petiverit, & quibus antè
 Infelix sua tecta superuolita uerit alii?*

*Omnia quæ, Phæbo quondam meditante, beatus
 Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,
 Ille canit. pulsæ referunt ad fidera valles.
 Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerumque referre
 Jussit, & invito processit uesper Olympo.*



And ¹² *Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)
 The Hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd :
 This Harp of old to *Hesiod* did belong,
 To this, the Muses Gift, join thy harmonious Song ;
 Charm'd by these Strings, Trees starting from the
 Ground,

Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful Sound.
 Thus consecrated, thy ¹³ *Grynæan* Grove
 Shall have no Equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why shou'd I speak of the ¹⁴ *Megarian* Maid,
 For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd ?
 And ¹⁵ her, who round with barking Monsters arm'd,
 The wandering *Greeks* (ah frighted Men) alarm'd ;
¹⁶ Whose only Hope on shatter'd Ships depends,
 While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled Friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd Shape,
 And dire Revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,
 Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,
 Where she had suffer'd by incestuous Force,
 While loth to leave the Palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her own?

Whatever near ¹⁷ *Eurota's* happy Stream
 With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's* Theme,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
 And send his Mystick Numbers through the Sky ;
 Till Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,
 And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale ;
 The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
 And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World resign'd.





POSTSCRIPT.

- 1 **S**icilian—Virgil, in his Eclogue, imitates Theocritus, a Sicilian Poet.
- 2 **T**halia—The name of the Rural Muse.
- 3 **V**arus—A great Favourite of Augustus, the same that was kill'd in Germany, and lost the Roman Legions.
- 4 **C**hromis and Mnasyllus—Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their Names, which are never used for Shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.
- 5 **T**hey bound—Proteus, Pan, and Silenus would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
- 6 **N**ais—The Latin word for a Water-Nymph.
- 7 **V**ermilion Dye—The Colour that Pan and Silenus lov'd best.
- 8 **R**ival'd the Sun—Minerva delighted with the Art and Industry of Prometheus (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heav'n, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which Fire he animated his Image. Ovid. 2. Met.
- 9 **H**ylas—Favourite of Hercules, who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole him away. I use the word resounds (in the present Tense) because Strabo (who lived at the same time as Virgil) seems to intimate, that the Prussians continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his Name with loud Cries.
- 10 **T**he Maids of Argos—Daughters of Prætis King of Argos, who presum'd so much upon their Beauty, that they prefer'd it to Juno's, who in revenge struck them with such Madness that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by Melampodes with Hellebore, and for that reason, black Hellebore is called Melampodion.
- 11 **G**allus—An excellent Poet and great Friend of Virgil, he was afterwards Prætor of Ægypt, and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Monies, of which he could give no good account, he kill'd himself. It is the same Gallus you read of in the last Eclogue: And Suidas says, that Virgil means him by Aristæus, in the divine Conclusion of his Georgicks.

- 12 Linus, Son of Apollo and Calliope.
 13 The Grynean Grove—Consecrated to Apollo; by this he means some Poem writ upon that Subject by Gallus.
 14 The Megarian Maid—Sylla, Daughter of Nisus King of Megara, who falling in Love with Minos, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treason, rejected her.
 15 Her who round—Another Sylla, Daughter of Phorcis, whose lower Parts were turned into Dogs by Circe; and she, in despair, flung herself into the Sea.
 16 Whose only Hope—Ulysses's Ship: were not lost, though Scylla devoured several of his Men.
 17 Eurotas—a River in Greece whose Banks were shaded with Laurels; Apollo retired thither to lament the Death of his dear Hyacinthus, whom he had accidentally killed.





O D E upon S O L I T U D E.

I.

HAIL, Sacred *Solitude*! from this calm Bay,
 I view the World's Tempestuous Sea,
 And with wise Pride despise
 All those senseless Vanities:
 With Pity mov'd for others, cast away
 On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em tofs'd
 On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost:
 Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,
 Unhappy Men, or Adverse Fate,
 Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,
 Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,
 Fly from her kind embracing Arms,
 Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest Charms,
 And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,
 They in their Shipwreck'd State themselves obdurate
 please.

II.

Hail, Sacred *Solitude*, Soul of my Soul,
 It is by thee I truly live,
 Thou dost a better Life and nobler Vigour give;
 Dost each unruly Appetite control:
 Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,
 With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.
 Presuming Love does ne'er invade
 This private Solitary Shade;
 And, with fantastick Wounds by Beauty made,
 The Joy has no allay of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,
 The solid Comforts of this happy Sphere;

Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring sordid Gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest Stain :
Nor is it for my Solitude unfit,
For I am with my Friend alone,
As if we were but one ;
'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies,
But Friendship does two Souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant Tide doth flow
All Blessings Man can hope to know ;
Here in a deep Recess of Thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the Mind ;
Pleasures which do from Friendship and from Knowledge
rise,
Which make us happy, as they make us wise :
Here may I always on this downy Grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy Minutes pass :
'Till with a gentle Force victorious Death
My *Solitude* invade,
And, stopping for a-while my Breath,
With Ease convey me to a better Shade.





AD A R I S T I U M.

O D E XXII.

Vitæ integritatem & innocentiam ubiq; esse tutam.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
 Fusce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
 Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis:
 Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ:
 Quod latus mundi nebulae, malisque
 Jupiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ:
 Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulcè loquentem.



The Twenty Second ODE of the
First Book of HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear Friend, needs no Defence,
The surest Guard is Innocence:

None knew, 'till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poison'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* Sands or *Scythian* Snows,
Or where *Hydaspes*' wealthy side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

For as (by am'rous Thoughts betray'd)
Careless in *Sabin* Woods I stray'd,
A grisly foaming Wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet, trembling fled.

No Beast of more portentous Size
In the *Hercinian* Forest lies ;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
That *Neptune*'s frozen Arms embrace ;
Where angry *Jove* did never spare
One Breath of kind and temp'rate Air.

Set me where on some pathless Plain
The swarthy *Africans* complain,
To see the Chariot of the Sun
So near their scorching Country run.

The burning Zone, the frozen Isles,
Shall hear me sing of *Celia*'s Smiles :
All Cold but in her Breast I will despise,
And dare all Heat but that in *Celia*'s Eyes.



The SAME imitated.

I.

VIRTUE (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms, but its own Innocence ;
Quivers and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

II.

An honest Mind safely alone
May travel through the burning Zone ;
Or thro' the deepest *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

III.

While rul'd by a resifless Fire,
Our great * *Orinda* I admire,
The hungry Wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest Place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace ;
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Libyan* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magic of *Orinda's* Name,
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

REMARKS

REMARKS on the foregoing ODE,
TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HORACE writes to the same Aristius Fuscus, to whom he address'd the Tenth Epistle of the First Book. He was a Rhetorician, Grammarian and Poet. There is not any thing in this Ode by which one may make a Conjecture in what time it was made; but if this Lalage is the same with her in the Fifth Ode in the Second Book, of which I make no doubt, it must have been written much later than the other. No one has hitherto given any Light as to the occasion of this Ode, let us see what Conjecture can be made of it.

Fuscus Aristius was in Love with Lalage: Horace, who was in a strict League of Friendship with him, and who also lov'd Lalage, but rather as the Friend of Aristius than as his Rival, writes him an account of an Adventure that happen'd to him, in which Lalage had preserv'd him from an eminent Danger, upon the account of his having sung her Praises. He attributes his Safety to this Mistress, whom he looks upon as a Goddess coming to his Succour, in reward for those Sentiments, as respectful as passionate, which he had for her. This is the Reason he begins the Ode with describing his being innocent, and free from any vicious Intentions. This is making a great Compliment to Lalage, and at the same time confirming the Friendship of his Rival, by preventing his being jealous of him.

This Ode is so Polite and Gallant, as never to be sufficiently commended.

Lin. 1. Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus. These are Greek Phrases, in which the Preposition in is to be understood; for let the Grammarians say what they will, integer and purus can never govern a Genitive Case.

Lin. 2. Mauri jaculis. He speaks of the Darts of the Moors, by reason these People shot wondrously from the Bow.

Line. 3. Venenatis sagittis. The Moors were obliged to poison their Arrows, to defend themselves from wild Beasts, which their Country was full of.

Lin. 5. Per Syrtis æstuosas. It is not to be understood here that which is properly call'd the Syrtis of Africa, but all sorts of

of Places, sandy and burning, as those Countries are over-against the Syrtis.

Lin. 6. Inhospitale[m] Caucasum. The Greeks call'd this Mountain *Ἰνὸς ὄρος, ἄλυσον, ἀνδροπαρόν*. Horace has express'd it all by this one word *Inhospitalis*. Caucasus is between the Euxine and Hircanian Seas, and properly signifies The Rampart of Scythia.

Line 7. Fabulosus Hydaspes. Hydaspes is a River in India; it is now call'd Lobchan. Fabulosus does not signify Fabulous, but Renown'd, Famous. Pliny has call'd Atlas after the same manner, *Fabulosissimum Africæ Montem*, The most celebrated Mountain of Africa.

Lin. 9. Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ. He speaks upon another Occasion after the same manner, That being one Day asleep in a very retir'd Place the Doves cover'd him with Leaves of Laurel and Myrtle, and that he slept there safely in the midst of Vipers and Bears.

Lin. 13. Militaris Daunia. Daunia is properly that Part of Apulia which juts out into the Adriatick Sea, where is Sipontus and Mount Gargan, now call'd Mount St. Angelo: But all Apulia, from the Samnites even to Calabria, was also call'd Daunia, as is all Italy. Horace uses it here in the second Signification, and calls it Warlike, by reason it produces very good Soldiers.

Lin. 14. In latis esculetis. Apulia is much over-run with Wood, it is that which is named by the Greeks *Daunia*, from the Word *δαῦλος, δαῦνός*, which signifies Covert, Thick, Thicket, Hesych. *δαῦλος δασύς*. *Daunia Terra* is then properly γῆ δασεία, a Land of much under-woody Covert. Mr. Guget had written this Remark on the Margin of his Horace, which the Learned Mr. Menage lent me.

Line 15. Nec Jubæ tellus. Mauritania is a Part of Numidia, which was under the Government of Juba, who had there so great a number of Lions and Tigers, that the People were at last forc'd to abandon their Dwellings, and the tilling of their Ground.

Lin. 17. Pone me pigris. He means, There is no Place so savage, nor so hideous, that the Thoughts of his Mistress wou'd not render agreeable to him, and where that Goddess, whose powerful Protection he has already experienc'd, could not send him Succour, and draw him out of all those Dangers which shou'd threaten his Life. 'Tis on this Account he is resolv'd always to love her, and this Love will be a certain Refuge for him in every Danger. In all the Books of Chivalry there is nothing more gallant.

Pigris

agris campis. These four Verses admirably design the two Polar Zones, which are always environ'd by Ice and killing Frosts. *Pigri Campi* wonderfully express Countries condemned to a perpetual Sterility, and in a manner depriv'd of the Motion of Life.

lin. 19. *Quod latus mundi.* *Latus* is a very proper Word, the two Zones being the two Sides of the World.

Malusque Jupiter urget. This Expression is extremely fine and very Poetical. He looks upon those places as deform'd by Jupiter as a Mark of his Anger: Nothing cou'd better paint the Inclemency of a Climate: Jupiter, for the Air.

lin. 21. *Pone sub curru.* Under the Torrid Zone, between the two Tropicks.

lin. 22. *In terrâ domibus negatâ.* The Ancients believ'd the Torrid Zone to be intirely uninhabitable, but now every one knows that it is not only inhabited, but also very temperate thro' the happy Mixture of Warmth by Day, and the fresh Breezes of the Night.

lin. 23. *Dulcè ridentem, dulcè loquentem.* Horace has here join'd two the most considerable Allurements, the grace of making her laugh and speak agreeably. He has translated word for word this fine Passage of Sapho.

— Καὶ πλεῖστον ἀδὺ φωνῶσαι ὑπακίβου

Καὶ γέλως ἰμῶσιν.

Who hears you speak with so much Pleasure,
And is charm'd whene'er you smile.





On Mr. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BE G O N you Slaves, you idle Vermin go,
 Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know;
 Let free, impartial Men from *Dryden* learn
 Mysterious Secrets of a high Concern,
 And weighty Truths, solid convincing Sense,
 Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.
 What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
 Men still had Faults, and Men will have them still;
 He that hath none, and lives as Angels do,
 Must be an Angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the Pope too great,
 And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,
 Our Sects a more Tyrannick Pow'r assume,
 And wou'd for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;
 That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine:
 Fanaticks cast the Pearls of Heav'n to Swine:
 What then have honest thinking Men to do,
 But choose a Mean between th' Usurping two?

Nor can th' *Aegyptian* Patriarch blame my Muse,
 Which for his Firmness does his Heat excuse;
 Whatever Councils have approv'd his Creed,
 The *P R E F A C E* sure was his own Act and Deed.
 Our Church will have that Preface read (you'll say)
 'Tis true, but so she will th' *Apocrypha*;
 And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that *God* (so little understood)
 Whose darling Attribute is being good,
 From the dark Womb of the rude Chaos bring
 Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;

Yet

Yet leave his *Fav'rite*, Man, his chiefest Care,
More wretched than the vilest Insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey
To yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that sad Place from whence is no Return,
For Unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they cou'd not do!
The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
(And so do all their Followers that rebel;)
If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* stray,
Shall the great Gulph be show'd him for the Way?

For better Ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n Angels rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That *Christ*, who at the great deciding Day
(For He declares what He resolves to say)
Will Damn the Goats, for their *ill-natur'd Faults*,
And save the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
Hath too much Mercy to send Men to Hell,
For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whose Inhumanity profusely shown
In Damning Crowds of Souls, may Damn their own.
I'll err at least on the securer Side,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.





Part of the Fifth SCENE of the Second
ACT in Guarini's PASTOR FIDO.

AMARILLI.

CARE felue beate
E voi solinghi, e taciturni horrori
Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri.
O quanto volentieri
A riuederui t' torno, e se le stelle
M'haueffer dato inforte
Di viuer à me stessa, e di far vita
Conforme à le mie voglie;
Io già co' campi Elisi
Fortunato giardin de semidei
La vostr'ombra gentil non cangerai.
" Che se ben dritto miro
" Questi beni mortali
" Altro non son che mali:
" Men' hà, chi più n' abbonda,
" E posseduto è più, che non possede,
" Ricchezze nò, ma lacci
" De l'altrui libertate.
" Che val ne più verdi anni
" Titolo di bellezza,
" O fama d'honestate,
" E'n mortal sangue nobiltà celeste:
" Tante grazie del Cielo, e de la terra.
" Qui larghi, e lieti campi
" E là felici piagge,
" Fecondi paschi, e più fecondo armento,
" Se'n tanti beni il cor non è contento?
Felice pastorella,
Cui cinge à pena il fianco
Pouera sì, ma schietta,
E candida gonnella.

Ricca

Translated into English.

AH happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat
Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal Seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
Suits with the chaste Retirements of a Maid;
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
All my Ambition I wou'd here confine,
And only this *Elysium* shou'd be mine:
Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchasing Riches, with our Time and Care,
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Opprest with Blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant Good,
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies;
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wish for more;
How happy is the harmless Country-Maid,
Who rich by Nature scorns superfluous Aid!
Whose modest Clothes no wanton Eyes invite,
But like her Soul preserves the native White;

Whose

*Ricca sol di se stessa,
E de le granie di Natura adorna,
Chè n dolce pouertate
Nè pouertà comosce, nè i disagi
De le ricchezze sente,
Ma tutto quel possiede
Per cui desio d'hauer non la tormenta;
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Co doni di natura
I doni di natura anco nutrica;
Col latte, il latte annua
E col dolce de l'api
Condisce il mel de le natie dolcezze.
Quel fonte ond'ella beue,
Quel solo anco la bagna, e la consiglia;
Paga lei, pago il mondo:
Per lei di nemi il ciel s'oscura indarno,
E di grandine s'arma,
Che la sua pouertà nulla pauenta:
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno sgombra
Cura le sta nel core.
Pasce le verdi herbette
La greggia à lei commessa, ed ella pasce
De suo'begli occhi il pastorello amante,
Non qual le destinaro
O gli huomini, o le stelle,
Ma qual le diede Amore.
E tra l'ombrese piante
D'un fauorito lor Mirteto adorno
Vagheggiata il vagheggia, nè per lui
Sente foco d'amor, che non gli scopra,
Ned'ella scopre ardor, ch'egli non senta,
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
O vera vita, che non sà che sia
Morire innanzi morte.*



Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please,
Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease,
Who free from Storms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all;
No Care but Love can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares, the sweetest and the best;
While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,
Under some fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows,
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns;
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And while they live, their Flames can never die.





THE

D R E A M.

TO the pale Tyrant, who to horrid Graves
 Condemns so many thousand helpless Slaves,
 Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare,
 Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are,
 Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,
 But woful Cares that load Men while they wake.
 When his soft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight
 Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light,
Dorinda came, divested of the Scorn
 Which the unequall'd Maid so long had worn;
 How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
 To tame the stubborn Heart of that bright Maid?
 Yet spite of all the Pride that swells her Mind,
 The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
 A rising Blush increas'd the native Store
 Of Charms, that but too fatal were before.
 Once more present the Vision to my View,
 The sweet Illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
 How kind, how lovely She, how ravish'd I!
 Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.



The

*The GHOST of the Old House of Commons,
to the New One, appointed to meet
at OXFORD.*

FROM deepest Dungeons of eternal Night,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender Youth,
A seasonable and important Truth:
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no Disease
Is like a Surfeit of luxurious Ease:
And of all other, the most tempting Things
Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill:
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.
My Time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first Blossoms from the Blast of Sin;
And by the Fate of my tumultuous Ways,
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener Days.
The busy, subtle Serpents of the Law,
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw:
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,
I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew seditious for Variery:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the Laws illegally abus'd,
The Robe was summon'd, *Maynard* in the Head,
In legal Murder none so deeply read;
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) Blood
Of the brave *Strafford*, when three Kingdoms rung
With his accumulative *Hackney-Tongue*;

Pris'ners

Pris'ners and Witnesses were waiting by,
 These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
 And to expect their arbitrary Fates,
 Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates.
 To fright the People, and alarm the Town,
 B----- and Oates employ'd the reverend Gown.
 But while the triple Mitre bore the blame,
 The King's three Crowns were their rebellious Aim:
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
 And took for mine the *Bethels* and the *Wards*:
 Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State,
 Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate:
 But above all I got a little Guide,
 Who ev'ry Ford of Villany had try'd:
 None knew so well the old pernicious Way,
 To ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey;
 And my small *Jehu*, at a furious Rate,
 Was driving *Eighty*, back to *Forty-Eight*.
 This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
 But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.
 All that this happy Island cou'd afford,
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous Board.
 In his whole Paradise, one only Tree
 He had excepted by a strict Decree;
 A sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear,
 Yet it in Pieces I conspir'd to tear;
 Beware, my Child! Divinity is there.
 This so undid all I had done before,
 I cou'd attempt, and he endure no more,
 My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath,
 Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death;
 And I, with all my Sins about me, hur'd
 To th' utter Darkness of the lower World:
 A dreadful Place! which you too soon will see,
 If you believe Seducers more than me.

On the DEATH of a LADY's Dog.

THOU, happy Creature, art secure
 From all the Torments we endure :
 Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,
 Lost Friends, nor Love, disquiet thee ;
 A sullen Prudence drew thee hence
 From Noise, Fraud, and Impertinence,
 Tho' Life essay'd the surest Wile,
 Gilding itself with *Laura's* Smile.
 How didst thou scorn Life's meaner Charms,
 Thou who cou'dst break from *Laura's* Arms !
 Poor Cynick ! still methinks I hear
 Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear ;
 As when on *Laura's* Lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless Crowd away.
 How fondly human Passions turn !
 What we then envy'd, now we mourn !

S O N G.

*On a young Lady who Sung finely, and
 was afraid of a Cold.*

WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,
 'Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea,
 In vain let sinking Pilots pray,
 Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend,
 Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,
 Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow !

Yet

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
 While you these lesser Ills create,
 These we can bear; but gentle Fate,
 And thou blest Genius of our Isle,
 From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
 At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celestial Sound each Day
 With Extasy transport our Souls,
 Whilst all our Passions it controls,
 And kindly drives our Cares away;
 Let no ungentle Cold destroy,
 All Taste we have of heav'nly Joy.



EPILOGUE to ALEXANDER the Great
when acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

YOU've seen to Night the Glory of the East,
 The Man, who all the then known World possest,
 That Kings in Chains, did Son of *Ammon* call,
 And Kingdoms thought divine, by Treason fall.
 Him Fortune only favour'd for her Sport,
 And when his Conduct wanted her Support,
 His Empire, Courage, and his boasted Line,
 Were all prov'd Mortal by a Slave's Design.
 Great *Charles*, whose Birth has promis'd milder Sway,
 Whose awful Nod all Nations must obey,
 Secur'd by higher Pow'rs, exalted stands
 Above the reach of sacrilegious Hands;
 Those Miracles that guard his Crowns, declare
 That Heav'n has form'd a Monarch worth their Care;
 Born to advance the Loyal, and depose
 His own, his Brother's, and his Father's Foes.

Faction,

Faction, that once made Diadems her Prey,
 And stopt our Prince in his triumphant Way,
 Fled like a Mist before this radiant Day.
 So when, in Heav'n, the mighty Rebels rose,
 Proud, and resolv'd that Empire to depose,
 Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
 God kept the Conquest for his best Belov'd:
 At sight of such Omnipotence they fly,
 Like Leaves before autumnal Winds, and die.
 All who before him did ascend the Throne,
 Labour'd to draw three restiff Nations on.
 He boldly drives 'em forward without Pain,
 They hear his Voice, and straight obey the Rein.
 Such Terror speaks him destin'd to command;
 We worship *Jove* with Thunder in his Hand;
 But when his Mercy without Pow'r appears,
 We slight his Altars, and neglect our Pray'rs.
 How weak in Arms did Civil Discord shew!
 Like *Saul* she struck with Fury at her Foe,
 When an immortal Hand did ward the Blow.
 Her Offspring, made the Royal Hero's Scorn,
 Like Sons of Earth, all fell as soon as born:
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our Pride,
 When with their Blood our Neighbour Lands were dy'd,
Ireland's untainted Loyalty remain'd,
 Her People guiltless, and her Fields unstain'd.





ON THE
DAY of JUDGMENT.

I.

THE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial Faults to find?

III.

The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with Surprise,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal Dread,
The sacred Mystick Book be read,
To try the Living, and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne,
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

VII.

then! What Interest shall I make,
to save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have Cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my Ransom cost,
Nor let my Dear-bought Soul be lost,
Storms of guilty Terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Not those Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting Day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
Alas, I weep: Accept my Tears.

XIII.

Thou who wer't mov'd with Mary's Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place,
Among thy chosen Right-hand Race;
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable Abyss,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a reviving Death,
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty Man Compassion find.



PROLOGUE to POMPEY,

*A Tragedy, translated by Mrs. K. Philips, from
the French of Monsieur Corneille, and acted
at the Theatre in DUBLIN.*

THE mighty Rivals, whose destructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæsar from none but you will have his Doom,
He hates th' obsequious Flatteries of *Rome*:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beside.
When he the *Thames*, the *Danube*, and the *Nile*
Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flourish'd in this Isle;
And you alone may boast, you never saw
Cæsar till now, and now can give him Law.

Great *Pompey* too, comes as a Suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell
A *Roman* Truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on *Cæsar*'s side,
But *Pompey* thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not *Cato*'s Mind.
Then of what Doubt can *Pompey*'s Cause admit,
Since here so many *Cato*'s judging sit?

But you, bright Nymphs, give *Cæsar* leave to woo,
The greatest Wonder of the World, but you,

And hear a Muse, who has that Hero taught
 To speak as generously as e'er he fought.
 Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deters
 All Tongues but *English*, and all Pens but hers.
 By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,
 You conquer'd *Cæsar*, and you praise him best.

And You (* illustrious Sir) receive as due,
 A present Destiny reserv'd for You.
Rome, France and England join their Forces here,
 To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
 Accept it then, and on that *Pompey's* Brow,
 Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.



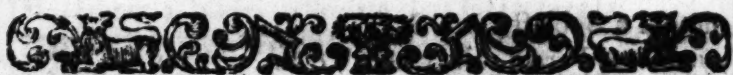
R O S S ' s G H O S T .

SHAME of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
 Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb;
 Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
 To Knaves a Fool, to cred'ulous Fools a Knave,
 The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.
 Like *Samuel*, at thy necromantick Call,
 I rise, to tell thee, *Gad has left thee, Saul*.
 I strove in vain th' *infected Blood* to cure;
 Streams will run muddy where the *Spring's* impure.
 In all your meritorious Life, we see
 Old *Taaf's* invincible Sobriety.
 Places of *Master of the Horse*, and *Spy*,
 You (like *Tom Howard*) did at once supply:
 From *Sidney's* Blood your Loyalty did spring;
 You show us all your Parents, but the *King*,
 From whose too tender and too bounteous Arms,
 (Unhappy he who such a Viper warms;

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

As dutiful a Subject, as a Son)
To your true Parent, the whole Town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old Apostate fell,
Out-do his Pride, and merit more than Hell:
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the Sons of Light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the Crown,
Like him, your angry Father kick'd you down.





A D

R O M A N O S.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE VI.

Corruptos suæ ætatis mores infectatur.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,
 Romane: donec templa refeceris,
 Ædēsque labentes Deorum, &
 Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dīs te minorem quidā geris, imperas.
 Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
 Dī multa neglecti dederunt
 Hesperia mala luctuosæ.

Jam bis Monæses, & Pacori manus
 Non auspicatos contudit impetus
 Nostros, & adjecisse prædam
 Torquitus exiguis renidet.

Pend occupatam seditionibus
 Delevit urbem Dacus, & Æthiops:
 Hic classe formidatus, ille
 Missilibus melior sagittis.



THE

SIXTH ODE

of the THIRD BOOK of HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair

The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,
And Statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, grateful Piety,
(As it rewarded their Respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your Neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their Command, at their Command they end.

Let *Craſſus*' Ghost, and *Labinus* tell,
How twice by *Jove*'s Revenge our Legions fell,
And, with insulting Pride,
Shining in Roman Spoils, the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Egyptian* Scum
Had almost ruin'd *Rome*;
While our Seditions took their part,
Fill'd each *Egyptian* Sail, and wing'd each *Scythian* Dart.

*Faecunda culpa sacula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, & genus, & domos.*

Hoc fonte derivata clades

In patriam, populúmque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura virgo, & fingitur artibus

Jam nunc, & incestos amores

De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quærit adulteros

Inter mariti vina: neque eligit,

Cui donet impermissa raptim

Gaudia, luminibus remotis:

Sed jussa coràm non sùd conficio

Surgit marito: seu vocat insular,

Sen novis Hispanie magister,

Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non his juvenus orta parantibus

Infecit æquor sanguine Panico,

Pyrrhúmque, & ingentem cecidit

Antiochum, Anniballumque dirum:

First, those flagitious Times,
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conspire to violate the Nuptial Bed,
From which polluted Head
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And through the spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade;
Ionian Artists, at a mighty Price,
Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice;
What Nets to spread, where subtle Baits to lay,
And with an early Hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves
By practice of adult'rous Loves,
And scorns the common mean Design,
To take Advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or snatch, in some dark Place,
A hasty illegitimate Embrace.

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when Lovers call;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal*, repairs,
Who feeds upon the Flesh of Heirs,
Convenient Brutes, whose tributary Flame,
Pays the full Price of Lust, and gilds the slighted Shame.

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quash'd the stern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel,
Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield;
And won the long disputed World at *Zama's* fatal Field.

But

*Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, & severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos*

*Portare fustes, Sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.*

*Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.*



But Soldiers of a rustick Mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
Or through hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did sound.
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than ours; next Age will see
A Race more profligate than we,
(With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to be.



REMARKS

REMARKS on the foregoing ODE

THIS Ode is a Lesson of Morality. Horace is persuading the Romans, that Contempt of Religion, and Corruption of Manners, were the sole Causes of all the Misfortunes which had befallen Rome. The Time when it was written was after the Death of Antony, about the Year of Rome, DCCXXIV, or DCCXXV.

Lin. 1. Delicta majorum immeritus lues.] The Pagans had discover'd this Truth, That Posterity might suffer for a Crime of their Ancestors; and that till such Crime was aton'd for, the Children of the Offenders were liable to the Punishment due to their Crime.

Lin. 2. Donec templa refeceris.] He means the Temples which had been burn'd during the Wars. This points at Augustus in particular: For that Prince was very diligent in repairing the Temples which had been demolish'd or burnt, and raising them up again.

Lin. 3. Ædesque labentes Deorum.] The difference between an Ædes Sacra and a Temple, was this; Ædes Sacra, was properly a sacred Edifice dedicated to some Deity, but without the Ceremony of the Augurs; a Temple was a certain space of Ground set apart by the Augurs, but not ballowed nor consecrated to any of the Gods, as the Rostra, Curia Pompeia, Curia Julia, Curia Hostilia. Hence it is no hard matter to conceive how one might be turn'd into the other; that is, how a Temple might be made an Ædes Sacra, and an Ædes Sacra a Temple: there were several at Rome, which were both the one and the other at the same time.

Lin. 4. Et foeda nigro simulachra fumo.] This is a fine Passage. Horace, after he had spoke of the Temples being burnt, sets before the Eyes of the Romans the Statues of the Gods, all over black with the Smoke of the Flames which had turn'd the Temples to Ashes. Here it is proper to mention what we find in Book 1. Ode XXXV. which was written a little after this:

----- Quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde manus juvenus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? -----

Profane Wretches! what have we not defil'd? In what Instance has the Fear of the Gods restrain'd the sacrilegious Hands of our young Soldiers? Is there any one of the Altars which they have spar'd?

Lin. 5. Dis te minorem quod geris imperas.] *Christians themselves could not have given better Instructions to Princes: You are no longer Kings than you own a God above you, and trust in his Power. This Horace writ not so much for the Roman People, as for Augustus; of whom, Book I. Ode XII. speaking to Jupiter, he says,*

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:

He will ever own you to be above him; he will content himself with the Government of the World.

Lin. 6. Hinc omne principium.] *He says we should begin all our Works with Prayer to the Gods, and end them with Thanksgivings. This he recommends as a seasonable Precept, after so much Misery which had follow'd upon the Contempt of Religion.*

Lin. 8. Hesperiae.] *Italy, call'd also Hesperia proxima, to distinguish it from Spain, which was call'd Hesperia ultima.*

Lin. 9. Jam bis Monæses.] *Undoubtedly Horace speaks here of the two Victories which the Parthians got over the Romans, one under Monæses, and the other under Pacorus their Generals. He likewise imputes these Misfortunes of the Romans to the Contempt which they had shewn to Religion. It is probable that one of these Victories of the Parthians, was the Defeat of Crassus, who march'd against the Parthians, in defiance of all the unlucky Omens which happen'd both at Rome, and in the Camp, as Dion reports. Hist. Book XL. But the difficulty is to know whether Crassus was defeated by Monæses, who was a chief Man about King Orodes. Historians agree that it was Surena who routed Crassus. What is Surena? not a proper Name, but a Title of Dignity, and signifies, The King's Lieutenant: Now Monæses was the second Man of the Empire: And therefore it is probable that Surena was the Title of Monæses. This Passage of Horace is very considerable; for it is the only one of all Antiquity which gives us light in this famous Story. The Victory of Monæses over the Romans proved fatal to himself: For King Orodes growing jealous of his Glory, put him to Death soon after it. And therefore that Monæses, who put himself into Antony's Hands seventeen Years after this Defeat of Crassus, and whom Antony sent back to Phraates, either because he suspected him, or because he hop'd he might do him good Service about the Prince, was the Son of the former.*

Et Pacori manus.] *Pacorus was the eldest Son of Orodes, who sent him to ravage Syria presently upon the Defeat of Crassus: But he was then so young, that he had only the Name of General, and Ozaces commanded the Army. He was sent thither again with Labienus two or three Years after, and did great Service; for he subdued all Syria,*

Syria, except Tyre, as Dion writes, Book XLVIII. He was slain and slain three Years after by Ventidius, Antony's Lieutenant.

Lin. 10. Non auspicatos contudit impetus.] He calls the Effort of the Romans against the Parthians, non auspicatos, unauspicious contrary to the Auspicia, because Crassus had enter'd upon War with singular Contempt of those Divine Tokens. First of all when he left Rome, the Tribune Ateius having oppos'd his Departure, and not being able to stop him, convey'd a Chaffing-dish to the City-Gate, thro' which he was to pass; and as Crassus went out he cast some Perfumes upon the Fire, and then threw it also with horrible Curses and Imprecations. This Crassus minded not but went on his way. In like manner he slighted all the usual Presages that beset him. And, lastly, when the Scotsayers let him know, that the Tokens in the Sacrifices were unfortunate, he took Notice of what they said.

Lin. 11. Et adjecisse prædam torquibus.] He says, that the Parthians enlarg'd the Chains about their Necks with the Gold and Silver which they had taken from the Romans. Here it may be remember'd, that the Parthians wore Chains about their Necks, like the old Gauls and Germans.

Lin. 12. Renidet.] γαλά, he laughs. So Catullus, Ode XXXV.

Egnatius quod candidos habet dentes,
Renidet usquequaque.

Egnatius is always laughing, because he has white Teeth.

Lin. 14. Delevit urbem Dacus & Æthiops.] This is not to be understood of two several times, as though the Dacians and Ethiopians had like to have taken Rome one after another: Horace speaks here of the Forces of Antony and Cleopatra, who had a design on the City, as he says, Book I. Ode XXXVII.

----- Dum capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Fumus & imperio parabat.

While the mad Queen threaten'd final Destruction to the Capitol and Empire. It must be noted that the Ethiopians and Dacians composed a great part of Antony's Troops.

Æthiops.] The Troops of Cleopatra, Ethiopians and Egyptians for Egypt was comprehended under the general Name of Ethiopia.

Lin. 15. Hic classe formidatus.] For the Egyptians were most of Antony's Forces for Sea-Service.

Lin. 16. Ille missilibus melior sagittis.] This is the Dacians. The Northern People were generally good Archers; and Strabo says their Arms were Sword, Buckler, Bow and Quiver.

Lin. 17. *Fœcunda culpæ secula.*] *The Corruption of Manners in
Horace's Time cannot be better express'd than in this Epigram of
Catullus:*

Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant
Mœchi. Illi, ah! factæ Consule nunc iterum
Manferunt duo, sed creverunt millia in unum
Singulum, fœcundum semen adulterio.

inna, in the first Consulate of Pompey, you could see but two
adulterers at Rome. In his second likewise, you could find but
these two. But since that, each of these has produced a thou-
sand. O prolifick Adultery! By the two Adulterers Catullus means
Cæsar and Mamurra. A little after this Ode was written, Au-
gustus published the Julian Law, to prevent Adulteries.

Lin. 19. *Hoc fonte derivata clades.*] *It is very remarkable, that
Horace here ascribes all the Calamities which had happen'd to Rome,
and all the Civil Wars, to Adulteries only. In this he follows the
Doctrine of Pythagoras, who taught, that nothing was of more
mischievous Consequence than confounding Families, and grafting
Aliens upon them by Adultery.*

Lin. 21. *Motus.*] *As the Greeks use ἀνῆσθαι, to move ones
self, for ὀρχῆσθαι, to dance, so the Latins use moveri and motus
for the same. Thus Horace in another place;*

Ut festis matrona moveri iussa Diebus.

And again, ----- ut qui

Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

And Virgil, dant motus incompósitos. Cicero has the same
Phrase in his third Paradox: Histrio si paulo se movit extra nu-
merum.

Ionicos.] *Ionian Dances were the most lascivious of any. For
the World did not afford a more voluptuous People than the Ionians.*

Lin. 22. *Matura virgo.*] *That is a Maid who is marriageable;
for among the old Romans it was counted a Reproach for a Maid
of that Age to dance; this Exercise being permitted to none but
young Children.*

Fingitur artubus.] *Fingere signifies the same as formare, com-
ponere, to fashion, to fit. It is a Term borrow'd from the Dancing-
Schools. Horace says, that at that Age the Maid was still prac-
tising to make her Joints supple, that she might succeed the better in
her lascivious Movements. Lambin has read in some Manuscripts,
fingitur artibus. If that be the true reading, Horace would say
that the Maids learn'd all the Tricks, and practis'd all the inweig-
ling Arts, which common Strumpets made use of in their Trade.*

Lin.

Lin. 24. De tenero meditatur ungui.] *This is a Greek Proverb* ἐξ ἀπαλῶν τῶν οὐνύχων, *de tenero ungui, de teneris unguiculis* from ones tender Age. Tully in an Epistle to Lentulus, says Sed præsta te eum qui mihi à teneris, ut Græci dicunt, unguiculis es cognitus. Let me find you the same Man as I have always known you to be ever since you was a little Child. Observe here how Horace uses the Preposition de instead of à.

Lin. 25. Juniores quærit adulteros.] *Juniores may signify here simply, the youngest, or such as were younger than their Husbands, or new ones; as Book I. Ode XXXIII.*

Lin. 26. Inter mariti vina.] *A Passage of Ovid may explain this, in his first Book de arte.*

Ergo ubi contigerit positi tibi munera Bacchi,
Atque erit in socii femina parte tori, &c.

When you are at the Table with your Mistress, and she lies upon the same Couch with you, &c.

Lin. 28. Gaudia.] *This word must not be chang'd. Ovid has it in the same sense, de arte amandi Lib. III.*

Gaudia nec cupidis vestra negate viris.
And Tibullus:

Cui Venus hesternâ gaudia nocte tulit.

Lin. 29. Coram.] *Before all the Company. This word is opposed here to luminibus remotis. Suetonius uses it in speaking of Augustus, in the LXIXth Chapter of his Life.*

Non sine conscio.] *This is opposed to raptim, Horace is not satisfied to describe the Debaucheries of Women only; but to strike more Horror, he adds, that their Husbands consented; which is the biggest degree of Lewdness.*

Lin. 30. Seu vocat infitor. Infitor is properly a Factor or a Merchant, an Agent. Ovid. de arte, Lib. I.

Infitor ad dominam veniet discinctus emacem,
Expedit merces teque sedente suas.

The Merchant's Factor will come to your Mistress who wants to buy somewhat, and will open all his Ware in your sight.

Lin. 31. Seu navis Hispanæ magister.] *Magister navis sometimes signifies the chief Man in the Ship, or the Pilot: But here Horace puts it for the Owner of the Vessel, the trading Merchant. Now there was great Trade between Italy and Spain: the Spaniards furnish'd Rome with Wine, and carried back Goods from thence in exchange.*

Lin. 32. *Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*] *The Word pretiosus is a very ingenious, pertinent Epithet: for it signifies one who is dear, who spares for nothing; much the same as damnosus. Horace handsomely describes the Avarice of the Women in his Time, who preferr'd Merchants and Ship-Masters for their Gallants, only because they paid better than others.*

Lin. 33. *Non his juvenus orta parentibus.*] *Here he illustrates what he hinted at the 17th Verse, that frequent Adulteries had spoil'd good Families, so that one might see a great difference between the Romans of his Time, and their brave Ancestors, who conquer'd Pyrrhus, the Carthaginians, and Antiochus by Sea and Land.*

Lin. 35. *Pyrrhumque.*] *Pyrrhus was King of Epirus, and descended from Achilles. He routed the Consul Lævinus near Heraclea; but soon after he was overthrown by Fabricius and Curius; and retiring into Greece, he was slain with a blow of a Tile, as he was besieging Antigonus in Argos, in the Year of Rome CCCCLXXX.*

Lin. 36. *Ingentem Antiochum.*] *Antiochus was King of Syria. Emilius Regillus beat him by Sea, and L. Scipio by Land: At last he was slain by his own People, in the Year of Rome DLXVII.*

Lin. 37. *Sed rusticorum mascula militum.*] *The Roman troops were composed of Rusticks, Countrymen, such as they raised for the most part in the Territory of the Marsians, in Apulia, and among the Samnites. Varro has a fine Remark upon this, in the beginning of his Book of Husbandry. Viri magni nostri majores non sine causâ præponebant rusticos Romanos urbanis; ut viri enim qui in villâ vivunt ignaviores quàm qui in agro versantur in aliquo opere faciundo; Sic qui in oppido federent, quàm qui rura colerent, desidiores putabant. It is not without reason that these great Men, our Ancestors, preferr'd the Romans in the Country before those in the City; for as in the Country itself, those whose Business lies within Doors are lazier than those who stir abroad and work in the Field; so they reckon'd that those who led a sedentary Life in the City, were not so fit for Service as those that follow'd Husbandry. The same Author has something fuller yet, in the beginning of his III^d Book. Itaque non sine causâ majores nostri ex urbe in agris redigebant viros suos, quod & in pace à rusticis Romanis alebantur, & in bello ab his tutabantur. Our Forefathers were in the right, to send Citizens abroad and settle them in country Places; because the Romans in the Country furnish'd the City with Provisions in time of Peace, and defended it in War.*

Lin. 38. *Sabellis docta ligonibus.*] *Which is as much as to say, that the Soldiers were Samnites. For Sabellus is a diminutive of Samnis, as Scabellum of Scamnum.* Lin.

Lin. 40. Severæ matris ad arbitrium.] *This is a good Description of a painful Mother who makes her Children work, and will not be pleas'd if they don't bring home good Loads of Fuel at Night. He has the same Thought again, Book V. Ode II. The Samnite Women were so industrious, that they managed the Farm for their Husbands, and left them Nothing to do. See Columella's Preface to his XIth Book, where he opposes the pains-taking Women of the first Times, to the fine, lazy, voluptuous Dames of his own Age.*

Lin. 41. Sol ubi montium mutaret umbras.] *This mutare of Horace, is the same with Virgil's duplicare. It may be explain'd of the changing of Place. For when the Sun sets, the Shadow is not in the same place where it was three Hours before.*

Lin. 42. Et juga demeret bobus.] *The Greeks have happily express'd this by one Word ἀλυσσε or βελυνε, which Tully uses in his XXVIIth Epistle to Atticus, Book XV. Adventabat autem ἀλυσσας κοιναντιβς nobis. He came in the Evening as we were at Supper, about the time of unyoking the Oxen. See the 11d Ode of the Vth Book.*

Lin. 43. Amicum tempus.] *He calls the Evening a Friend to Labourers, because it puts an end to their Day's Work.*

Lin. 45. Damnoſa.] *Damnosus, as I have already observ'd, is properly one that never spares; and therefore it is very fitly apply'd to Time, which is likewise call'd tempus ædax.*

Lin. 46. Ætas parentum. *Here I admire the Poet's Art, who has said so much of four Generations in three short Verses. It is true that he has imitated the Verses of Aratus, as Lambin and Muretus tell us, the Copy may be said to excel the Original.*

Οἷν χρύσειοι πατέρες γενεὴν ἐλίποντο
Χειρότερον, ὑμεῖς δὲ κακώτερον τεξείεσθε.

As your Fathers left Children not so good as themselves, so you will leave those that are worse than you are. Muretus says farther, that both these Poets have borrow'd the Thought from Homer, who writes that few Children are like their Father; that he observ'd a great many to be worse, but rarely found one better. But it well deserves to be noted, that Horace grounds his Remark upon true History, of the Times for the three first Generations, and that he prophesied truly of the fourth, as is easy to prove, by comparing the Reign of Tiberius with that of Augustus.

H O R A C E



H O R A C E's

ART *of* POETRY.

Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium
& fons.



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P R E F A C E

TO THE

A R T of P O E T R Y.

Have seldom known a Trick succeed, and will put none upon the Reader; but tell him plainly that I think it will never be more seasonable than now to lay down such Rules, as if they be observ'd, will make Men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: But Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the Reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my Labour. I have written as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often ask'd myself that Question. *I know this is a Field,*

Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus.

With all the Respect due to the Name of Ben. Johnson, to which no Man pays more Veneration than I; it cannot be deny'd, that the Constraint of Rhime, and a literal Translation (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places. My chief Care has been to write intelligibly, and where Latin was obscure, I have added a Line or two to explain it.

I am below the Envy of the Criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace ow'd his Favour and his Fortune to the Character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Understanding among the Ingenious, and those who were the most Esteem'd were the best Natur'd.

R O S C O M M O N.



D E

A R T E P O E T I C A

L I B E R,

A D P I S O N E S.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
 Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
 Undique collatis membris: ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
 Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
 Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vana
 Fingentur species: ut nec pes nec caput uni
 Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque Poëtis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
 Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis
 Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter
 Assuitur pannus: quum lucus, & ara Dianæ,
 Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.



H O R A C E

O F T H E

A R T of P O E T R Y.

We are favour'd with some Emendations of this Poem, which are inserted in the Text between [] from a Copy corrected by the Earl of Roscommon's own Hand, and now in the possession of Dr. Rawlinson.

IF in a Picture (*Piso*) you should see
 A handsome Woman with a Fishes Tail,
 Or a Man's Head upon a Horse's Neck,
 Or Limbs of Beasts of the most diff'rent kinds,
 Cover'd with Feathers of all sorts of Birds,
 Would you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
 Trust me, that Book is as ridiculous,
 Whose incoherent Stile (like sick Mens Dreams)
 Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.
 Painters and Poets have been still allow'd
 Their Pencils, and their Fancies unconfin'd.
 This Privilege we freely give and take;
 But Nature, and the common Laws of Sense,
 Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,
 Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
 And hungry Tigers court the tender Lambs.

Some that at first have promis'd mighty Things,
 Applaud themselves, when a few florid Lines
 Shine through th' insipid Dulness of the rest;
 Here they describe a Temple, or a Wood,
 Or Streams that through delightful Meadows run,
 And there the Rainbow, or the rapid *Rhine*,

*Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare. Quid hoc? si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cæpit
Institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?
Denique fit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat & unum.*

*Maxima pars vatium, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem levius, nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procella:
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.*

*Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & unguis
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos:
Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum
Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.*

*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus, & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri, cui læta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.*

*Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici*

Pleraque

but they misplace them all, and croud them in,
and are as much to seek in other things,
as he that only can design a Tree,
Would be to draw a Shipwreck or a Storm.
When you begin with so much Pomp and Show,
Why is the End so little and so low?
What you will, so you be still the same.

Most Poets fall into the grossest Faults,
cluded by a seeming Excellence:
striving to be short, they grow Obscure,
and when they would write smoothly, they want Strength.
Their Spirits sink; while others that affect
lofty Stile, swell to a Tympany;
some tim'rous Wretches start at ev'ry Blast,
and fearing Tempests, dare not leave the Shore;
others, in Love with wild Variety,
draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood;
thus fear of Erring, join'd with want of Skill,
a most certain way of Erring still.

The meanest Workman in th' *Æmilian* Square,
may grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
that cannot finish what he hath begun;
that ' [can be] more ridiculous than he?
or one or two good Features in a Face,
where all the rest are scandalously ill,
make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let Poets match their Subject to their Strength,
and often try what Weight they can support,
and what their Shoulders are too weak to bear,
after a serious and judicious Choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail.

As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,
consist in choosing a fit Time for things,

is there

E 2

And

*Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.*

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis :

*Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. si fortè necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctatis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget : dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.
Et nova flectaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademtum
Virgilio Varioque? ego, cur acquirere pauca
Si possum, invideor? quum lingua Catonis & Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsentem nota procudere nomen.
Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, nostraque ; sive receptus
Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus ; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum :
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis,
Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum flet homines, & gratia vivax.*

and knowing when a Muse ² [may] be indulg'd
in her full Flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with Skill:
You gain your Point, ³ [when by the noble Art
Of good Connexion, an unusual Word
is made at first familiar to our Ear.]

But if you write of things Abstruse or New,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom and discreetly done:

But he that hopes to have new Words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the *Græcian* Spring,
As they may seem to flow without Constraint.

Can an Impartial Reader discommend
In *Varius*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes
In *Plautus* or *Cæcilius*? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,

When *Ennius* and *Cato's* copious Stile
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our Tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new Words well suited to the Age.

Words are like Leaves, some wither ev'ry Year,
And ev'ry Year a younger Race succeeds,

Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate;
The *Lucrine Mole* (*Cæsar's* stupendous Work)
Protects our Navies from the raging North;
And (since *Cethegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)

We Plow and Reap where former Ages row'd.

See how the *Tiber* (whose licentious Waves
So often overflow'd the neighb'ring Fields,)

Now runs a smooth and inoffensive Course,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command:

Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot:

Why then should Words challenge Eternity,

When greatest Men and greatest Actions die?

² should

³ ——— if your industrious Art
Can make unusual Words easy and plain;

*Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidère; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula; si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.*

*Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

*Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.*

*Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Hunc focci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.*

*Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.*

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poëta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere, malo?*

*Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco
Dignis carminibus narrari cæna Thyestæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
Interdum tamen & vocem comædia tollit,
Iratuque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
Telephus & Pelus, quum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
Non satis est pulcra esse Poëmata: dulcia sunt,*

7 He may revive the obsoletest Words,
and banish those that now are most in Vogue;
He is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.

Homer first taught the World in Epick Verse
to write of great Commanders, and of Kings.

7 Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,
though now we use them to express our Joy:
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
undecided by the Men of Skill.

8 Rage with Iambicks arm'd *Archilochus*,
Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,
and Favourites of the Dramatick Muse.
Force, Lofty, Rapid, whose commanding Sound
swells the tumultuous Noises of the Pit,
and whose peculiar Province is the Stage.

8 Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,
Love's pleasing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine;
are proper Subjects for the Lyrick Song.

9 Why is he honour'd with a Poet's Name,
who neither knows nor would observe a Rule;
and chooses to be Ignorant and Proud,
rather than own his Ignorance, and learn?
Let ev'ry Thing have its due Place and Time.

A Comick Subject loves an humble Verse,
and scorns a low and comick Stile.
9 Comedy sometimes may raise her Voice,
and *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too, lay by their State to grieve;
Deus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
forget their swelling and gigantick Words.
That would have Spectators share his Grief,
But must write not only well, but movingly,

Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
 Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus asslent
 Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi : tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
 Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristia mæstum
 Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
 Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.
 Format enim natura prius nos intus, ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit, & angit:
 Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absfona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
 Intererit multum diuifne loquatur an heros:
 Maturufne fenex, an adhuc florente iuventâ
 Feruidus: an matrona potens, an fedula nutrix;
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorve viuentis agelli:
 Colchus, an Affyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam fequere, aut fibi convenientia finge
 Scriptor. honoratum fi fortè reponis Achillem:
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Jura neget fibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
 Sit Medea ferox, inuictaque: flebilis Ino,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triftis Oreftes.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
 Personam formare novam, feruetur ad imum,
 Qualis ab incepto procefferit, & fibi conflet.
 Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
 Quàm fi proferres ignota indiſtaque primus.

10 and raise Men's Passions to what height he will.
 We Weep and Laugh, as we see others do :
 He only makes me sad who shews the way,
 And first is sad himself; then, *Telephus*,
 Feel the weight of your Calamities,
 And fancy all your Miseries my own.
 10 But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh :
 Your Looks must alter, as your Subject does
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe :
 Your Nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our Fortunes Changes in our Face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous Rage transports,
 11 And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,
 And these are all interpreted by Speech ;
 But he whose Words and Fortunes disagree,
 Absurd, unpity'd, grows a publick Jest.
 Observe the Characters of those that speak,
 Whether an honest Servant, or a Cheat,
 11 Or one whose Blood boils in his youthful Veins,
 Or a grave Matron, or a busy Nurse,
 Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
 Argives or Thebans, Asians or Greeks.

Follow Report, or feign coherent Things ;
 Describe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
 12 Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
 Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms ;
Medea must be all Revenge and Blood,
 No all Tears, *Ixion*-all Deceit,
 Who must wander, and *Orestes* mourn.

12 If your bold Muse dare tread unbeaten Paths,
 And bring new Characters upon the Stage,
 Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
 New Subjects are not easily explain'd,
 And you had better choose a well known Theme,
 Than trust to an Invention of your own :
 13 For what originally others writ,
 May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,

*Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem:
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres: nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.*

*Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor biatu?
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:
(Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.)
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat: ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat: & in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
Desperat tractata mitescere posse, relinquit:
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*

*Tu, quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, & usque*

That with some Justice it may pass for yours;
 But then you must not Copy trivial things,
 Nor Word for Word too faithfully Translate,
 Nor (as some servile Imitators do)
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy Rules,
 As 4 [you] must ever slavishly observe,
 Or all the Laws of Decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old Poetaster did,
 Troy's famous War, and Priam's Fate, I sing)
 In what will all this Ostentation end?
 The lab'ring Mountain scarce brings forth a Mouse:
 How far is this from the Meonian Stile?
 Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
 In many Towns, such change of Manners saw.
 One with a Flash begins, and ends in Smoke,
 The other out of Smoke brings glorious Light,
 And (without raising Expectation high)
 Surprises us with daring Miracles,
 The bloody Lestrygons 5 [Charybdis' Gulph,
 And frighted Greeks who near th' Ætna Shore,
 Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.]
 He doth not trouble us with Leda's Eggs,
 When he begins to write the Trojan War;
 Nor writing the Return of Diomed,
 Go back as far as Meleager's Death:
 Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
 Insensibly acquaints us with the Plot;
 He chooses only what he can improve,
 And Truth and Fiction are so aptly mix'd
 That all seems Uniform, and of a Piece.

Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects;
 If you intend that he should stay to hear

4 they

5 ————— inhumane Feasts,
 With all the Monsters of the Land and Sea;
 How Scylla bark'd, and Polyphemus roar'd;

The

Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat:
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores;
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certa
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas. 160
Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, & aprici gramine campi:
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper:
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris:
Sublimis, cupidusque & amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias, inservit bonori:
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti: 170
Vel quod res omnes timide gelidæque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus: laudator temporis acti
Se puero, censor castigatoremque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum, 175
Multa recedentes adimunt, ne fortè seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis ævoque mirabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180
Quam quæ sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multa que tolles
Ex oculis, que mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet; 185
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atræus:
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

The Epilogue, and see the Curtain fall;
 And how our Tempers alter ⁶ [in] our Years,
 And by ⁷ [that Rule] form all your Characters.
 One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
 Loves childish Plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
 And changes ev'ry Hour his wav'ring Mind.
 Youth that first cast off his Tutor's Yoke,
 Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sport, and Exercise,
 Gone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
 Gain and Ambition rule our riper Years,
 And make us Slaves to Interest and Pow'r.
 Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
 Where all Defects, and all Diseases, croud
 With restless Pain, and more tormenting Fear,
 Lazy, morose, full of Delays and Hopes,
 Oppress'd with Riches which they dare not use;
 All-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
 And fond of all the Follies of the past.
 Thus all the Treasure of our flowing Years,
 Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th' ambitious Care of Men,
 Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
 But what we hear moves less than what we see;
 Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
 But Auditors must trust their Ears and you;
 Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
 Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
 Medea must not draw her murd'ring Knife,
 And spill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage,
 Nor Atreus there his horrid Feast prepare.
 Cadmus and Progne's Metamorphosis,
 (She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
 And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
 I hate to see, and never can believe.

6 with

7 those Rules

Five

*Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi.
Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*

*Aëtoris partes chorus officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducatur & hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicis:
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
Jusitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis;
Ille tegat commissa: Deosque precetur & oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.*

*Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubæque
Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque, foramine paucò
Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu,
Quo sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.
Postquam cæpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus: vinoque diurno
Placari Genius festos impune diebus,
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoëus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscæ motumque & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen: traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.
Sic etiam fribus voces crevere severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceptis:
Utiliumque sagax rerum, & divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.*

*Carminè qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper*

Five Acts are the just Measure of a Play.

190 Never presume to make a God appear,

but for a Business worthy of a God ;

and in one Scene no more than three should speak.

A *Chorus* should supply what Action wants,

and hath a generous and manly Part ;

195 viridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honesty,

and strict Observance of impartial Laws,

sobriety, Security and Peace,

and begs the Gods ^s [who guide] blind Fortune's Wheel,

To raise the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.

200 But nothing must be sung between the Acts,

but what some way conduces to the Plot.

First the shrill Sound of a small rural Pipe

Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)

205 Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,

And pleas'd the thin and bashful Audience

Of our well-meaning, frugal Ancestors.

But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,

And Men (grown wanton by Prosperity)

Study'd new Arts of Luxury and Ease,

210 The Verse, the Musick, and the Scene's improv'd ;

For how should Ignorance be Judge of Wit,

Or Men of Sense applaud the Jest of Fools ?

Then came rich Clothes and graceful Action in,

Then Instruments were taught more moving Notes,

215 And Eloquence with all her Pomp and Charms

Foretold us useful and sententious Truths,

As those deliver'd by the *Delphick* God.

The first Tragedians found that serious Stile

Too grave for their Uncultivated Age,

220 And so brought wild and naked Satyrs in,

Whose Motion, Words, and Shape were all a Farce,

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod
 Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
 Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.
 Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicaces
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:
 Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper & ostro,
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.
 Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus:
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
 Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
 Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,
 Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:
 Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
 Ut nihil intersit Dædalo loquatur, & audax
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum:
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
 Ex noto fictum carmen sequar: ut sibi quisvis
 Speret idem: sudet multum, frustra que laboret
 Ausus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet,
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.
 Sylvæ deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
 Ne, velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,
 Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
 Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.
 Offenduntur enim quibus est equus & pater & res:
 Nec, si quid stricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,
 Aquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.
 Syllaba longa brevi subiecta, vocatur iambus,
 Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit
 Nomen iambeis: quum senos redderet ictus,
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi. non ita pridem,
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
 Spondeos stabiles in iura paterna recepit
 Commodus & patiens: non ut de sede secunda
 Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic & in Acci
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Enni.

as oft as Decency would give them leave,) 225
because the mad ungovernable Rout,
all of Confusion, and the Fumes of Wine,
lov'd such Variety and antick Tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much
to make a God, a Hero, or a King,
stript of his golden Crown and purple Robe) 230
descend to a Mechanick Dialect,
Nor (to avoid such Meanness) soaring high
With empty Sound, and airy Notions fly;
Nor, Tragedy should blush as much to stoop 235
To the low Mimick Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron would, to dance with Girls:
You must not think that a Satyrick Stile 240
Allows of scandalous and brutish Words,
Or the confounding of your Characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention scope,
And if your Stile be natural and smooth, 245
All Men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good Method and Connexion may 250
Improve the common and the plainest Things.
A Satyr that comes staring from the Woods,
Must not at first speak like an Orator:
But, tho' his Language should not be refin'd, 255
It must not be Obscene, and Impudent;
The better Sort abhors Scurrility,
And often censures what the Rabble likes.

Unpolish'd

In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
 Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
 Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
 Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex:
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna Poëtis.
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes
 Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus & intra
 Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
 Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Græca
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
 At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
 Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego & vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camæna
 Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis:
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sacibus ora.
 Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis.
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
 Successit vetus bis comædia, non sine multa
 Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
 Dignam lege regi. lex est accepta: chorusque
 Turpiter obticuit, sublato jura nocendi.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poëtæ:
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deferere, & celebrare domestica facta:
 Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.
 Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,
 Quam lingua, Latium: si non offenderet unum-
 quemque Poëtarum limæ labor & mora. Vos, ô
 Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non
 Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
 Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

polish'd Verses pass with many Men,
 and Rome is too Indulgent in that Point;
 then, to write at a loose rambling rate,
 hope the World will wink at all our Faults,
 such a rash, ill-grounded Confidence,
 Men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Be perfect in] the *Greek* Originals,
 read them by Day, and think of them by Night.
Plautus was admir'd in former Time
 with too much Patience (not to call it worse)
 as harsh, unequal Verse, was Musick then,
 and Rudeness had the Privilege of Wit.

When *Theſpis* first expos'd the Tragick Muse,
 where were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
 where ghastly Faces stain'd with Lees of Wine
 frighted the Children, and amus'd the Croud;
 this *Æschylus* (with Indignation) saw,
 and built a Stage, found out a decent Dress,
 brought Vizards in, (a civiler Disguise)
 and taught Men how to speak, and how to act.
 Next Comedy appear'd with great Applause,
 all her licentious and abusive Tongue
 taken'd the Magistrates Coercive Pow'r,
 and forc'd it to suppress her Insolence.

Our Writers have attempted ev'ry Way,
 and they deserve our Praise, whose daring Muse
 disdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
 and found fit Subjects for her Verse at home.
 nor should we be less famous for our Wit,
 than for the Force of our victorious Arms;
 that the Time and Care, that are requir'd
 to overlook, and file, and polish well,
 might Poets from that necessary Toil.

9 Consider well

Democritus

*Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poëtas
 Democritus: bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
 Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
 Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëta,
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
 Tonfori Licina commiserit. ô ego lævus,
 Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
 Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verum
 Nil tanti est. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi:
 Munus & Officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:
 Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque Poëtam:
 Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.*

*Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons,
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
 Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis:
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hospes:
 Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium: quæ
 Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profectò
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
 Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.
 Interdum speciosa locis morataque rectè
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte,
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

Democritus was so in love with Wit,
 And some Mens natural Impulse to write,
 That he despis'd the help of Art and Rules,
 And thought none Poets 'till their Brains were crackt;
 And this hath so Intoxicated some,
 That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
 They Cleanliness, and Company, renounce
 For Lunacy beyond the Cure of Art,
 With a long Beard, and Ten long dirty Nails,
 As current for *Apollo's* Livery.

My unhappy Stars! If in the Spring
 Some Physick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
 None would have writ with more Success than I;
 [But I must rest contented as I am,]
 And only serve to whet that Wit in you,
 To which I willingly resign my Claim.
 Yet without Writing I may teach to write,
 Tell what the Duty of a Poet is;
 Wherein his Wealth and Ornaments consist,
 And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
 What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound Judgment is the ground of Writing well;
 And when Philosophy directs your Choice
 To proper Subjects rightly understood,
 Words from your Pen will naturally flow;
 He only gives the proper Characters,
 Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,
 And what we owe ¹¹ [our] Country, Parents, Friends,
 How Judges, and how Senators should act,
 And what becomes a General to do;
 Those are the likest Copies, which are drawn
 By the Original of human Life.

Sometimes in rough and undigested Plays
 We meet with such a lucky Character,
 As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,
 Succeeds much better, than the shallow Verse
 And chiming Trifles of more studious Pens.

¹⁰ But I am satisfy'd to keep my Sense,

¹¹ 10

Graiiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere. dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat? Poteras dixisse triens. eu,
Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. At hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi
Quum semel imbuerit, speramus carminaungi
Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ:
Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.
Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransæ Lamie vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis,
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosis: hic & mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Greece had a Genius, Greece had Eloquence,
her Ambition and her End was Fame.

Roman Youth is ¹³ [diligently taught,
deep mysterious Art of growing rich,
the first Words that Children learn to speak,
of the Value of the Names of Coin;
a penurious Wretch that with his Milk
suck'd the basest Dregs of Usury,
end to generous and heroick Thoughts?
Rust and Avarice write lasting Lines?]
you, brave Youth, wise Numa's worthy Heir,
member of what Weight your Judgment is,
never venture to commend a Book,
it has not pass'd all Judges and all Tests.

Poet should instruct, or please, or both;
all your Precepts be succinct and clear,
ready Wits may comprehend them soon,
faithful Memories retain them long;
[All] Superfluities are soon forgot.
er be so conceited of your Parts,
think you may persuade us what you please,
venture to bring in a Child alive,
t Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Age explodes all but Morality;
erity offends aspiring Youths;
he that joins Instructions with Delight,
it with Pleasure, carries all the Votes:
se are the Volumes that enrich the Shops,
se pass with Admiration through the World,
bring their Author to eternal Fame.

— bred another way,
And taught no Arts but those of Usury;
And the glad Father glories in his Child,
When he can subdivide a Fraction:
Can Souls, who by their Parents from their Birth
Have been devoted thus to Rust and Gain,
Be capable of high and generous Thoughts?
Can Verses writ by such an Author live?

*Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.
 Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus &
 Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:
 Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
 Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
 Quamvis est monitus, veniam caret: & citharædus
 Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem:
 Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, sit Chærilus ille,
 Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror: & idem
 Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

*Ut pictura, pœsis erit, quæ, si propius stes,
 Te capiet magis: & quædam, si longius abstes.
 Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri,
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
 Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.*

*O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor: certis medium & tolerabile rebus
 Rectè concedi. consultus juris, & actor
 Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis
 Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:
 Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse Pœtis
 Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ.
 Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
 Et crassum unguentum & Sardo cum melle papaver*

Be not too rigidly censorious,
 String may jar in the best Master's Hand,
 and the most skilful Archer miss his Aim;
 at in a Poem elegantly writ,
 14 [would] not quarrel with a slight Mistake;
 such as our Nature's Frailty may excuse;
 at he that hath been often told his Fault,
 and still persists, is as impertinent,
 as a Musician that will always play,
 and yet is always out at the same Note;
 When such a positive abandon'd Fop
 among his numerous Absurdities)
 tumbles upon some tolerable Line,
 fret to see them in such Company,
 and wonder by what Magick they came there.
 at in long Works Sleep will sometimes surprise,
 former himself hath been observ'd to nod,

Poems, like Pictures, are of different Sorts,
 some better at a distance, others near,
 some love the Dark, some choose the clearest Light,
 and boldly challenge the most piercing Eye,
 some please for once, some will for ever please.

But *Piso* (tho' your 15 [Knowledge of the World,]
 bind with your Father's Precepts, make you wise)
 remember this as an important Truth:
 some things admit of Mediocrity,
 Counsellor, or Pleader at the Bar,
 may want *Messala's* pow'rful Eloquence,
 or be less read than deep *Castellius*;
 yet this indiffer'nt Lawyer is esteem'd;
 at no Authority of Gods nor Men
 allow of any Mean in Poesy.
 as an ill Consort, and a coarse Perfume,
 disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,

14 will

15 own Experience,

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F

And

*Offendunt, poterat duci quia cæna sine istis :
Sic animis natum inventumque poem. juvandis,
Si paulum à summo discessit, vergit ad imum.*

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis :
Indotusque pilæ discipulis trochique quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ :
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere, quidni ?
Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summum nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva :
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens : si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Meti descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, & nostras : nonumque prematur in annum
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edidexis : nescit vox missa reverti.*

*Sylvæstres homines, sacer interpresque Deorum,
Cædibus & victu facto deterruit Orpheus :
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rapidoque leones :
Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & præce blanda
Ducere quod vellet, fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis :
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri : leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque*

and might with more Discretion have been spar'd;
Poefy, whose End is to delight,
admits of no Degrees, but must be still
blimely good, or despicably ill.

In other things Men have some Reason left,
and one that cannot Dance, or Fence, or Run,
despairing of Success, forbears to try;
but all (without Consideration) write;
some thinking that th' Omnipotence of Wealth
can turn them into Poets when they please.
But *Piso*, you are of too quick a sight
not to discern which way your Talent lies,
vainly ¹⁶ [with your Genius to contend;]
but if it ever be your Fate to write,
let your Productions pass the strictest Hands,
your own and your Father's, and not see the Light,
all Time and Care have ripen'd ev'ry Line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
but Words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human Pow'r,
did not, as Poets feign, tame Savage Beasts,
but Men as lawless, and as wild as they;
and first dissuaded them from Rage and Blood;
and when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
they feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute;
Poets, the first Instructors of Mankind,
taught all things to their proper, native use;
some they appropriated to the Gods,
and some to publick, some to private Ends:
omiscuous Love by Marriage was restrain'd,
cities were built, and useful Laws were made;
[So great was the Divinity of Verse,
and such Observance to a Poet paid.]

¹⁶ ----- struggle with your Genius.

¹⁷ So ancient is the Pedigree of Verse,
And so Divine a Poet's Function.

*Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus
 Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
 Versibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes :
 Et vitæ monstrata via est : & gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis : ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis : ne fortè pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.*

*Natura feret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est : ego nec studium sine divite vena,
 Nec rude quid profit video ingenium. alterius sic
 Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer : sudavit, & alfit :
 Abstinuit Venere & vino. qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
 Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango.
 Occupet extremum scabies : mihi turpe relinqui est,
 Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.*

*Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
 Assentores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta
 Dives agris, dives positus in sænore nummis.
 Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
 Litibus implicitum : mirabor si sciit inter-
 noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum,
 Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare voles cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ. clamabit enim, Pulchrè, Bene, Rectè,
 Pallefcet super his : etiam stillabis amicis
 Ex oculis rorem : saliet, tundet pede terram.
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
 Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo : sic
 Derisor vero plùs laudatore movetur :
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,*

When Homer's and Tyrtæus' Martial Muse
 Taken'd the World, and founded loud Alarms,
 Verse we owe the sacred Oracles,
 And our best Precepts of Morality;
 We have by Verse obtain'd the Love of Kings,
 Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd Minds;
 Men blush not, noble *Piso*, to protect
 That Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.

Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
 Others maintain, that Nature makes them so;
 Neither see what Art without a Vein,
 Or Wit without the help of Art can do,
 But mutually they ¹⁸ [crave] each other's Aid.
 That intends to gain th' *Olympic* Prize
 Must use himself to Hunger, Heat, and Cold,
 Take leave of Wine, and the soft Joys of Love;
 And no Musician dares pretend to Skill,
 Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;
 But ev'ry little busy Scribler now
 Swells with the Praises which he gives himself;
 And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,
 Bags of his Impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy Poet takes more Pains to hire
 A flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradesmen do
 To persuade Customers to buy their Goods.
 'Tis hard to find a Man of great Estate,
 That can distinguish Flatterers from Friends.
 Never delude yourself, nor read your Book
 Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor;
 For he'll commend and feign an Extasy,
 Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please?
 True Friends appear less mov'd than Counterfeit;
 As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,
 Are not so loud as those that cry for Hire.
 Were the Kings, who never chose a Friend,

¹⁸ need.

*Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse labarent
An sit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*

*Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat,
Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum quàmvertere mallets,
Nullam ultra verbum aut operam sumobat inanem,
Quin sine rituali teque & tua solus amares.
Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet inertes:
Culpabit duos: incommis alinet atrum
Transverso calamo sinum: ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget:
Arguet ambigè dictum: mutanda notabit:
Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.*

*Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque Poëtam,
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.*

With full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,
 And seen the bottom of his deepest Thoughts;
 You cannot arm yourself with too much Care
 Against the Smiles of a designing Knave.

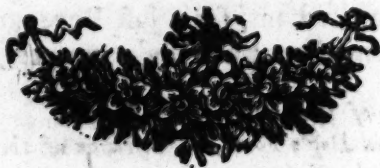
Quintilius (if his Advice were ask'd)
 Could freely tell you what you should correct,
 Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
 And with more Care supply the Vacancy;
 But if he found you fond, and obstinate,
 And apter to defend than mend your Faults)
 With Silence leave you to admire yourself,
 And without Rival hug your darling Book.
 The prudent Care of an impartial Friend
 Will give you notice of each idle Line,
 And shew what sounds harsh, and what wants Ornament,
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And with a strict Enquiry mark your Faults;
 For for these Trifles fear to lose your Love;
 Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
 [Will be of a most serious Consequence,]
 When they have made you once ridiculous.

²⁰ A [Poetaster, in his raging Fit,
 Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys)
 Dreaded and proscrib'd by Men of Sense;
 They make a Lane for the polluted thing,
 And fly as from the Infection of the Plague,
 Or from a Man, whom, for a just Revenge,
 A mad Phrensy sent by Heav'n pursues.]

¹⁹ Will be of serious Consequence to you.

²⁰ A mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
 And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
 We are not all more heedfully to shun,
 Than Poetasters in their raging Fits,
 Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys,
 But dreaded and proscrib'd by Men of Sense.

Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, & errat,
 Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps
 In puteum, foveamve: licet, Succurrite, longum
 Clamet, io, cives; non sit qui tollere curet.
 Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
 Quî scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit? atque
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique Poëtæ
 Narrabo interitum: Deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
 Infiluit. sit jus, liceatque perire Poëtis.
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
 Nec semel hoc fecit: nec, si retractus erit, jam
 Fiet homo, & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
 Nec satis apparet cur versus facit; utrum
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
 Moverit incestus. certè furit, ac velut ursus,
 Objeptos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
 Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.



(in the raving of a frantick Muse)
 and minding more his Verses than his Way,
 any of these should drop into a Well,
 46 Tho' he might burst his Lungs to call for help,
 No Creature would assist or pity him,
 but seem to think he fell on purpose in.
 Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
 in a cold Fit leap'd into *Aetna's* Flames.
 46 Give Poets leave to make themselves away,
 Why should it be a greater Sin to kill,
 Than to keep Men alive against their Will?
 Nor was this Chance, but a delib'rate Choice;
 for if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
 He would be at his Frolick once again,
 and his Pretensions to Divinity:
 'Tis hard to say whether for Sacrilege,
 Or Incest, or some more unheard-of Crime,
 The Rhiming Fiend is sent into these Men;
 but they are all most visibly posselt,
 And like a baited Bear, when he breaks loose,
 Without Distinction seize on all they meet;
 47 None ever scap'd that came within their Reach,
 sticking like Leeches, till they burst with Blood,
 Without Remorse insatiably they read,
 And never leave till they have read Men dead.





REMARKS

ON

HORACE'S *Art of Poetry*.

IN *Asia, Greece, Macedonia and Egypt*, there were, *T* out of Mind, select Assemblies of Persons to examine the Writings of the Poets and Orators. *Augustus* erected such Society at *Rome*, and encourag'd them by Rewards and Honours. He assign'd them the *Temple and Library of Apollo* to meet at. And to this the Assemblies of Learned Men, which we call *Academies*, owe their Origin. *Theodorus Marcellus*, who however does not tell us his Authority, says the Number of this *Roman Academy* was Twenty, of which Five or Seven only be term'd *Judges*. He goes so far as to give us the Names of 'em, and whether he is right or not, he cou'd not have nam'd better Men than his Society was compos'd of. *Virgil, Varius, Tarpia, Mecenas, Plotius, Valgius, Octavius Fuscus*, the two *Viscus's*, *Rollio*, the two *Messala's*, the two *Bibulus's*, *Servius Fulvius, Tibullus, Pisa the Father*, and *Horace*. The only Foundation I know for this Assertion of his, is the End of the Xth Satire of the First Book. He is not satisfy'd to give us a List of this *Academy*; he will have it that it was on Account of *Horace's* being a Member of it, that he was put upon writing *The Art of Poetry*, and collecting all the Rules, and all the Judgments, that were made in the Society. I wish with all my Heart this was so, because what *Mr. La Bruyere* says of such Assemblies would not then be true, that they never produc'd any Work which was Entire and Perfect in its Kind. But whether *Horace* wrote this Piece as a Publick Matter, or Private, his Design was to give the *Romans* an *Art of Poetry*, that should take in all that *Aristotle, Crito, Zenon, Democritus* and *Neoptolemus of Paros* had written on the Subject. Nay some will have it, that 'tis almost nothing else but a Complication of the most excellent Rules of the Latter. For *Porphyrus* writes, *In quem librum conjecit praecepta Neoptolemi de Arte Poetica, non quidem omnia, sed eminentissima.* *Horace* has in

This Book set down Neoptolemus's Rules for the Art of Poetry, all indeed, but the most Excellent of them. As he did not write it regularly, nor observe any other Order than Chance grew in his Way; so there is no Method, and no Connection of Parts in this Treatise, which seems not to be finish'd: Heaving not Time to give the last Hand to it: or what is more likely, not being willing to be at the Trouble. Those who believe it would be more perfect if his Verses were transpos'd & mistaken. All we can do, in my Opinion, is to mark the odd Spaces, and to divide the Heads without changing the Form. This was Monsieur Le Fèvre's Judgment. The want of Connection is not without its Graces; especially in Rules, which should be free, and have nothing in them either Loose or languishing. The Order *Heinsius* would put it in, seems only to shew the Beauty of the Disorder in which *Horace* left it.

Next to *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, I know of no Piece of Criticism in Antiquity, which is more Excellent than this. All the Decisions are so many Truths drawn from the Nature of the things he treats of. *Julius Scaliger* err'd very much against good Sense and Reason, in what he said of this Work. *Will* you know, says he, what I think of *Horace's Art of Poetry*? It is an Art taught without Art. *De Arte quæres quod Sentiam, quid? Equidem quod de Arte sine Arte Tradita.* Tho' 'tis only an Epistle like the preceding ones, yet *Horace* gives it the Title of *The Art of Poetry, De Arte Poetica*, to distinguish it from the others, in which he treated of this Art only occasionally. The Antiquity of this Title is not to be doubted of, since *Quintilian* quotes it in the III^d Chapter of his VIIIth Book, *Idem tale est monstrum quale Horatius in prima Parte Libri de Arte poetica fingit: Humano capiti, &c.*

[1 *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam.*] *Horace* all at once lays down the most general and necessary Rule, on which all the rest are founded, which is the Simplicity and Unity of the subject, in the Disposition, the Ornamenta, and the Stile. He could not render the Faults committed against this Unity better than by comparing them to this Extravagance in a Picture.

[2 *Ut turpiter atrum desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*] *Virgil* in his III^d Book represents *Scylla*.

Prima, hominis facies, & pulchro pectore Virgo
Pube tenus, postrema immahi corpore pis-
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.

Upwards

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Upwards 'tis a beautiful Figure, and a very beautiful Virgin, half its Body; downwards 'tis a horrible Whale, ending in a Dolphin's Tail, join'd to a Wolf's Belly. Ater Piscis, for horrible Fish, as Porphyry, atrum piscem, belluam marinam, &c.

5. *Speſſatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici.*] Taken from the Custom of Painters, and Sculptors, to expoſe a Statue or Picture when finiſh'd, and to Publish that it might be ſeen ſuch a Day. At which time great Numbers of Spectators uſe to come to view it.

6. *Credite, Piſones.*] To prevent the *Piſo's* giving into the vulgar Error, that the breach of Unity is no Fault, he ſays *Credite, Believe, be Convinced.* He was afraid theſe young Gentlemen ſhould be led away by bad Poets, whoſe Intereſt it was that this Rule ſhould not be eſtabliſh'd. Tho' this Epistle is addreſs'd to *Piſo* and his Children, as appears by the 12th Verſe, yet 'tis to his Children more particularly; and thus the Difference *Porphyry* ſpeaks of is reconcil'd: *Scribis ad Piſum viros nobiles diſertosque, patrem & filios, vel, ut alii volunt, Piſones Fratres.* Horace writes to the Young *Piſo's*, and the Father, or as others pretend, only to the Children.

Piſones.] There were three or four Families of theſe *Piſo's* in Rome at the ſame time, who were all *Calpurnians*, and ſaid they deſcended from *Calpus* the Son of *Numa*. One was that *Cneus Piſo* of *Plancina*, who kill'd himſelf, being accus'd of poisoning *Germanicus*, and left two Children, *Cneus* and *Marcus*. But it cou'd not be theſe *Piſo's* to whom Horace addreſſes, for theſe Children were not born, or were very young, when this Epistle was written. There was another Branch of the *Piſo's* called *Ceſonins*, that deſcended from *Lucius Piſo*, who had been Cenſor, and whoſe Daughter *Calpurnia*, *Julius Ceſar* marry'd; *Piſo* who was Conſul with *Drusus Libo*, in the Year of Rome DCCXXXVIII, was his Son; Horace being One and Fifty Years old in that Conſulate. *Auguſtus* gave the Governments of Rome and *Thrace* to this *Piſo*, who was a Man of Pleaſure, a Conſident to both *Auguſtus* and *Tiberius*, Great Pontiff at Fourſcore Years of Age, *Roma Urbis* 785: And to this *Piſo* and his Children it is that Horace writes.

Iſſi tabulae fore librum perſimilem.] He is not ſatisfy'd with ſaying, that a Writing thus diverſified, will be like this Monſter, he adds *perſimilem*, it will be entirely like.

Librum.] All Writings of what Nature ſoever, tho' he treats particularly of *Epick* and *Dramatick* Poetry.

7. *Velut agri ſomnia.*] Like the Dreams of a ſick Man, ſtrange and incoherent.

Vana species.] Ideas of Things that do not subsist together in Nature, and are only to be met with in the empty Brains of weak Men, Madmen, or bad Poets.

8. *Ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur forma.*] An Explanation of the *vana species*, the Head and Feet of which are of a different kind.

9. *Pictoribus atque Poetis quidlibet audendi.*] The Answer of the Poets, who will not subject themselves to the Rules of their Art. Poets and Painters, say they, may do what they please, nothing is too daring for them. They abuse the Privilege of Poetry, and thus excuse their most monstrous Fancies, and most extravagant Dreams. That Privilege is of great Extent, 'tis true; Ovid talks of the *Fœcunda Licentia Vatum*; and Lucian asserts, that Painters and Poets are not accountable for their Fancies; but Horace is shewing us what Bounds they ought to set to this Licence.

11. *Scimus.*] Horace's Answer to the bad Poets; after having said, *I know* the Privilege of Poetry, he would go on and *non*, but he's interrupted by the same Poets, who proceed, *Et banc veniam petimus damusque vicissim.*] My Opinion of this Verse is discover'd in the preceding Remark. Some will have it that Horace continues his Answer without Interruption, that as a Poet he says, *Hanc veniam petimus*, I demand this Permission; as a Critick, he adds, *Damusque vicissim*, I give it in my Turn. This agrees with the old Commentator, who writes, *petimus ut Poetæ, damus autem ut Critici*. But how cou'd Horace demand Permission to use this Liberty, when he never look'd upon himself as a Poet? There must be a Mistake in this Passage. After he had said *Scimus* he is interrupted, as is observ'd before, by the ill Poets. *Et banc veniam petimus damusque vicissim.* We claim the Privilege, as we give it to others. He cannot mean himself, he being no Poet, as he declares afterwards, *Nil scribens ipse*. Besides the Dialogue is more agreeable, more lively, and more like Horace's Manner.

12. *Sed non ut placidis vocant immitia.*] Horace's Answer, We give you the Privilege you demand, but on Condition you do not abuse it. I, a long Time, thought the first Thirteen Verses of this Epistle were a sort of Dedication and Preface, and that Horace, to excuse the Disorder in which he left it, wrote to the Poets; The Book I address to you is like the Picture I have been speaking of, in which I was mistaken. He would then certainly have written it *Præ Librum hunc similem*. Add to this, that not looking upon himself to be a Poet, nor on his Art of Poetry as a Work of Importance, 'tis not likely he should go about

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about to excuse its want of Regularity; it being neither necessary nor possible to observe it in such a Treatise as this. The Discovery of the Dialogue between the bad Poets and Horace confirms me in the Opinion that I was mistaken, and Reason has convinc'd several good Judges of the same Mistake.

Ut placidis coeant, immitia.] Painters and Poets are Imitators, and are to paint only what is or what may be; the being nothing else that can be imitated. But they have often abus'd their Art, and forsaken probable Ideas for monstrous Imaginations. *Vitruvius* complains of this Fault in Painters, in the Vth Chapter of his VIIth Book: From hence proceed *Græsqnes*, which are not to be compar'd to a regular Figure. This Rule of *Horace* is one of the most Important in the Art of Poetry; never to join Incompatible Subjects, and offend against Nature, Verisimilitude and Truth.

14. *Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis.*] He comes from the general Rule to Particulars, and gives an Example of the vitious Variety which he condemns. He chooses out that's the least shocking, but 'tis by so much the more dangerous Vice, by how much it slides in under an Appearance of Virtue. He is speaking of Descriptions, a Snare which is almost inevitable to little-Genius's. *Horace* shews us how apt Poets are to fall into the Ridiculous by this Means: From grave and serious Beginnings, which promise sublime and marvellous things, they descend into a shining Description of a Wood, an Altar of *Diana*, a River, the *Rhine*, the Rainbow; these Descriptions are stitch'd together like Patch-Work. The Patches, indeed, are Purple, but are Childish and Extravagant because ill plac'd. Writers must never abandon themselves to such Digressions, let them be of what Nature soever, when their Design calls them elsewhere.

16. *Quem lucus & ara Diana.*] I believe, with *Thence Marcellus*, he speaks of the Wood and Altar of *Aricia*, pretended to have been built by *Orestes*, who there Consecrated the Statue of *Diana Taurica*, which, when he had kill'd King *Thoas*, he brought from *Scythia*. The Poets thought this a fine Subject for Descriptions. It took in *Orestes*, *Diana Taurica*, her Sacrifices in *Scythia*, and at *Aricia*, with the odd Customs in her Temple. There cou'd be but one Priest and he a Fugitive. He must with his own Hand kill the Priest his Predecessor, when he would get into his Place. For which Reason the Priest who held it, was always arm'd to defend himself. *Ovid* calls this Temple of *Aricia*, a Kingdom acquir'd by the Sword, and with a criminal Hand,

Partagu

NOTES on the Art of Poetry. III

Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.

8. *Aut flumen Rhenum.*] Horace had without doubt been in tir'd with the Description of the *Rhein*, in the Poem written on *Augustus's* Victories on that Side. The Bad Poets omit plunging into that River, as *Alpinus*, of whom he speaks in the Xth Satyr of the 1st Book.

*Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Mammas, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, &c.*

Aut pluvius describitur Arcus.] The Rainbow is as likely as anything to turn a wretched Poet's Brain. The wonderful mixture of its Colours are with them so worthy of Admiration, that they let no Opportunity slip to describe it; few imitating this the Discretion of *Homer* and *Virgil*. *Homer* says not one Word of *his*, and *Virgil* but two Lines,

*Ergo Iris crevans per aethera rescida pennis
Mille trabens varios adverse sole Colores
Advolat.*

A Description as Rapid as *Iris's* Flight.

9. *Et fortasse suppressum scis simulare.*] The young Poets and Painters began the Practice of their Arts with Descriptions and Imitations of *Cypress*.

10. *Si fractis enatat exposit navibus.*] What's the painting of a Wreck? What are Descriptions in Poetry, when illustrious Actions are the Subject of the Song? *Horace* alludes to those *ex voto* Pictures, made by such as had escap'd shipwreck.

11. *Amphora capis institui, currente rota cur Urcem exit?*] An Image taken from a Potter, who commonly began his Trade by making little Pots called *Urces*, and ended with a great Pitcher call'd *Amphora*, which was his Master-piece. To begin with an *Amphora* and end with an *Urcus*, is like a Poet who after a magnificent Beginning, falls and is lost in Descriptions. *Amphora* answers to *interceptis gravibus*, and *Urcus* to *impureus pannus*.

12. *Denique fit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum.*] The Rule that results from what he has said. Simplicity and Unity are entirely opposite to the Fault he has been speaking of. Descriptions, which have no immediate Relation to the Subject, corrupt

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corrupt and destroy them. *Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles's* descriptions are all necessary, and well introduc'd.

25. *Decipimur specie reſti.*] This is not a new Rule, the general Reason of the Fault he has been explaining; are deceiv'd by Appearance in the Beauties of Art, as well those of Nature; a Poet thinks to adorn his Subject by descriptions, and he spoils it. *Brevis eſt labor, obſcurus ſu,* are Examples to confirm this Proposition.

Brevis eſt, &c.] Brevity is certainly one of the great Virtues of Discourse; but so near a Neighbour to Obscurity, that it is very difficult in following the one, not to fall into the other. Perspicuity is the principal Virtue, *Virtus prima perſpicuitas.*

26. *Seſtantem levia nervi deſciunt.*] As by endeavouring to make strong Verses and Expressions, an Author renders them hard and rough, so by endeavouring to polish, he very much weakens them.

27. *Profeſſus grandia turget.*] They fall into this Error, to stretch what is *Grand* too far; as *Gorgias*, in calling *Xerxes* *Jupiter of the Persians*, and he who call'd *Brutus* the *Star of Asia*; they become Bombast, when they study to be *Great*.

28. *Serpit Humi tutus nimium timidusque procella.*] Poetry is like the Sea, and those who sail on it, if they are wise, will not venture too far from the Shore, nor come too near it. *Humilis* Expression seems rather to be borrow'd from *Birds*, who fly on the Ground, when the Winds and Storms make 'em afraid of rising into the Air.

29. *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.*] This Verse proves, that whatever he has already said is only the Consequence of the same Rule. For he returns to it again, shewing, That those who to arrive at the *Marvellous*, which he here terms *Prodigious*, vary a Subject, and tack to it pompous Descriptions, form Monsters. *Omnia Monſtra faciunt*, says *Catullus*. 'Tis as if they should place Dolphins in the Woods, and Bears in the Sea. The Word *prodigialiter* is taken here in a good Sense, as are often our Words *Prodigious* and *Prodigiously*. It must not be imagin'd that it refers to *Appingit*.

31. *In vitium ducit culpa fuga.*] The fear of falling into a Vice, is frequently the occasion of our falling into a greater than that which we endeavour'd to avoid. We would shun tedious Uniformity, and we are guilty of a monstrous Mixture. The reason is, we make this Mixture without Art, which can only teach us to do it, and not offend Uniformity. Our Examples are *Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil*.

[*Æmilium circa ludum faber imus.*] Horace here means a Statuary, who liv'd at the Bottom of the Circus, near a place call'd the School of *Æmilius*; because a Fencing-Master, and *Æmilius Dentulus*, kept his Gladiators there. This Master gave a great deal of grace and easiness to Hair, and set the Nails admirably; but take his Statues altogether, they were wretched Pieces, there being no Connection of the Soul, nor that Agreement which, like the Soul, adds Life and Motion to the Figure, and is the All in All in a Statue. 'Tis the same with Poets, who know not how to make any Thing a Description, to express a Sentiment, or make a strong Comparison, with all which they are at the best but miserable Poets.

[*Ponere totum.*] *Ponere*, to put, for to do, to make, as in the Greek *τιθέναι*: He says elsewhere, *Solers nunc hominem ponere Deum*; and *totum* is what we call *All together*, a Term properly us'd in Painting and Sculpture, when Pictures or other Figures, consisting of many Figures, are so dispos'd, that the different Parts agree to form one single and the same whole, and represent one single Object. 'Tis also made use of in Poems where there is but one Figure, either in Sculpture or Painting, the different Parts of which ought to have a natural Connection with each other, that they may form but one single and the same Body. 'Tis not enough that the Artist knows how to make an Head, an Arm, a Foot, he must understand how to put the whole together, so that it may be one single Figure, which has nothing disjointed in it, but is every where equally well design'd and finish'd.

[*Quam pravo vivere Naso.*] If a Man has an ugly Nose, he will be ugly, tho' all the other Parts of his Face are beautiful; and a Poet, if all the other parts of his Poem be good, will be an ill Poet, if he offends against Simplicity and Unity.

[*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aquam Viribus.*] Every Poet who makes choice of a Subject that is not proportionable to his Strength offends against the Art of Poetry; and is impossible he should succeed. See the Remarks on the 10th Chapter of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*.

[*Et versate diu quid ferre recusent.*] A Man must not presently conclude, that because he has by Chance made a good Madrigal, Epigram, or Song, he's therefore fit to write an Heroick Poem; he is to consider his Strength. *Tibullus* would perhaps

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perhaps have written bad Odes, and Horace bad Elegies. Hebrews had a Proverb upon this, *Pro Camelo Sarcina, your Burden to your Camel.*

[40. *Oui lecta potenter erit res.*] Potenter, for according to Strength.

[42. *Ordinis hac Virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor.*] He here explains in a few Words, the Virtue and Grace of Order a Poet ought to observe in the Disposition of his Song, and adds these Orders, *aut ego fallor*, it being a new Rule his, made by him, from the Practice of the greatest Artists of Antiquity.

[43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici pleraque differat.*] This *debentia dici* serves for two Propositions, *dicat & differat*. The Construction and Sense of the Passage is this; *Ut jam dicat debentia dici jam nunc, & pleraque differat jam nunc dicat*: Let him say at first Things that ought to be at first said, reserve for another Time the greatest Part of those that should have been said at first. Horace discovers here one of the great Secrets of Poetry. In Dramatick Poetry, as well as in the great Masters open the Scene as near as they can to the Catastrophe, always taking the Action at the Moment it comes to an End: They artfully bring in afterwards the Evening of the Tragedy, which they should not have told us at first, as in History. Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, never did otherwise, by this keeping off the Catastrophe, by probable and natural accidents, when we every Minute expected it, our Curiosity the more inflam'd, and all the Passions are mov'd in us after another, which could not be done in a methodical Order to prove this we need only read Apollonius's *Argonautica*; in which Poem there is not a single Fault in that Piece, and 'tis mortally tedious, and the chief Reason is, 'tis methodical and prosecuted without Interruption from the Beginning to the End; the greatest Fault it could have, for there's nothing so dull as a Poet;

*Who when he sings a Hero's glorious Deeds,
Writes a dry History, and by Dates proceeds.*

[45. *Hoc amet, hoc spernat.*] Having spoken of the Order he comes now to the Choice of the Incidents, which is as easy to be made: What is good for the Epick Poem, is good for Tragedy; neither is it sufficient to know which to take and which to refuse. The Poet must put those he takes in the proper

er Place, where their Effect may be most surprising, and convenient for the Poem, since the same Thing plac'd in different Manner has a quite different Effect.

[*promissi carminis.*] A Poem that has been a long while expected, and rais'd the Curiosity of the Publick: For every thing which the World have great Expectations of should be perfect than what they do not expect. Horace had, perhaps, Virgil's *Æneid* in view; 'twas several Years after a Poem was expected, that it appear'd, *Nescio quid majus* *jur Liade.*

6. In *Verbis etiam tenuis.*] From the Disposition of the Poem, and the Choice of the Incidents, he comes to the Question, Whether the Poet is allow'd to invent new Words: He maintains that he is, and lays down the Rules for it, *subtle, agreeable, fine.*

7. *Notum si callida verbum reddideris junctura novum.*] New Words are of two sorts, Simple or Compound. We shall not talk of Simple. Compound are such as are made of old Words, as *Vetivolum, sacifragum.* This Composition Horace calls *Junctura*: There are two other Constructions of Words quite different; some pretend Horace is not speaking of Words, but of Expressions, when by the help of Epithets, Verbs, &c. we determine certain known Phrases from an ordinary Use to an Extraordinary, as Horace has often practis'd with so much Success, that Petronius says of him, *Horatii varia Felicitas*, and Quintilian, *Verbis felicissimè audax.* This Construction is more Ingenious than True. Horace would never have call'd it *Junctura*, which denotes necessarily a joining, a Connecting, as when out of Two Things One is made. Farther, 'tis neither possible nor natural to give Rules for such Boldnesses as these, which depend on every Man's Genius, on his Genius, and his Knowledge of the force and extent of Words. In short, this Rule would be out of its place here, since Horace says in the preceding Verse, *in Verbis serendis*, which cannot admit of such an Explanation: The other Construction is, *Si callida junctura reddideris Verbum Novum, Notum*: If you so make use of a new Word, that the place where you put it may make it be known, and render the true Signification to be at first sight easily Comprehended. Which Construction seems to me to be neither so good nor so true as the other, nor indeed to be maintain'd. The Question is not concerning the placing of Words, but of making, *de Verbis serendis*; and what Horace adds afterwards of new simple

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simple Words is an undoubted Proof that he speaks his Compound.

48. *Si forte necesse est Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.* This relates to Simple Words, which Aristotle terms *παρρησια* and Cicero, *Fiſta*, Words never heard of before. Horace deſigns 'tis allowable for a Poet to make 'em, when he is oblig'd to expreſs Things that are unknown, as the *Compaſs*, *Artillery*, *Powder*; he may then invent Words, but muſt take care that they expreſs either the Nature of the Thing, or the Effect it produces. For this Reason Homer is commended; he was the firſt who ſaid *Σιζε ορθαλμις*, and *λαφοντες*; the firſt who expreſſes admirably the Hiſſing of Red-hot Iron thrown into Water, and the laſt the Barking of Wolves and Dogs. The French Word *Lapper* to lick, is of this kind.

49. *Indiciis.*] Words ought to be the Sign and Image of Things they expreſs; wherefore Plato calls them *σημειωματα*.

50. *Cinctus non exaudita Cethegi.*] The *Cethegi* are here repreſented as a Maſculine Sort of People, who in their Cloaths kept to the Old Faſhions of their Fathers, and deſpiſ'd the *Tunica*, as too cumbersome; wearing only a kind of an Apron which ſerv'd them inſtead of Drawers, from the Waſte downwards; upon which they put their *Toga*. The Pane of which they drew over their Left Shoulder, hung down the Backs, and left their Right Arm bare: This Dreſs was call'd *cinctus Gabinus*, and was uſually worn by Conſuls and Pretors; whence we have the *cinctu Gabino*, in the VIIth Book of *Aeneis*, in *Silius Italicus*, and in *Lucan*. *Cinctus* is an Epithet which not only gives an Idea of Antiquity, but raiſes a Veneration.

51. *Dabiturque licentia ſumta pudenter.*] This Liberty muſt be uſ'd with Moderation. Horace confines it to very narrow Limits; for he would have the invented Words to be Derivatives from the *Greek*.

52. *Habebunt verba fidem.*] They ſhall have Authority, and be receiv'd.

53. *Si Græco fonte cadant.*] If their Original be *Greek*; as we ſhould call a Man who leads an Elephant *Elephantiſta*; the *Latin* made alſo new Simple Words of *Latin* Derivation, as *Beatus*, Cicero made *Beatitas*; *Meſſala*, of *Reus*, *Reatus*; *Auguſtus* of *Munus Munerarius*; and Horace, of *Inimicus*, *Inimicare*, &c. *Parce detorta.*] Theſe new Simple Words ought not only to be deriv'd from the *Greek*, but their Derivation muſt be

and natural, the Analogy just and entire; they must not hold and far-fetch'd: This is what is meant by *Parce*.

1. *Quid autem Cecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus.*] Why should *Varius* and *Virgil* have the same Liberty *Cecilius* and *Plautus*, who are both full of new Words: When did this privilege cease, says *Quintilian*, *Quid natis postea concessum est, ut de defuit licere?*

2. *Signatum presente nota protrudere Nomen.*] He speaks of Coins, as of Coin, which is not Current without the publick Stamp: *Præsens nota*, the Coin the publick Authorizes, which has a Currency: So *Quintilian*, *ut Nummo cui publica forma*. He calls *Form*, what *Horace* terms *Stamp*. The invented should be clear, intelligible, and resemble those already in use in its Termination. *Horace*, in the 11d Epistle of the 1st Book explains it farther thus, *Adscisset nova quæ genitor* *exerit Usus*.

3. *Ut Sylva foliis.*] The Grammarian *Diomedes* quotes this thus,

Ut folia in Sylvis.

The reading is most Simple, the other most Figurative; the comparison is taken from the VIth Book of the *Iliad*, where *Homærus* says *ὅταν πρὸς φύλλον, &c.* The Generation of Man is like that of leaves, when the Leaves are blown off by the Winds, the Trees of the Forest bud and bring forth others which appear in the Spring. Thus with Man; when one Generation passes away another

4. *Debemur morti nos nostraque.*] Since every thing wears away, why should we think Words will always have the same Force and Grace? All the noble Expressions *Horace* has collected in these six Lines, serve to render this Fall the more instant, *nedum Verbarum fiet bonis*: For nothing contributes so much to the Ridiculous as the Grand.

5. *Sive receptus terra Neptunus classis; aquilonibus arcet.*] *Augustus* cut that space of Land which divided the Lake *Lacus* and the Lake *Avernus* from the Sea, and made a Port called *Portum Julium*, *Julius Caesar* having begun to cut it. *Virgil* mentions it in the 11d Georgick.

6. *Regis Opus.*] To denote *Augustus*, not the Work of the People; that would have been Invidious in the Infancy of the Monarchy, but a Royal Work, the Work of a King.

7. *sterilise diu palus aptaque remis.*] He speaks of the Pontine Marsh. Tho' *Horace* here commends *Augustus* for draining it, he,

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he, in all likelihood, drain'd only a part of it, or else the
was apt to overflow again; for the Consul *Cethegus* drain'd
in the Year of Rome 593, and it was also drain'd again
Theodorick.

69. *Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis.*] Banka
by *Augustus* to hinder the Overflowing of the *Tiber*.

68. *Mortalia facta peribunt.*] Since the most solid Works
Mankind perish, 'tis no wonder Words do. The same Thing
us'd by *Severus Sulpitius*, in his Letter to *Cicero*, Book IV.
Cicero's Epistles, Epist. V.

71. *Si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est, & jus & m-*
loquendi.] Use is the Tyrant of Languages. *Socrates* confid
Alcibiades, in the first Dialogue of that Name, that the Po
is an excellent Master of Languages. We have in our Days
good Use and a bad Use, the good form'd by the polit
of the Court, City, and the best Authors; the bad by
People. The difference between us and the Ancients, as
Romans, as *Athenians*, arises from this; the People were
confounded, great and small together; from whence, there
no sensible Variation in their Language: Among us the Pe
have no Commerce with the Court, and accordingly their la
guage is quite different.

74. *Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus.*] He
speaking of the *Epick Poem*, and says, *Homer* has shown in
sort of Verse it ought to be written, the *Heroick*, which
agrees with the Majesty of the *Epick*. *Aristotle* says the
thing in his Art of Poetry; and adds, *That whoever*
undertake to write an Epick Poem in any other kind of Num-
be would not succeed, for the Heroick Verse is the most grave
pompous. Most People imagine, that by *Heroick Verse* is me
the *Hexameter*, which is a Mistake: All *Heroick Verses*
indeed *Hexameter*, but all *Hexameters* are not *Heroick Verses*.
Six Feet plac'd how you will make an *Hexameter*, but for
Heroick Verse you must keep the Laws prescrib'd by *Homer*.
The First of which is to observe the *Cesura* call'd *compe-*
mimaris, that is, after the Second Foot there must be a Sylla
which finishes the Word, and is Sense, as

Dardani---ique, ro---gum.

The Second is to observe the *Cesura* call'd *some Heptamim-*
ris; that is, after the Third Foot, the Syllable which follow
ought to close the Word and Sense. As,

Dardani---ique ro---gum capi---tis;

neither of these Rules are observ'd the *Pentameter Cessure* end with a *Trocheus*. That is, after the two first Feet the Verse should end with One Long and One Short.

Infan---dum re---gina.

the *Heptameter Cessure* must end, also with a *Trocheus*; Long and One Short after the Third Foot,

Quæ Pax---longa re---miserat---arma.

is very rare. Without the Observation of these Rules, Verse will be *Hexameter* not *Heroick*; and the Critics reject that of *Virgil*.

Magnanimi, Jovis, Ingratum, ascendere cubile.

is forgiven him, being the only One among so many Poets wherein these Rules are not observ'd,

[*Verbus impariter junctis gucrimania primum*.] Elegy was not only Lamentations for the Death of a Person, according to *Ovid* on *Tibullus's* Death,

Flebilis, indignas Elegia, solue capillos.

Ab nimis ex, vero, nunc tibi nomen erit.

was in time apply'd to the Joys and Griefs of Lovers: *Boileau* describes it,

La plaintive Elegie, &c.

Dacier prefers the *French* Description of the Elegy, as to its Origin and Improvement, to *Ovid's*,

[*Voti sententia, compes*.] Joy for having obtain'd, what was desir'd.

[*Exiguos Elegos*.] The *Pentameter* Verse is the *Elegiack*; *Ovid* calls it *Exiguum* because it wants a Foot of the *Hexameter*. For this Reason he says, two Verses higher, *Verbus impariter junctis*. The Moderns want the Beauty of this Inequality in their *Elegiacks*. *Ovid* expresses it thus,

Venit, odoratos Elegia nexa capillos,

Es, puer, per, illi, longior, alter erat.

Emiserit

Emiserit autor, Grammatici certant.] Horace tells us it is known who invented the *Elegy*, nor why it was so named. Terentius Maurus says the same, and that some People will give it to be Callinus, others, Theocles, Archilochus, or Terpander.

79. *Archilochum propriis rabies armavit iambo.*] He attributes the Invention of Iambicks to Archilochus. True, no body was so well as he, till his Time, but there were Iambick Verses long before him; however, for his bringing them to Perfection, they were call'd the Iambicks of Archilochus.

80. *Hunc Socci cepere pedem grandæque coturni.*] Socci, Sock of Comedy. Coturnus the Buskin of Tragedy. Tragedy and Comedy using Iambicks as fittest for Conversation.

81. *Alternis aptum Sermonibus.*] Horace assigns three Qualities to Iambick Verse; That 'tis proper for Conversation, that it composes best the Tumults of the Theatre, and is good to carry on the Action: As for the first, one can hardly find the Greek and Latin Tongues without making Iambicks; both Aristotle and Cicero have observ'd. See the IVth Chap. of Aristotle's Art of Poetry; and Cicero tells us, *Magnam partem ex iambis nostra constat oratio.*

82. *Et populares vincentem strepitus.*] Silences the Noise of the People; for the Iambick Verse not being much different from their ordinary Way of speaking, their Attention was the more easily engag'd: It is not so with the Modern Languages.

Et natum rebus agendis.] Horace took this from Aristotle's Art of Poetry, where 'tis said Iambick and Tetrameter Verse proper to give Motion. The one is suited to Dances, the other to Action. Quintilian tells us why the Iambick Verse is proper for Action, *The Movement of it is quicker, &c. frequentiorem impulsu habet, ab omnibus partibus insurgit, & à brevibus in longas nititur & crescit.*

83. *Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosque Deorum.*] He is to enter upon the Subjects of Lyrick Poetry; and it being known who Invented it, he ascribes the Invention to the Muses. Orpheus learnt it of the Muse Calliope his Mother, in the XIIth Ode of the Isth Book.

*Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus.*

Divos, puerosque Deorum.] There were four sorts of Lyrick Poems, Hymns, Panegyrics, Lamentations, and Bacchanal Songs: Hymns and Ditthyrambicks were for Gods; Panegyrics for Heroes and Victors at Grecian Games; Lamentations

Let

ers; the general Name is the *Ode*. See the XIIth Ode of the 1st Book, and the IId Ode of the IVth Book.

[*Et juvenum curas & libera vina referre.*] The fourth kind of Poems, the Songs of the Bacchanals, on Love, Mirth, and Pleasure.

6. *Descriptas servare vires operumque colores.*] There is some Difficulty in this Verse, because it is not presently perceiv'd whether it relates to that which goes before, or that which comes after it. *Horace* having spoken of the different Subjects & Characters of Epick, Elegiack, and Iambick Poems, adds, that a Poet who does not know how to distinguish them, does not deserve the Name of one. He who would in the Elegy mix the Epick Tone, or would mix the Softness of the Elegy with the Roughness of the Iambick, would make but a bad Poem of it. Mr. *Dacier's* Complaint of the French Poets shews all the Moderns, which is, that in most of 'em, their Poems are *Elegies*; their *Elegies*, *Epicks*; and their *Lyricks*, *Tragics*.

[*Descriptas Vires, Vires adtributas, assignatas.*] The different Subjects, the different Characters, of these different Poems.

[*Operumque Colores.*] The different Colours, the different Style, each, their different Ornaments; compar'd to the Colours of Painters, which are different according to the different Subjects, and the different Impression they would make.

8. *Cur nescitis, pudens prave, quam discere malo.*] The Folly of most Men, who had rather hide their Ignorance, than by studying endeavour to cure it.

9. *Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.*] A Verse may be call'd *Tragick* or *Comick* on two Accounts; the first, its Measure and Feet; for the *Tragick* and *Comick* Verse may be both *Iambicks*, and both admit of *Spondees*; yet there is a great deal of difference between them: The *Tragick* admits of the *Spondee* only in the first, third, and fifth Foot, which renders its Motion the more Noble and Pompous; the *Comick* admits it in all those Feet, because its Motion is thereby the more Natural and Unaffected. The second Reason why a Verse may be call'd *Tragick* or *Comick*, is on account of the Meanness of its Expressions and Figures. Thus it is plain that *Tragick* Verse ought not to be us'd in Comedy, nor *Comick* in Tragedy. *Horace* speaking of Feet and Measure, in the 253d Verse; I believe he intends here Expressions and Figures only: Nothing is more Vicious than Lofty Expressions and Noble Figures in Comedy, for which the Common Phrase is, *Grave*.

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is most proper; whereas Tragedy requires a Sublime and Bold Style.

91. *Narrari Cœna Thyestæ.*] He puts *Thyestes's* Supper Tragedies in general. *Thyestes* eat his own Children, which *Atræus* caus'd to be served up to him. This Story being one of the most Tragical, is also recommended by *Aristotle* as a Subject for Tragedy. He says, *Narrari*, it ought to be narrated and not represented. See the 134th Verse.

92. *Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.*] The Tragick and Comick Styles must not inroach upon one another as *Quintilian* in the Xth Book, *Sua cuique præposita Lex, decor est; nec Comædia in Coturnas affargit, nec contra Tragicæ Socco ingreditur.*—Comedy must not assume the Buskin, and Tragedy the Sock. Nature has made this Law, and he who breaks it, errs against Decorum.

93. *Interdum tamen & vocem Comædia tulit.*] However, Comedy raises its Voice sometimes, and Tragedy sometimes uses the Language of Conversation: Tragedy and Comedy being only Imitations of Humane Actions. The Style must be proportionable to the Subject, and the Actor; an Actor as a Father in Comedy should assume a lofty Tone, and speak with Passion; and an afflicted Man in Tragedy wou'd be intemperate, if he spoke his Affliction in a Sublime and Elegant Style. See the IVth Satyr of the 1st Book. *At pater ardens sœvit,* &c.

94. *Iratusque Chremes.*] *Chremes* assumes a Tragick Tone in the Vth Scene of *Terence's Heautontimorumenos*. *Non sit in me furor, &c.* Speaking to his Son, *No, Clitipho, the' you are out of my Brain, as 'tis said Minerva did out of Jove's, I will not suffer you to dishonour me with your infamous Debauchery. So Demetrius, in the Fifth Act of the Adelpbi. Hæu mihi quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem? &c. Hæu, what shall I do? What will become of me? How shall I exclaim? What Complaint shall I make? Oh Heaven! O Earth! Oh the Seas of Neptune! 'Tis allowable for Comedy to elevate its Style, in all violent Passions, as well as that of Choler. In *Terence's Eunuch*, *Chremes* says in the Transport of his Joys, would very well become a Tragedy. This is not to be done but with great Art.*

95. *Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.*] Tragedy gives less occasion for inroaching on the Comick Style, than Comedy does on the Tragick. *Horace* must be taken here in a meaning only in the great Distresses of Tragedy, where Grief ought to be express'd in a Simple and Common Phrase. Not all Grief however, wherefore *Horace* says, *plerumque non semper*. *Longinus* determines it in general, that the Sublime is not proper to move Pity.

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6. *Telephus & Pelus quum pauper & exul uterque.*] *Pelus* & *Telephus*, two Greek Tragedies. These two Princes having been driven out of their Dominions, came to beg Assistance in Greece, and went up and down dress'd like Beggars. The Pieces here referr'd to were *Euripides's*; that Poet, in *Aristophanes's Frogs*, talking of them as his own. See Act III. Scene I. For this Reason *Æschylus* calls *Euripides* a Beggarer, and a Patcher of Rags. See also the II^d Scene of the 1st Act. You dress Kings in Rags to move Pity. *Aristophanes* again makes Merry with *Euripides's Telephus* in his *Acarnanenses*, Act IV. Scene II. where he introduces *Diceopolis* coming to borrow of *Euripides Telephus's* Beggars Equipage, the Staff, the Slip, the Horn-Cup, &c. Ab Friend, says *Euripides*, you will let this Rats carry away my whole Play; and again, upon his other Importunities, Thou wilt Ruin me, dost not thou see thou wilt take away all my Tale from me. What adds to the Pleasure of this Satire on the *Telephus* of *Euripides*, is, that the whole Scene is in a manner made up of his own Verses. *Theophrastus Marcellus* is therefore mistaken, in saying the *Exul* in *Æschylus* alludes to *Pelus* only, and not to *Telephus*; For *Telephus* himself says, How am I driven from my House in Want of any Thing necessary, &c. *Ennius* and *Nævius* brought *Euripides's Telephus* on the Roman Stage. In *Ennius* this Exil'd King says, Regnum reliqui septus mendici Stola, I left my Kingdom in a Beggar's Habit. *Aristophanes* ridicules this Play of *Euripides*, on the Impossibility of a King's being reduced to Beggary. *Æschylus* is satisfy'd with saying Pauper. *Æschylus* also writ a *Telephus*; but one cannot believe he fell into the same Error of which he accuses *Euripides*, and introduces the King in Rags.

7. *Prajicit Ampullas & Sesquipedalia Verba.*] *Ampullas* for swelling Thoughts, *Sesquipedalia Verba*, for Bombast Words. *Sesquipedalia*, a Foot and Half, for their Length. The Greeks made compound Words of a prodigious Length, which were successful in the Sublime, but Ridiculous in the Passion of Satire. See the III^d Epistle. *Ampullatur in Arte.*

8. *Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt.*] A Play should not only be Fine, but it should be Touching. *Horace* refers to the Ignorance of such as fancy they have made a fine Play, when they have been lavish of the Flowers of Rhetorick; all which are Nothing if it does not move; for that's the principal end of Dramatick Poetry: 'Tis with this that *Plato* calls Tragedy, The most diverting and moving Effect of Poetry. In Dulcia, Sweet, moving, *Horace* imitates *Aristotle* in the XXth Chapter of his Art of Poetry. *Hainsus* mistakes

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the *Fine* for *Commendable*. *Horace* would certainly never call'd a *Play Commendable*, if it had not been *Moving*. Thus in a *Picture*; the *Business* is not to make it glare with Colours without *Conduct*, but to render the *Action* sensible. In order to which, no Colour should be us'd but what will agree with it, and make the desir'd *Impression*.

100. *Et quocumque volent.*] It should inspire all the Passions it pleases; *Hate, Fear, Terror, Pity.*

102. *Si vis me flere dolendum est primùm ipse tibi.*] *Cicero* explain'd this Rule at large in his II^d Book *De Oratore*. Poets and Orators can never move an *Auditory*, if the Speakers do not shew that they are *Themselves* mov'd with the Passions they wou'd *Inspire*. There is a Story of an Old *Greek* Play nam'd *Polus*, who in the *Electra* of *Sophocles* us'd to play the Part of that Princess. It happen'd that a Son of his, who he dearly lov'd, dy'd; and after the first *Transports* of Grief were over, he took his Part again, and play'd *Electra* in which, instead of the Urn with the *False Ashes* of *Electra* he came in with the Urn wherein were the *True Ashes* of his Son; which embracing, he pronounc'd these Words, *Obdurate Monument of him who was of all Mankind most Dear to me* with so *Natural* a Grief, such *True* and *Lively Tears*, that it had a prodigious Effect on the *Audience*. This Rule of *Horace's* is taken also from *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*; the Philosopher adding to the Precept the Means to perform it. The Poet, says he, when he is composing, must as far as possible imitate the Gestures and Actions of those he introduces on the Stage. He who is truly mov'd, will in the same manner move those who hear him, &c.

103. *Tua me infortunia lædent.*] Then wou'd thy Misfortune wound me. *Ladere* for commovere, to wound for to move. So *βλάπτω* in *Homer*.

104. *Malè si mandata loqueris.*] *Horace* alludes to the Speech of *Telephus* and *Peleus* made, to oblige the *Greeks* to assist the *Telephus* in *Euripides* begins his Discourse to the *Athenians* thus; *Athenians, who are the Flower of Greece, do not take me ill, if in the miserable Condition I now am, I presume to speak before so fair an Assembly.*

105. *Tristia mæstum vultum verba decent.*] The greatest Passions have not always put such Words into the Mouth of Sorrow as agree with it. *Monsieur Corneille* himself often fell into this Error. When *Cimene* in the *Cid* demands Justice for the Murder of her Father, and speaks of the spilling of his Blood she says,

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*Spilt as it is, the Blood still reeks with Rage,
To find 'twas lost in any Cause but yours.*

Can this to talk like a Person in Affliction? *Non projicit Ampullas:* These are the swelling Thoughts still. What can be more trivial than to make the Blood that was spilt, think and find, and to maintain itself by Reeking? *Electra* in *Sopbocles* mourns the Death of her Father after quite another rate.

[106. *Iratum plena minarum.*] *Horace* feigns elsewhere, that when *Prometheus* form'd Man, he borrow'd each Quality from every Animal, and when he put Choler into his Heart, took it from the Lion. What can give a juster Idea of the Effects of the Passion? There must be nothing mean or affected in it, *Seneca's* Fury is often full of Meditation.

[107. *Ludentem Lasciva.*] A florid, gay Style agrees with Joy, *Virgils* in Love may be agreeable and delicate. Those who apply these Words to Comedy are in the wrong. Tragedy admits Raptures of Joy, which render her Catastrophe sometimes the more Moving.

[108. *Serius serius dictu.*] A grave Person must speak answerably to his Character. *Euripides* is not so discreet as *Sopbocles*. *Seneca* the tragick Poet never minds this Rule. He is so fond of shining every where, that he becomes ridiculous.

[109. *Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem fortunarum eventum.*] In these four admirable Verses, *Horace* gives the Reason of the Precepts contain'd in the two preceeding ones. His Person is drawn from our Mother Nature, who gave us a Heart capable of feeling all the Changes of Fortune, and a Tongue to express it. When our Words do not answer the Condition we are in, the Heart strikes one String in the Instrument of Man instead of another, and makes a very disagreeable Discord.

[110. *Juvat aut impellit.*] Nature helps us to put ourselves into Rage. *Horace* adds *impellit*, to denote the Impetuosity of that Passion.

[111. *Aut ad humum merore gravi deducit.*] *Horace's* Expression agrees very well with the Passion he speaks of. How natural is the Image of the Humiliation of an afflicted Man? How ridiculous does it render all frothy Expressions in that Condition?

[112. *Si dicentis erunt fortunæ abscondita dicta.*] The Language must always agree with the Condition of the Person speaking; otherwise the Orator will be laugh'd at. See *Antonius* speaking to *M. Aquilius*, in the 2d Book of *Cicero's* Orations. *Non prius conatus misericordiam aliis commovere quam misericordiam summi captus, &c.*

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114. *Interit. multum Divusne loquatur an heros.*] A Poet. also suit the Language of his Actors to their Age and Character. A God must express himself otherwise than a Hero. An old Man than a young Man. This Rule is not much observ'd by the Moderns.

Divusne loquatur an Heros.] Some have read it, *Davusne loquatur, an Eros.* Eros was the Name of an honest Footman in Menander's Play, as *Davus* that of a knavish one. But Horace is not here discoursing of Comedy: Besides, the Difference between Footman and Footman is not considerable enough to be taken notice of by him in a Precept. Others have read it, *Davusne loquatur, an Iros.* The Sense of this is too mean, and Iros is not a tragick Person. Others, *Davusne loquatur, an Heros.* The Matter in dispute, as I have said already, relates only to Tragedy, and to the Difference there ought to be between the Character of a God and that of a Hero, as he says afterwards.

No quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibetur Heros.

The Gods were introduc'd by the Ancients into their Plays, in *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

115. *Maturusne Senex an adhuc florente juventutis formidus.*] An experienc'd old Man does not talk like a raw Youth. Mr. Congreve and Mr. Racine, imitate in this the wonderful Conduct of *Sophocles*.

116. *An Matrōna potens, an sedula Nutrix.*] Here Horace doubtless in View the *Hypelitus* of *Euripides*, where *Phædra* and her Nurse speak very differently; and Mr. Racine in his *Phædra* has observ'd this Precept, in varying the two Characters.

117. *Mercatorne vagus, an cultor virentis ægelli.*] Some have thought Horace is discoursing of Comedy also, on account of the Meanness of the Persons, whereas he is still discoursing of Tragedy only, in which it was not uncommon for the Ancients to introduce Tradesmen, Shepherds and Labourers. You have a Merchant in the *Philætes* of *Sophocles*; and in *Euripides*, *Demetrius* gives *Electra* in Marriage to a Labourer. He opens the Scene with it. See the 78th Verse, & seq. The best Comment on this Passage of Horace, is what *Plutarch* writes in a Fragment of the Comparison between *Aristophanes* and *Mencæus*. The Difference in Diction, says he, is infinite. *Aristophanes* does not know how to make every one say what becomes him. A King should talk with Dignity, an Orator with Force, a Woman with Simplicity, a private Man after a common Manner; a Merchant with Rudeness. The Diction of all *Aristophanes's* Persons is

ture, and you cannot tell whether 'tis a Son or a Father that speaks, a Labourer or a God, an old Woman or a Hero.

118. *Colchus ex Assyria, Thebis nutritus an Argia.*] The Poet must have the Country of his Actors before his Eyes. For, as Aristotle says, a Macedonian does not talk like a Thessalian. The Manners of different Nations, are as different as their Dress.

*The Manners note, of Countries and of Times,
For various Humours come from various Climes*

The People of Colchus were savage and cruel. Those of Assyria were crafty and cunning. The Thebans rude and ignorant. The Argives polite and proud. Aristophanes's Persians and Scythians, never talk like Athenians.

119. *Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia fingi.*] Horace having spoken of the Language, comes to the Characters; one of the most essential Parts of Dramatick Poetry, as well as of the Epick. The Characters are only design'd by the Manners, and the Manners form the Actions. Poets have but two sorts of Characters to bring on the Stage, either Known or Invented. In known Characters they must alter nothing, but represent Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, as Homer represented them. As to invented ones, they must make them conformable; in the former, they are to endeavour after Likeness, in the latter after Convenience. The former Aristotle terms *ἐν ἰσότητι*, the latter, *ἐν ἀπαιρέσει*.

120. *Scriptor honoratum s. forte reponis Achillem.*] He is explaining the *Famam sequere* of the foregoing Verse, what it is to follow Fame, which is to make the Characters what Fame makes them to be. As Achilles, Cholerick, Violent, Furious, implacable, Unjust. Ulysses, Valiant, Virtuous, Cunning. Ajax, Strepid, Rash. *Honoratum*, honour'd by the Greeks, an Explanation of *κατακλυτός*, an Epithet Homer always bestows on Achilles. *Reponis*, *reponere*, to represent after another. Homer, *ποσειτ* Achilles, whoever comes after him, *reponit*.

121. *Impiger, iracundus, inemorabilis, acer.*] Aristotle says, that to succeed in such a Character as Achilles's, a Poet should rather imagine what Choler ought to do with Verisimilitude, than what it has done.

122. *Jura negat sibi nata.*] Achilles pretends to be above the Laws, for which Reason he refuses to obey Agamemnon, whom he loads with Affronts, and insolently threatens. By the same Principle he sacrifices the Common Cause, the Honour and Lives of so many thousand Men, and the Glory of his Country, to his private Interest.

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Nil non arroget Armis.] He depended on his Sword for Justice. He draws it half out in *Homer* against *Agamemnon*. *Minerva* hinders his drawing it further. He tells that King if he dares take any thing out of his Tent, he should lose his Blood at his Spear's End. All the Qualities *Horace* attributes to *Achilles* are in the 1st Book of the *Iliad*.

123. *Sit Medea ferox invictaques.*] The true Character of *Medea*, who is represented as Cruel and Inflexible by *Euripides*. She kills her two Children, and sends her Rival a Robe and Crown so prepar'd, that they consume her as soon as she puts them on. *Creon* falls on her Corps. The fatal Robe sticks to his Flesh, and he expires in the same Torments with his Daughter.

Flebilis Ino.] *Ino* the Daughter of *Cadmus* and *Harmonia*. She was first marry'd to *Athamas* who had a Son by a former Wife, and she feign'd an Oracle which order'd the Son to be sacrific'd to *Jupiter*. But she was soon punish'd for her Cheat. *Athamas* running Mad kill'd *Learchus*, the eldest Son he had by her, and had sacrific'd her other Son, if she had not flung herself in the Sea with that Son in her Arms. *Euripides* wrote a Tragedy on this Story. 'Tis easy from the Grief of this Princess, and the Loss of her Children, to imagine she might well be call'd *Flebilis*.

124. *Perfidus Ixion.*] *Ixion* was the first Murderer in Greece. He marry'd the Daughter of *Deioneus*, and kill'd his Father-in-law at Supper, instead of giving him the usual Presents. The Crime was so horrible, no Body wou'd expiate the Murder, nor have any Correspondence with him. At last *Jupiter* took Pity on him, expiated him and receiv'd him into Heaven, where the Traitor falling in Love with *Juno*, wou'd have ravish'd her. He only embrac'd a Cloud, and *Jupiter* in Rage hurl'd him headlong to Hell, where the Poets feign him to be stretch'd on a Wheel always turning. *Aeschylus* and *Euripides* wrote on this Story. *Plutarch* mentioning the Madness of *Ixion* of *Euripides*, who being blam'd for writing upon it as a Subject accus'd by the Gods, *Euripides* replies, I have not left him till I have nail'd his Feet and his Hands to a Wheel. *Aristotle* places these two Plays of his among the *Pædæsticæ*. There's nothing extant of them.

Io vaga.] *Io*, Daughter of *Inachus*, with whom *Jupiter* was in Love, and chang'd her into a Cow. *Juno* out of Jealousy made her run mad, and sent a Fly which so stung her, that she ran from Country to Country, cross'd several Seas, and arriv'd at last in *Egypt*, where she recover'd her first Shape, and

as worship'd under the Name of *Isis*. *Æschylus* makes her under so in his *Prometheus*, that she came to the Mountain where he was chain'd, at the farther End of *Scythia*, and there he learn'd of that Wretch all the future Fortune that was to fall her.

Trifis Orestes.] *Trifis* here signifies *curs'd, mad, raging*, well as *sad*. Thus he elsewhere calls *Choler, sad, trifis Ira*. *Ovid* has also said *trifis Orestes*. *Euripides's* Representation of *Orestes* in this State, is admirable; he appears in the Tragedy which goes by his Name, more like a hideous creature than a Man.

Men. *Your Eyes are ghastly, horrible your look.*
Or. *My Body's gone, I'm nothing but a Name.*

he alludes to the Signification of the Name *Orestes*, which, according to *Socrates's* Opinion in *Cratylus*, denotes something wild, fierce, and brutal.

125. *Si quid inexpertum Scenæ committis*.] Having explain'd the *Famam sequere*, he now does the same by the latter Part of the Verse, *aut convenientia finge*: Shewing what is to be done with new Characters. Their first Quality is to be conformable and agreeable. A Madman must act like a Madman; a King like a King, and so on, A Woman must not have *Achilles's* Valour, nor *Nestor's* Prudence. Their second Quality is to be one and the same from the Beginning of the Play to the End, which *Aristotle* calls *ἰσότης* Equality. This is as necessary in known Characters as in invented. *Boileau* explains in his *Art of Poetry*.

If then you form some Hero in your Mind,
Be sure your Image with itself agree,
For what he first appears he still must be.

Agatbo's Flower was an admirable Play, tho' it was all Invention. See the IXth Chapter of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, on known and invented Subjects.

128. *Difficile est propriè communia dicere*.] Having shewn the two Qualities that should be given to Invented Persons, he advises Tragick Poets not to take too much Liberty to Invent, being very difficult to succeed in New Characters. By common Subjects, invented Ones are understood. Subjects that have no Foundation in History, or the Fable; he calls them Common, because every body has a Right to them, and is free to invent them.

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them. 'Tis very difficult to invent a new Character that be just and Natural; the Moderns have succeeded much better in their *known* Stories than in their *invented* Ones. Let a Character be form'd ever so justly, every one will pretend to be Right to judge of it, and censure it, if it is not conformable to the Idea they themselves have of it; whereas when a Poet follows a known One, there's a common Rule which he must not deviate from, and which is the Standard of their Judgment as well as his Composition. *Horace* cannot by *Communis* mean common and ordinary Characters, because he immediately advises the Poets to make use of known Characters.

129. *Tuque restituis Iliacum carmen deducis in assus.*] *Aristotle* in his IXth Chapter, determines for invented Fables, as well as receiv'd ones; *Horace* is here for known Subjects, such as are taken from the *Ilias* and *Odysseys*, for both those Poems are compris'd under the Words *Iliacum carmen*. This Difference arises from the different Ends the Poet and Philosopher propos'd to themselves. *Aristotle* speaks only of what might please or displease, and *invented* Subjects may please as well as known. *Horace* talks only of what is easy or difficult, and *known* Subjects are easier than *invented*: Besides, *Aristotle* wrote to the *Greeks*, who were so far possess'd of the Spirit of Tragedy, that nothing was impossible for them. *Horace* wrote to the *Romans*, who were much inferior to the *Greeks*, and whom he dissuades from undertaking what was most difficult for them to succeed in. *Horace*, in advising Poets to borrow their Subjects from *Homer*, is of the same Opinion with *Aristotle* and *Plato*, who have both affirm'd that *Homer* is a Tragick Poet; his *Ilias* and *Odysseys* have the same Relation to Tragedy, as his *Marginalia* to Comedy. *Plato*, in his Tenth Book, calls *Homer* the Father of Tragedy.

130. *Quam si proferres ignota indiditque prius.*] By *ignota indiditque* he means the same thing as by his *Communis*, or *known* Subjects: He adds *indidit* to *ignota*, Subjects never treated of before. For a Story may be *unknown*, without being *new*; 'tis what he says in the XXVth Ode of the IIIrd Book, *Dicam insignem, &c.* I will speak of new Things which have not yet been spoken of.

131. *Publica Materies privati juris erit, &c.*] Last of all Advice he has been giving Poets might cause them to fall into servile Imitations, by handling *known* Subjects, he teaches them how they are to govern themselves, to make such Stories proper. *Publica materies*, the *Ilias*, the *Thebaid*, the *Odyssey*, and all the Subjects of the ancient Tragedies: He opposes

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Publica materies to Communis; *Chryſippus* boasted he had made *Euripides's Medea* his own, because he had not follow'd that Poet's Disposition of his Subject.

132. *Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis Orbem.*] *Horace* divides Poets to take the Subjects of their Tragedies out of *Homer's Poems*, and he here cautions them against the Faults they might be guilty of. The first and most considerable, is to amuse themselves, *circa Orbem vilem & patulum*, with a vile Circuit open to all the World, that is, with bringing into Tragedy all the Parts of *Homer's Poem*, imitating his very Connection and Chain: As for Instance, in opening the Scene with the Quarrel between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, and closing all with *Hector's Funeral*. *Heinsius* is mistaken, in thinking *Horace* means a wain Circuit of Words, that do not relate to the Subject. The Circuit he speaks of, is in the Fable, and nothing can be more Vicious: For what would be but of a just Extent for an Heroick Poem, would be monstrous, confin'd to the narrow Limits of a Tragedy. Remember, above all things, says *Aristotle*, not to make a Tragedy of an Epick Plot; I call an Epick Plot, a Plot consisting of several Fables; as if you should bring all the *Ilias* into one Play. There's another vicious Circuit besides this. See the 147th Verse.

133. *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere.*] Not to translate *Homer* Word for Word, the Business of an exact Translator, not of a Poet. He should imitate the Discretion of *Aeschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, who all of 'em make bold with *Homer's Sentiments*, but do not translate him literally: *Horace* condemns the superstitious Exactness of such Translators as keep close to the Letter. *Cicero* says very well, in the Treatise de Optim. Gen. Orat. Speaking of the two Orations of *Aeschylus* and *Demosthenes*, which he translated, *Nec converti ut Interpreter*, &c. I have translated them not as an Interpreter, but as an Orator, by preserving the Sentences, and their different Forms, as well as the Figures, and explaining the rest in Terms adapted to our Customs, and according to our Manners. I did not think it necessary for me to confine myself to render them Word for Word, but only to express the Force and Propriety of the Terms, believing I ought not to give the Reader those Terms by Tale but by Weight. If a Translator should not translate Word for Word, how much less should a Poet.

134. *Nec desilies imitator in arctum, unde pedem proferre.*] This in my Opinion is one of the most difficult Places in *Horace*: The Poet does not here speak of those who confine themselves to a certain Measure of Verse, in their Imitation; nor of those who

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who lose Sight of their Original. He has already given *Tragick Poets* two Ways of rendring Subjects that have been handled, which he prefers to Invented ones : The First is, not to bring the whole Matter of an Heroick Poem into a Tragedy ; and the Second, not to translate it Word for Word. He here gives them a Third, not to keep too close to the Author, in imitating one Action only, so as to perplex themselves, or break the Laws of Tragedy, which Laws are very different from those of Heroick Poetry ; suppose, for Example, I was to write a Tragedy on *Achilles's* Choler, and to follow the two first Rules of *Horace* ; that is, not to put all the *Iliad* in my Play, nor use his Expressions : I shall break the third Rule, if I servilely represent the same Circumstances of *Achilles's* Choler, as *Homer* has represented it, for by that means I shall entangle myself in a great many Difficulties ; how shall I represent *Achilles* with his Sword half-drawn, and *Minerva* holding him by the Arm to hinder his killing *Agamemnon* ; an Incident which is marvellous in an Epick Poem, and yet would be ridiculous in a Tragedy. They who read *refuse* here instead of *preferre*, did not understand the Passage.

136. *Nec sic incipies.*] He blames the pompous Beginnings of some Tragedies, when Poets, to give the Audience a great Idea of their Performances begin Loftily, which is faulty several Ways ; the Beginning should be Simple and Modest. This is a Rule in Epick Poetry, and much more in Tragedy.

Ut scriptor Cyclicus olim.] See what is said of these Cyclick Poets, in the VIIth Ode of the first Book. 'Tis not known who was the Cyclick Poet, of whom *Horace* speaks ; some learned Men have thought it was *Mævius*, who wrote a Poem on the *Trojan War*, in which he compris'd all the History of *Priamus* from his Birth to his Death : But the Word *Olim* shews he means some more ancient Poet. *Stasimus*, who wrote the *little Ilias*, is thought to be this Cyclick Poet, by those who follow the *Scholiast*, on the Knights of *Aristophanes*, who places this Poet among the *Cyclicks* : *Ptolemy* will not have him to be one of 'em ; *Casaubon* thinks he was of the Number of those Poets who join'd in that Work, mention'd by the Ancients under the Name of the *Cyclick Poem*, which took in the History of the World from the Beginning of it to the Death of *Ulysses*, and was the Work of several Poets, as *Onomacritus*, *Lesches*, *Eumelus*, and others, tho' 'tis often quoted as the Production of one Man, *Fortunæ Priami cantabo & Nobile letum*, the Beginning of *Mævius's* Poem. What would *Horace* have said of *Statius*, another Cyclick Poet,

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at, who brings all the Story of *Achilles* into his Poem, as *Æneas* brought that of *Priamus* into his.

*Magnanimus Æacidem formidatamque tonanti
Progeniem, & vetitam patrio succedere Carb
Diva refer.*

Poet must be hard put to it to maintain the Idea of a Hero, dreaded even by *Jove*, to the End of the Poem. There's nothing more Extravagant than these blustering Beginnings, the sure Signs of a weak Poet; the Moderns are very apt to fall into this Fault, and imitate the Vices of the Ancients.

138. *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor biatu?*] *Hiare* is to open the Mouth very wide, as those are oblig'd to do who pronounce big Words and sounding Verses; *Perseus* who also laughs at this foolish Blustering at the Beginning of Epick and Dramatick Poems, makes use of this very Term in the Vth Satire.

Fabula seu mæsto ponatur bianda Tragedo.

The fifteen first Verses of this Satire are a Comment on this of *Horace's*.

139. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*] *Horace*, by ending his Verse with a Monosyllable *mus*, against the common Rule, expresses admirably well, what the Bombast Promises of these Boasting Poets produce. The end of this Verse is an imitation of that in the First Book of the *Georgicks*.

— *sapè exiguus mus.*

Where, according to *Quintilian's* Judgment, *Clausula ipsa minus Syllabæ non usitata addidit Gratiam*. The Fable of the Mountain that brought forth a Mouse is in *Æsop*. *Phædrus* applies it to those who promise much, and perform nothing. 'Tis very old, as appears by the Jest of the *Egyptians*, who having a long time expected *Agefilaus* to come to their Assistance, and when he came, seeing him so Little, and so Ugly, said among themselves, 'Twas the Labour of the Mountain which brought forth a Rat. *Athenæus* quotes the Words of it.

140. *Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur ineptus.*] To these blustering Beginnings of the boasting Poets, he opposes the Discretion and Modesty of *Homer*, in that of his *Odyssey*; for nothing can be more plain.

Qui

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Qui nil molitur ineptæ.] Horace's saying that Homer did nothing Improperly, ought to restrain some Modern Authors, who endeavouring to find out gross Faults in him, only discover their Ignorance and ill Taste.

141. *Dic mihi, Musa, virum.*] Horace includes the three first Verses of Homer's *Odyssey* in two, contenting himself with expressing the Modesty and Simplicity of Homer's Beginning without explaining all the Parts of it; for otherwise one might find considerable Faults in his Translation. He has forgotten the Epithet *πολύτροπον*, *wise*, which marks *Ulysses's* Character. He neglects the Circumstance that makes us most concerned for his Hero, *ἔς μάλ'α πολλὰ πλάγχθῃ*, *Who wander'd a long Time*. He says, in a loose way, *after the taking of Troy*, whereas 'tis in Homer, *after having ruin'd Troy*; but, as I have said, his Design was to shew Homer's Modesty, and not to translate him.

143. *Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.*] The pompous Beginnings that are not carry'd on, resemble Fire which easily takes Fire, and after having blaz'd awhile, goes out, and wastes away in Smoke: 'Tis a Straw Fire. Where modest Beginnings increase as they proceed, and are like solid Fuel, which is hard to kindle, smokes awhile, blazes up, and casts forth a Fire that warms, illuminates, and burns a long time.

Ut speciosa debinc miracula promat,] Horace here calls Homer's Stories of *Antiphatas*, *Scylla*, *Charybdis*, the *Cyclops Polyphemus*, &c. *spining Wonders*. And Longinus makes a very fine Comparison of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with reference to these Fables. *As the Ocean is always great, tho' sometimes he leaves his Shore and is confin'd in narrower Limits; so Homer, also having left the Iliad, is still great, even in the incredulous and fabulous Stories of the Odyssey.* He alludes to the Tempests, the *Cyclops*, &c. the same Places Horace calls *Wonders*. Longinus in the same Chapter calls those Stories the *Dreams of Jupiter*, Dreams worthy of the King of the Gods.

145. *Antiphaten.*] *Antiphatas*, King of the *Leſſrigons*, described in the Xth Book of the *Odyssey*. They were *Man-eaters*, and Homer says they carry'd away *Ulysses's* Followers in Strings like so many Strings of Fish.

Scyllamque & Charybdim.] Two Rocks in the Strait of Sicily, the one call'd *Scylla*, from the *Punick* Word *Seal*, which signifies *Deſtruction*, the other *Charybdis*, from *Chorobdam*, signifying an *Abyss of Perdition*. Homer makes two horrible Monsters of 'em. See the Description in the XIIth Book of the *Odyssey*.

Can Cyclope.] Polyphemus, King of the Cyclops, who dwelt in Sicily, near the Promontory of Lilybaeum: 'Tis one of the most agreeable Tales in Homer. See the IXth Book of the *Odyssey*.

146. *Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.*] Homer has not written on *Diomedes's* Return: Neither is it what *Horace* means in this Passage; the Sense of which is, That *Homer*, in his Poem on the Return of *Ulysses*, has not done like the Poet *Antimachus* in his Return of *Diomedes*, whose Adventure he begins with the Death of his Uncle *Meleager*, which is absurd: for by this he gives a Beginning to the Beginning of the Action; Before which, *Aristotle* observes, nothing must be suppos'd Necessary. This Matter is treated of in the VIIth Chapter of his *Art of Poetry*.

147. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*] The Trojan War is not the Subject of the *Ilias*, 'tis only the Occasion of it. *Homer* makes no Beginning nor End to the Siege of *Troy*; nay, there's hardly a Middle that's proper to it; but he forgets none of the Parts of his Subject, which is *Achilles's* Choler. He does not so much as relate the Circumstances of the Rape of *Helen* the Cause of the War. *Horace* laugh'd here at the Author of the little *Ilias*, who began his Poem with the two Eggs: In one of which *Helen* and *Clytemnestra* were inclos'd; in the other *Cassius* and *Pollux*. The Unity of the Person can never excuse the breaking the Unity of the Action, which, as *Aristotle* teaches, must be always preserv'd: He condemns, in his *Art of Poetry*, the Authors of the *Heracleids* and *Thespiads*, for not observing that Unity, and sets *Homer's* Conduct as an Example. He has not in his *Odyssey* heap'd together all the Events that happen'd to *Ulysses*; nor in the *Ilias* does he amuse himself with writing the History of *Achilles*: He introduces no Adventure that has not Relation to his Subject in either of these Poems. *Statius*, after *Aristotle* and *Horace* had given such good Rules, falls into a greater Fault than even the Author of the little *Ilias*; instead of beginning his *Thebaid* with the Incestuous Birth of *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, he begins it with the Rape of *Europa*, the Occasion of the founding of *Thebes*.

148. *Semper ad eventum festinat.*] Still going forward to the End of his Subject, he makes use of no Episode but what leads to it. The End of the *Ilias* is *Achilles's* Vengeance. *Statius*, instead of going forward to the End of his Action, seems afraid of coming to it, and flies back by Episodes independent of his Subject.

149. *Et in medias res, non socus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*] A Passage of great Importance, and very difficult: It has been interpreted, as if *Horace* would say, that *Homer* presently transports his

his Readers to the Middle of his Subject, to hold them always in Desire and Hope to the End of it. This, 'tis true, is one of the greatest Beauties of an *Epic Poem*, and *Homer* has not neglected it, as *Macrobius* observes in the II^d Chapter of the XVth Book of his *Saturnalia*; but *Horace* having treated of this Precept in the 42^d and 43^d Verses, 'tis not likely he should repeat it here: Besides, *Horace* does not talk here of what *Homer* does in the Beginning, but what he does in the Sequel, thro' the whole course of the Poem, as appears plainly by what goes before, *Semper ad eventum festinat*, He always hasten'd to the End of the Action. The true Sense of this Passage is, *Homer* carries his Readers swiftly over all Things that preceded the Action; he calls them *medias res*, middle Things, either because he places the Recital of 'em in the Course of the Poem, after the Beginning, or before the End; or because they are Things which the *Greeks* call properly *μιστα*, middling, indifferent. *Horace* says the Poet passes swiftly over those Adventures, as if they were known: And such is *Homer's* constant Practice; every Thing that precedes the Siege of *Troy*, and *Achilles's* Vengeance, related in the course of the Poem, as publick Events known all the World: This a Tragick Poet ought to observe, as well as an *Epick*. *Sophocles*, in his *Oedipus*, passes swiftly over every Thing that precedes the Action of his Tragedy.

150. *Et quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*] This is the Consequence of what he said just before, That *Homer* carries his Reader swiftly over every Thing that precedes his Action; so that one might from thence believe he gave the whole History. *Horace* shews the Poet's Address, in not mentioning all the Incidents of the Story, but making a judicious Choice of them, leaving those that were not susceptible of Ornaments, suitable to the Grandeur and Majesty of his Poem: He does not speak of *Leda's* Eggs, nor the Rape of *Helen* in the *Ilias*, nor of the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, nor of *Achilles's* Disguising himself as a Girl; and thus a Tragick Poet should reject all Incidents that do not answer the Grandeur of his Subject.

151. *Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.*] The Soul of an *Epick Poem*, is the Fable, which includes a general Truth made particular by the Application of Names. Thus the Truth contain'd in the *Ilias* is, That Union and Subordination preserve States, and that Discord and Disobedience destroy them: The Fiction in which this Truth is wrapt up is the Quarrel between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, feign'd to be taken from a known Story as the *Trojan War*, to make it the more probable. In *epic Poetry* the Fiction goes always on with the Truth; but 'tis not

any moral Truth that *Homer* teaches in his Fictions, sometimes 'tis Physical and Historical, which he enfold in fine Fables, render 'em the more Marvellous, and consequently the more receivable. None has succeeded so well as himself in these Fables: *Horace* begins this Precept with them, and continues it with the Mixture of the Fable and the Truth, *Sic veris falsa resert.* Which is a perfect Explanation of *Homer's* Conduct, and the Mystery of an Epick Poem, according to *Aristotle's* Rules. The Poet first draws the Plan of his Fable, which is not less a Plan than any of *Aesop's*; *mentitur, be seigns.* After he has laid down this Plan, he must make his Fable probable, and persuade that it has been done, to have it believ'd that 'tis possible. For this purpose he attributes it to certain known Persons; he chooses the Places that were the Scene of it, all which he takes from a known Story, borrowing some true Actions and Circumstances, which he accommodates to his Design. *Sic veris falsa resert*; those Poets who have not, like *Homer*, drawn the Plan of their Poems, after they had sought out some Hero in History, chosen a true Action done by that Hero, have never succeeded: As *Silius*, *Statius*, *Lucan*, and among the *Greeks* the Authors of the *Heracleide* and *Tbesiade*; *Aristotle* prescribes this in the XVIIIth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, and it is the foundation of an Epic Poem.

52. *Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepat inum.*] He every where mixes the Fable with the Truth, That the three Parts of his Poem may be connected and equal. The Middle, which is the Knot, must answer to the Beginning; and the End, which is the unravelling of it, to the Beginning and Middle. If Fiction reign'd in one Part, and not in all, the Parts will be so unequal and disjointed that they will not compose one Whole: Neither will the Marvellous, which is produc'd more by Fiction than by Truth, reign thro' the Work as it ought to do. This is also to be observ'd in Tragedy.

53. *Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi.*] He returns to the Manners. *Tu, Thou*, who writest Dramatick Poems. All Poets, and not the *Piso's*.

54. *Si plausoris eyes aulae manentis]* If you would have us see the Play out, *Aulae manere*, Stay 'till the Curtain is rais'd, as we say now-a-days, till the Curtain is dropt. See *Aulae manentur*, in the first Epistle of the II^d Book.

55. *Donec Cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat.*] *Cantor*, the Chorus, so us'd to say, *Vos Plaudite.* *Quintilian*, in the first Chapter of the VIth Book, *Tunc est commendandum theatrum, &c.* You must move all things endeavour to move the Audience, when you come near

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near the *Vos Plaudite*, with which all ancient Comedies end.

156. *Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.*] He has already said the Manners ought to be like, *sanam sequere*; agreeable *Convenientia* frage; and equal, *Servetur ad inam qualis ab imp processerit*. There wants still a fourth Quality: They ought to be well express'd, well distinguish'd, *notandi sunt tibi mores*. To distinguish'd, that no Body may be able to mistake them, to every one, when he sees the Actions of the Person you have form'd, may say, those are the Actions of a furious, a passionate, an ambitious, an inconstant or covetous Man; and this, with the other three, make the four Qualities which *Aristotle* requires for the Manners; *Horace* only inverts his Order, by putting the Quality last, which the Philosopher puts first: But this change of the Order does not change the Rule, and, in the main, is of no Consequence. *Aristotle* treats of it in the XVth Chapter of his *Art of Poetry*.

157. *Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.*] A fine Verse and very expressive. Word for Word, Give to moveable Natures and Years their proper Beauty. *Moveable Natures*, that is, Inclinations, which always rolls on like a River, and as it rolls gives different Inclinations, which are what he calls *decor*, the Beauty proper to Age: Each Age having its Beauties as well as each Season to give the *Virile Age* the Beauty of Youth, is to deck *Annis* with the Beauties of the Spring.

Et Annis.] *Horace* is not satisfy'd with saying, each Age has its Beauty, *each Year*; because the Inclinations of each Age are not the same at the beginning and the end: There's an incessant Change which a Poet ought to know and distinguish, as a Painter ought to know and distinguish the Changes of the Season, and not make the End of the Summer like its Beginning.

158. *Reddere qui vocis jam scit puer.*] Children learn to speak by Imitation: *Horace* therefore says, *reddere Vocem*, to repeat Words: He is running thro' the four Ages of Mankind, with Tragick, Comick, and Epick Poets ought alike to understand how to distinguish well. Infancy, the first, is not so necessary as the other three, an Infant being seldom introduc'd as an Actor; for which Reason *Aristotle* mentions only Youth, Maturity, and old Age. The Qualities *Horace* ascribes here to Infancy remain also in Youth, where that Philosopher compares it to a young man.

160. *Iram colligit ac penit temerè, ac mutatur in beros.*] The Changes proceed only from the Softness of the Brain, where the

These are easily impress'd and effac'd. Wherefore, according as Softness is greater or less, those Changes are also the slower (swifter: Whence it is that he says here of an Infant, *mutatur* *horas*, and afterwards of a young Man, *amata relinquere* *pernis*. Tho' the latter's more steady, yet he's still changeable.

[*Tametz.*] Without Reason or Reflexion.

161. *Imberbis juvenis custode remoto.*] See what *Simo* says in *Terence's Andria*, speaking of his Son, *Quod plerique omnes ferunt adolescentuli*, &c. *Horace* copies *Aristotle* in this Picture of the Manners, but he paints in little, what *Aristotle* painted in great, in the 2d Book of his *Rhetorick*, and contents himself with giving a Stroke of some of the principal Features.

162. *Et aprici gramine campi.*] Youth delights in the Exercises of the Field of *Mars*, explain'd in the 8th Ode of the 1st Book.

163. *Cereus in vitium flecti.*] It easily receives the Impressions of Vice.

Monitoribus asper.] It hates Reproof.

164. *Utilium tardus provisor.*] Young People always prefer the Insecure to the Profitable.

Prodigus aris.] They know not the Value of Money, and therefore squander it away.

165. *Sublimis.*] Presumptuous, vain.

Cupidusque & amata relinquere pernis.] Inconstant, wavering. *Aristotle* says their Dreams are like the Hunger and Thirst of the Sick.

166. *Conversis studiis, atas animusque virilis.*] The Manners of the Virile Age, is the Middle between the Manners of Youth and old Age.

167. *Quarit opes & amicitias.*] A Man in his Virile Age is for heaping up Riches and getting Friends.

Inseruit bonori.] A Man in the Virile Age endeavours to reconcile Honour with Interest; this *Horace* means by *Inseruit*, a Term that denotes Mediocrity.

Commisissa caret quod non mutare laboret.] He corrects the Vices of Custom by Reason, and wou'd do nothing he may repent of.

169. *Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.*] Old Men, as *Aristotle* observes, are hard to please, irresolute, malicious, suspicious, covetous, peevish, timorous, &c.

170. *Quarit & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.*] Old Men are always scraping Wealth together, but dare not make use of it.

171. *Vel quod res omnes timidi gelideque ministrat.*] Old Age is attended with no greater Inconveniency than Timidity.

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172. *Dilator.*] 'Tis irresolute.

Spe longus.] Old Men do not easily hope. *Aristotle* says, they are difficult to hope. *Lambin* explains *Spe Longus*, who carries far his Hopes, which he grounds on what *Horace* says elsewhere *Spatio brevi spem longam reseces & Spem inchoare longam*. In there is a great deal of difference between *Spes Longa* and *Spe Longus*. *Horace* is speaking of what commonly happens to Old Men, who are longer conceiving Hopes than Young. The latter are *ὀυλαπίδες*. They conceive Hope on nothing, *Spe citi*, *Spe prompti*. The former *δυσελαπίδες*, *Spe longi*, *Spe tardi*. Hard to conceive Hope. They hope for nothing but what they see, as *Aristotle* has it, *They live more by Memory than Hope*.

Iners.] Lazy, slow. *Avidusque futuri*. Tender of Life, the nearer they draw to its End. *Difficilis*, humourfom, peevish. *Querulus*, always complaining. *Laudator temporis acti se putant*. They are full of Times past, when their Pleasures were more lively. This makes them great Talkers. The Character of *Nestor* in the 1st Book of the *Iliad* is exactly such a one.

174. *Censor castigatque minorum.*] Taken from *Aristotle's* Principles, old Men are guided by Reason, not by Custom, and think young Men Fools for following Custom more than Reason. This makes 'em always grumbling and out of Humour.

175. *Multi ferunt anni venientes.*] *Anni venientes*, the coming Years; the Years preceding the Virile Age. *Anni recedentes*, the returning Years; the Years going back towards old Age and Death: the former were always reckon'd by the Ancients by Addition, the latter by Subtraction. See the 5th Ode of the 2d Book. The French have an Expression like the *recedentes* of the Ancients, for they say of a Person who is declining in Years he is *Sur son retour*, Upon his Return.

176. *Ne forte Seniles mandentur juveni partes.*] The Manners and Passions which attend each Age, shou'd be carefully study'd to prevent confounding them.

178. *Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.*] *Adjunctis ævo*, Every thing that necessarily attends the Age, *Apta ævo*, every thing proper to it. The same may be apply'd to Sex, Country, Quality, and whatever else distinguishes Mankind. As in the XVIth Chapter of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*.

179. *Aut igitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.*] Dramatic Poems consist of Representation and Recital. By Representation every thing is brought on the Stage that ought to be expos'd to the View of the Spectators. By Recital he's inform'd of every thing he ought not to see. 'Tis the same with Epical Poetry.

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§80. *Signis irritant animos.*] What we see touches us more than what we hear, and the Eyes are more incredulous than Ears. A Poet therefore shou'd take care not to keep behind the Scenes what he ought to expose on the Stage, and not to expose what wou'd shock the Spectators.

§81. *Oculis fidelibus.*] *Faithful Eyes.* *Faithful*, which like Looking-Glasses render the Object such as they receive it, whose Testimony is to be credited.

§82. *Et quæ ipse sibi tradit Spectator.*] A happy Expression; *Representation*, the Spectator learns by himself what passes. In Recital he learns it only from the *Reciter*; in the One he forms what Idea of it he pleases, in the Other, he can form only what Idea the *Reciter* pleases to give him.

Non tamen intus digna geri.] A Poet must never expose anything that's Incredible and Cruel.

§84. *Facundia præsens.*] The Recital of an Actor presents *Facundia*, because the *Recital* ought to be pompous and pathetic, as that of the Death of *Orestes* in the *Electra*.

§85. *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*] Some have thought Horace here does not condemn all Murders upon the Stage, only horrible Ones, as that of a Mother killing her Children; nay it has been endeavour'd to be prov'd, that Murders may be expos'd with Success from the Practice of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. *Æschylus* in his *Cætophoræ*, *Agamemnon*, *Prometheus*, and *Clytemnestra*, on the Stage. *Sophocles* does the same in his *Electra*, where *Orestes* kills his Mother. And *Euripides* in his *Alceste*, who kills her on the Stage. But this does not at all excuse the defiling it with Blood. Neither are these Allegations of those that defend it. *Agamemnon* is not kill'd in sight of the Audience, for the Chorus, who hear his Cries in the Palace, resolve to enter for his Assistance; and *Prometheus* is carried off by a Tempest, which closes the Scene. *Scaliger* is strangely mistaken in this; especially as to *Clytemnestra*, for she's so far from being kill'd in view of the Spectators, that *Orestes* bids her follow him, that he may kill her near the Body of *Ægisthus*. In *Sophocles*, *Orestes's* Mother is in the Palace when she is kill'd, as appears plainly by what *Electra* says to her-Deliverers, upon their re-entring the Stage with their Hands bloody. True, *Alceste* in *Euripides* does die on the Stage. But she pines away; her Roman cries out, *She languishes, she dies away with Sickness*. She was not wounded behind the Scenes. She dy'd, but was not kill'd on the Stage. In *Sophocles*, *Ajax* is said to be kill'd on the Stage, which is a Mistake too; for the Poet has with

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with very great Address plac'd a Wood at the End of it, which *Ajax* is murder'd, the Spectators not seeing it. *Horace* here puts *Medea* and *Atreus* for all sorts of Tragick Stories. For Murders cannot be allow'd on the Stage, let 'em be of what Nature soever. None but bad Poets, who had not Genius enough to move by the Narration, have introduc'd bloody Spectacles. *Medea* is a very fine Fable for a Tragedy. *Horace* does not condemn it, but her killing her Children in *Publius Seneca* however breaks this Rule in his *Medea*.

186. *Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.*] The Story is, *Atreus*, who serv'd up his Nephews to his Brother *Thyestes* their Father, for a Supper. 'Tis thought *Sophocles* wrote upon it, as did the Roman Poet *Accius*, who directly avoided what *Horace* forbids here.

187. *Aut in avem Progne.*] He speaks now of other Incidents that shou'd not be expos'd; such as wou'd be as ridiculous to see as agreeable to read. Of this Kind are all *Metamorphoses*. For Instance, *Progne* into a Swallow, *Philomel* into a Nightingale, and the like. In *Epick Poetry*, they may be brought in by Narration. As the *Metamorphoses* of *Ulysses's* Ship into Stone, and *Æneas's* into *Nymphs*, in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

188. *Quodcunque offendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*] Some things are to be shewn in Tragedy, some to be told; if what should be told is shewn, and what should be shewn, told, 'twill spoil the Poem. To shew what you should tell is the greatest Fault. *Horace* explains a Hint of *Aristotle's* in his XVIth Book, and gives the Reason as well as the Precept. For *Prodigies* expos'd to Sight are incredible. They are only tolerable in Narrations.

189. *Neve minor, neu sit quinto produciat actus.*] *Alexander Padianus* says the same. This Rule is grounded on the constant Practice of the Ancients. Tho' 'tis not mention'd, 'tis implied in *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, where he tells us, *Poets ought to give their Subjects not an arbitrary but a certain Extent*. As their Extent must be certain, so it must be just, which is exactly this Division into Five Acts: Practis'd in all regular Plays, as well ancient as modern. The *Greeks* had no Term that signify'd Act, but they had another Division better than the *Latins*, or Ours. For by marking the Extent of Tragedy in general, it mark'd also the different Nature of its Parts in particular, which that of the *Latins* and Ours do not do. In dividing Tragedy into Five Acts, the Latin and Modern Poets divide it into five like Parts, which is vicious. This Matter is discours'd of at large in the Notes on the XIIth Chapter of *Aristotle*.

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Aristotle's Art of Poetry. If Plays of five Acts are of a just extent, those of three are defective. Plays of three Acts have a Defect which *Aristotle* finds in little Objects. The Sight is founded, and they are either naked of, or loaded with Incidents. Plays of Six or Seven Acts would have the Defect of great Objects. The Spectators would lose the Idea of the whole, on account of its excessive Bigness, wherefore the just Medium lies in the five Acts. In which there's Room for the Variety of Incidents necessary for the Passions. Three Acts are to be born with in any thing but Farces, which supply the wants of the *Satires* and *Exodia* of the Ancients. Five Acts are so essential and necessary to a perfect Dramatick Poem, that this Rule is not once broken by the Greeks and Latins. *Virgil* observes it even in his *Cyclops*, a Satirick Play, or rather a Pastoral, wherein he might have taken more Liberty than in a regular *Tragedy*. Yet tho' that Piece consists of 800 Verses, he has very exactly mark'd the Division of five Acts. *Marcus Antonius* has this Rule in view, when he compares Life to a Theatrical Piece. He is comforting a young man who was dying, and answers him, *I have not yet finish'd Five Acts, I have play'd but Three.* But in Life, reply'd the Emperor, *Three Acts are a compleat Play.* If it is objected that *Monsieur Racine* wrote a Play of Three Acts; tho' we must not accuse him as ignorant of the Rules of his Art, we may very well conclude he did not intend an entirely regular Play. He was not willing to leave his Story, which in its simplicity could not easily furnish out five Acts, and thought much more of preserving the Holiness and Majesty of the Original, than by multiplying Incidents to give it a just Extent.

[*1. Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*] The Tragic Poets were blam'd of old for that, when they cou'd not unravel their Plots, they had recourse to a Divinity, who came in a Machine and did it for them, as is done in the *Medea* of *Virgil*. This Rule is taken from *Aristotle*, who does not, however, quite exclude Machines, but such only as are not proper to the Subject, either necessarily or probably; and this is the true Sentiment of *Horace*, who says, Machines should never be made use of, but when the Knot deserves that a God should come to untie it. We read in *Aristotle*, Chap. XVI. of the Manner, as well as in the Disposition of the Subject, the Poet must have a Regard to what's either Necessary or Probable, so that the Events may happen either necessarily or probably. whence 'tis evident that the Unravelling the Plot ought to be produc'd by the Plot itself, without making use of the help of a Machine,

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Machines, as in the Medea. This relates only to Dramatic Poetry; for in the *Epick*, Machines are absolutely necessary.

Dignus vindice nodus.] A happy Expression taken from Roman Law, which calls a Man *Vindicem*, who sets a Slave at Liberty. Thus *Horace* looks on an entangled Piece, or Slave that stands in need of a God to come and set him at Liberty.

192. *Nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*] The Ancient Tragic Poet seldom introduc'd above Two Persons speaking in a Scene. Three were rarely to be met with, and Four hardly ever. *Diomedes* writes, *In Græco Dramate fere tres personæ solæ* But it may happen there may be Occasion for Four to speak. Monsieur *D'Aubignac* pretends *Horace* does not entirely condemn the introducing a Fourth Person, but that a Fourth Person shou'd not force himself to speak. The Text will bear such Construction, and our Poets have added a Fifth to this Fourth Person. Nay *Scaliger* in the IIIrd Book of his *Art of Poetry* says, *They make no Scruple of bringing a Fourth Person into Scene.* As *Aristophanes's Ghost in the Frogs*, the same in *Plutus* and in his *Birds*. However what *Scaliger* says of *Aristophanes* does not decide the Dispute. For *Horace* talks of Tragedy, and not of Comedy, in which no Body questions great deal more Liberty may be taken. 'Tis very likely *Horace's* Rule is Simple, and without Restriction, drawn from the Common Practice of the *Greeks*, and its being the most convenient, the most natural, and the most safe Way. *Aristotle* informs us, *Æschylus* invented a Principal Person, which he join'd to him who appear'd between the Songs of the Chorus, and that *Sophocles* added a Third. Nevertheless there are Three Actors to be met with in some of *Æschylus's* Plays. See the Remarks on the IVth Chapter of that Philosopher's *Art of Poetry*.

193. *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile defendat.*] The Chorus were a Company of Actors, who supply'd the Place of those who ought probably to be present at the Action represented, and were concern'd in it. 'Twas the Foundation of all the Probability of Dramatick Poetry, which since it has lost its Chorus has lost at least half of its Verisimilitude, its greatest Ornament, rendring our Modern Tragedy no more than the Shadow of the Ancient. The Chorus had two Functions. For in the Course of the Acts, they were to join in the Action and act a Part, the *Coriphaeus* speaking alone in the Name of all the rest, and after each Act all the Chorus was to note the Interval by their Songs. *Horace* prescribes here

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les for these two Functions of the Chorus. The first is con-
d in this Verse,

Aktoris Partes Chorus officiumque virile defendat.

Chorus must act the Part of an Actor, and perform the Functions
a single Person. 'Tis a Translation or Explanation of a
Stage in Aristotle's Art of Poetry, wherein 'tis said, The
Chorus must act the Part of an Actor, be one of the Persons of the
piece, and make a Part of the whole. The Second Function is
tain'd in the following Remarks.

94. *Neu quid medios intercinat actus, quod non proposito con-*
[What the Chorus sung between the Acts to mark the
Intervals: Which Song Horace will have to agree with the
Subject, that is, be taken from it, and help to the forwarding
of the Action. Aristotle says, Sophocles and Euripides should be imitated
in this; and those who do otherwise, inserta canunt, sing in-
vented Songs, as suitable to one Tragedy as another. Sophocles
the true Model for the Constitution of Chorus's: Euripides
sometimes deficient in this, tho' Scaliger prefers his Con-
stitution to Sophocles's; Aristophanes blames Euripides for it, in his
Acharnenses, And those, says he, who compose his Chorus stand
off like Fools: Upon which the Scholiast makes this judicious
Remark, Aristophanes in this Verse laughs at Euripides for in-
cluding Chorus's that do not sing Things agreeable to the Subject,
Stories that are foreign to it, as in his Phœnicians.

96. *Ille bonis faveatque.*] In these six Verses Horace tells
us what was the Business of the Chorus: Scaliger forgets a great
Part of it. The Chorus always took the Part of honest Men;
The Theatre was then the School of Piety and Justice better
taught there than in the Temples. *Et concilietur amicis.* Some
read & *consilietur amicis*, to give Counsel to its Friends:
that was indeed one of the Duties of the Chorus; but I
question whether there are any Instances of *consiliari*, to ex-
plain giving Counsel; 'till I meet with one I will rather choose
to read & *concilietur amicis*, that is it join'd with its Friends,
to support their Interests.

97. *Et regat iratos.*] As in Oedipus, the Chorus endeavours
to moderate that Prince's Choler against Tiresias, and
against him.

Et amet peccare timentes.] The Chorus was so religious that
it always declar'd for the Innocent against the Guilty.

98. *Ille dapas laudet mensæ brevis.*] The Chorus of Tragedy
always have frequent Occasions to commend Sobriety, one of the
principal Moral Virtues.

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199. *Ille salubrem, justitiam, legesque.*] The Chorus of Odes furnishes us with wonderful Examples of what *Horace* writes on this Subject.

Et apertis otia portis.] As in that fine Chorus of *Euripides* when addressing to the Queen of Peace, it says,

Queen of Riches, happy Peace,
Fairest of the Goddesses;
With what Impatience have I waited,
How long expected you in vain?
I fear Old Age will now destroy me
Before I shall behold your Beauty,
Before your Dances I behold
So full of Grace, before I see
Your Crowns, your Feasts, and hear your Songs.

200. *Ille regat commissa.*] The most essential Qualities of a Chorus, are Fidelity and Secrecy, without which all Verity is lost, and the Poem spoil'd. These Qualities depend on the Poet's Address, who ought so to choose his Chorus, that his own Interest may engage it to conceal what it is intrusted with, and to take care, that in concealing it, it does not act against its Duty. *Euripides* has committed a Fault of this kind in his *Medea*, who tho' a Stranger at *Corinth*, conceals the Death of her Rival the King of *Corinth*'s Daughter, as well as that of the King, and afterwards to kill her own Children. He tells the Chorus, compos'd of *Corinthian Women*, the King's Subjects, her Design, and yet they are so faithful to their ruler, that they do not discover it to their Natural Parents. The Chorus, 'tis true, must be faithful, but without violating the Laws of Nature, or the Laws of God: The Fidelity of the *Corinthian Women* to *Medea* is criminal; the *Grecians* would endeavour to excuse it, by saying, that the *Corinthian Women* being free, declar'd for Justice, as Chorus's excuse does, which Excuse is ridiculous and impious; and the *Euripides*, who has made this *Corinthian Chorus* so faithful, when it should not have been so, makes the Chorus of *Waiting Women* in *ION*, fail in their Fidelity to *Xanthippe* and reveal her Husband's Secret to their Mistress, tho' he has commanded them, on Pain of Death, not to do it. This Rule is, indeed, not so general, but it may admit of an Exception; but I can much less forgive *Euripides* for the Treachery committed in *Iphigenia in Tauris*; the Chorus compos'd of *Grecian Women*, and this Princess begs them

no Body of her Plot to carry off the Statue of *Diana*, missing to take them with her. The Women are faithful to her, and yet she flies away alone with *Orestes*, and abandons them to the Rage of *Tibes*, who would certainly have severely punish'd them, had not *Minerva* come to their Deliverance.

101. *Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.*] A necessary consequence of the Justice and Piety of the Chorus; the Ancients blame *Euripides*, because his Chorus's are not always much concern'd as they ought to be, for the Unhappy. Poets never err'd once in this Particular.

102. *Tibia non ut nunc, Orichalco vineta.*] The eighteen following Verses are obscure. After having spoken of the Chorus in Tragedy, he speaks of the Changes that had happen'd to the Musick, and the Verse, and the better to explain it, takes use of a very just Example, saying, that as the Chorus's in the Roman Plays, which were at first plain, with one very soft Flute, and without any Ornament, chang'd the Tone when the Roman People began to be more powerful and rich, Pleasures and Luxury having introduc'd the same Change in Verse and Musick, as in Manners; so the same Thing happen'd to the Chorus of the Greek Tragedies, the Musick of which was at first as plain as the Verse, but by degrees it became more sonorous and strong, and the Measure of the Verse was accommodated to the Musick; in which Measure they soon lost the Dignity and Majesty of the Oracles.

Orichalco vineta.] *Opixanon*, *Orichalk*, a sort of Mountain Copper, what we now-a-days call *Brass*: The Ancients esteem'd it much, that for a long time they prefer'd it to Gold, as in the II^d Chapter of the XXIVth Book of *Pliny*: He puts it with Gold, speaking of *Turnus's* Cuirass. Those who took it for a natural Metal, half Gold, and half Copper, do not remember *Aristotle's* Observation, that Nature produces such sort of Metal.

Tubaque amula.] The Flute was brought by degrees to such a Pitch, that it equal'd the Trumpet, and was then us'd in the Tragedies.

103. *Sed tenuis simplexque.*] *Tenuis* oppos'd to *tuba amula*; *simplex* to *orichalco vineta*.

Gramine paucis aspirare laboris erat utilis.] Having few Reeds, proper for the Chorus's of Tragedy, which do not require loud Musick. The old Commentator, says *Varro*, in the II^d Book of the Latin Tongue, which is lost, said he had seen some of the ancient Flutes with but four Holes.

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204. *Adspirare choris erat utilis.*] A little Flute is sufficient for a Chorus, first, because the Musick should be soft, Musick not agreeing with the Sentiments the Chorus was to have, as *Pity, Tenderness, &c.* and secondly, because Theatres were then very little, and not much frequented.

206. *Quo sanè populus numerabilis utpote parvus.*] Horace down four Reasons why the Romans were at first no fond of Theatrical Representations: As 1. They were but few in Number. 2. They were Wise. 3. They were Pious, and 4. They were Modest. Monsieur le Fevre will have it, that the first does all the rest. If the Play-Houses were empty, because there were few People to fill them, what need we attribute to their Piety or Wisdom? He therefore corrected the Text *parvus*, for *parvus*, small; which Reading is not just: It opposes *parvus*, to *agros extendere*, and *latior murus*, as he opposes the three other Epithets, *Wise, Pious, and Modest*, to *vinoque diurno placari genius*, to the dissolute Manners which reign'd soon after on Festival Days; besides, the Word *parvus*, which Monsieur le Fevre would read instead of *parvus*, small, cannot come in here on any account, since the Romans did not pay any Thing at the Theatre, the Magistrates discharging the Charge.

208. *Postquam cepit agros extendere victor.*] When Victories oblig'd the Romans to extend the Compass of their Walls, to admit the Nations they had subdu'd, then Luxury and Riches alter'd the Verse and Musick of the Romans from Simplicity to Pomp.

209. *Vinoque diurno placari Genius festis impunè diebus.*] It was not lawful for the first Romans to debauch by Day-light, but only on Festivals; *placari Genius*, to soothe their Genius: A Latin Expression for the Mirth of Wine and good Company.

211. *Accessit numerisque, modisque licentia major.*] They gave themselves full Liberty to alter the Verse and Musick, from soft and simple, to a lofty and diversify'd Tone.

212. *Indotus quid enim saperet.*] Horace attributes the Vices and Wantonness, which were added to Poetry and Music, to the Ignorance, Laziness, Rudeness, and Vileness of the Villagers admitted by the Romans into their Body. *Socrus* and *Plato*, are of Opinion, that wanton Musick proceeds from the Ignorance of the Mind, and the Corruption of the Heart. *Liberque laborum.*] Lazy, and in Repose after the War and Harvest.

213. *Urbano confusus, turpis bonis?*] The Rudeness and Debauchery of the Villagers, prevail'd over the Gentility and Severity of the Romans.

4. *Sic prisca motumque & luxuriam addidit arti.*] The
 ers on the Flute added Movement and Wantonness to
 ancient Art, which was before chaste and severe. *Motus*
 ers to *numerus*, in the 211th Verse, and *luxuria* to *modus*.
 says, *While they made use of simple Musick, but after the*
ty and Wantonness of Song were added to it, which is
 from the IVth Book of *Theophrastus's* History of Plants.
 tells us, *The Variety in Musick produc'd Intemperance.*
 5. *Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.*] Dress, as well as
 ick, was corrupted: The Musicians wore their Robes with
 Trains, only us'd by the *Greeks*; in Tragedies they call'd
 a *Syrma*, as in *Julius Pollux*. *Vagus* relates to the Motion
 the Chorus, in singing the *Strophees* and *Antistrophees*.
 6. *Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis.*] The Application
 the Example. As our Musick and Poetry chang'd as our
 ple aggrandiz'd themselves; so did also the *Grecian* Lyre,
 a plain to a lofty Tone: *Cicero*, in his II^d Book *de*
us, speaks of the *Severities of the ancient Musick: antiqua*
sia severitas.
idibus.] *Horace* assures us the ancient *Greek* Tragedy made
 of the Lyre; and indeed the Lyre was us'd a long time.
 oles play'd on it in his Tragedy of *Tbamyris*.
 7. *Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps.*] The Verses
 the *Greek* Chorus, like those of the *Latin*, underwent
 same Change as the Musick; instead of Plainness an Ex-
 agance of Language was affected, little different from that
 the Priests in pronouncing their Oracles. *Horace* here falls
 the *Greek* Tragick Poets, who are very often Bombast, and
 Ring the *Sublime*, swell into *Fustian*, in imitation of the
 ists. *Heinsius* is very much mistaken in this Passage.
 8. *Facundia præceps.*] The Epithet *Præceps*, is enough to shew
 that *Horace* is censuring and not commending: *Facundia*
preps is a bold rash Eloquence, the Rhetoricians call it
præcipitia, and *Quintilian*, *præcipitia*. *Longinus* opposes it to the
 time. 'Twas said of *Æschylus*, *sublimis usque ad vitium*.
 9. *Utiliumque sagax rerum & divina futuri.*] *Heinsius* is
 again here: *Horace*, as he pretends, is shewing how Tra-
 gedies came to its Perfection; whereas he is not talking of
 Tragedy in general, but of the Chorus, and shews how it came
 to be corrupted: One of the Functions of the Chorus was to
 comfort the Afflicted, which ought to be perform'd with a
 simple Simplicity; but from giving Advice, the Poets, in Time,
 were entirely into *Prophecy*, as the Chorus of *Æschylus*:
Memnon says, *I prophesy without Mission and without Wages.*

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Horace here condemns the Bombast Diction, and the Obscurity of the Chorus's.

220. *Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob bircum.*] Horace speaks of the Satyrick Poetry of the Greeks; a sort of Poem between Comedy and Tragedy: Horace seems here to attribute the Invention of it to *Thespis*: He *also* disputed the Prize of Tragedy, soon produc'd Satyrs; but there are two Reasons against this Opinion: The first is, we read no where of *Thespis*'s Satyrick Pieces; and the second, that the Disputes for the Prize of Tragick Poetry were not in use in *Thespis*'s Time, as *Plato* informs us in the Life of *Solon*. *Suidas* is positive that *Praxagoras* was the Inventor of Satyrs. He liv'd a few Years after the Death of *Thespis*; 'tis therefore likely Horace means him, and that this Poet, after having disputed the Prize of Tragedy, in a very little while wrote Satyrs.

Tragico carmine certavit.] The Disputes of the Prize of Tragick Poetry were by the Poets producing their Pieces to be play'd in Publick: 'Tis plain by this Passage, that these Disputes were more Ancient than the Invention of Satyrs.

Ob bircum.] The Poet who obtain'd the Prize had a Goat for his Reward; it being the usual Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, who presided over Tragedy; and some will have it Tragedy taken its Name from this very Goat, *τραγῳδία*, The Song of the Goat.

221. *Agrestes Satyros nudavit.*] Shew'd Satyrs naked, without Disguise, that is, bad Satyrick Pieces play'd, when Satyrs compos'd the Chorus, with Father *Silenus* at their Head. *Demetrius Phalereus* says, No Body can ever form a Tragedy wherein Rallery and Laughter may be introduc'd; for he who then write a Satyr. There's but one remaining of all the Satyrick Pieces of the Ancients, which is the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*, and that's sufficient to justify what Horace has written of them; he says *Agrestes Satyros*, as *Euripides* said of the *Cyclops* *Κύχλωπος ἀγροῦβος*.

222. *Et asper incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit.*] He endeavour'd to bring Rallery and Pleasantry into Satyrick Pieces without offending the Gravity of Tragedy: The Poet must always remember he is writing a sort of Tragedy, and have care of falling into mean Rallery, which is only excusable in Comedy. *Tiberius* in the *Cyclops* rallies *Ulysses*, and yet preserves the Gravity of Tragedy. I know this famous *Prater*, this *Sprig* of *Sisyphus*. Horace uses the Word *Asper*, Sharp, to express its Rallery.

223. *Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus spectator.*] Horace attributes the Origin of Satyrs to the Audience's Desire

erty: *Diomedes*, and *Marius Victorinus*, have said the same thing. *Satyros induxerunt ludendi causa, jocandique, ut simul Actor inter Res Tragicas seriasque, Satyrorum quoque jocis & us delectaretur.* The Poets however had a more useful and honest Pretence for it: Tragedy was at first only a Chorus, sung the Praises of *Bacchus*; Actors were afterwards introduced, and Scenes and Acts plac'd between their Songs; Tragedy became so alter'd at last, that the Chorus was almost banish'd in it, insomuch, that it was a Saying, *It makes not at all mention of Bacchus.* The People were not for abolishing a good old Custom; and the Poets, in Honour of *Bacchus*, and to give the People Satisfaction, resolv'd to establish the ancient Chorus, and to sing in such an agreeable Manner, that it should be improv'd by the Addition of Pleasantry; this was the Origin of *Satyrs*, wherein the Chorus mingled the Praises of *Bacchus*.

14. *Functusque sacris, & potus & exlex.*] The three Reasons for the Invention of something to divert the Audience. 1. They offer'd a Sacrifice, in which there was no want of Meat and Wine. 2. They drank cheerfully at that Festival. 3. They were for any Thing frolicksom and extravagant.

15. *Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicaces.*] Tho' on these Festivals the People were disorderly, their vicious Tastes were not to be humour'd with impudent *Satyrs*; they must be half corrected to correct those vicious Tastes, and half pleasant to be invited to the Festival: It may be objected, How comes it that *Horace* lays down Rules for the Satyrick Pieces of the *Greeks*, what use could these Rules be to the *Romans*? In Answer, *Horace* prescrib'd those Rules, because the *Romans* imitated the *Greeks* in their *Attellanes*, as in *Diomedes*. There's a third sort of Roman Plays call'd *Attellanes*, from *Attella*, a City in Campania, where they began, which in their Subject and Gallery were entirely like the satyrick Pieces of the *Greeks*; the only difference being, in the latter, *Satyrs* or other ridiculous Actors were introduc'd, as *Autolycus*, *Burrus*, &c. and in the *Attellanes*, were *Attellane* Actors, as *Marcus*: If *Diomedes* is not mistaken, his *personae obscenae* are the same *Horace* calls *Satyrs*; but *Vossius* thinks it should be read *persona osca*, *Oscan* or *Tuscan* Actors; obscene Persons being rather in the *Mimes* than in the *Attellanes*: By what *Horace* says, 'tis unquestionable that they were *Satyrs*, and 'tis doubtless out of one of them that *Marius Victorinus* took that Verse,

Agite, fugite, quatite Satyri.

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Perhaps, instead of *Tuscan Actors*, the *Roman* afterwards introduc'd *Satyrs* into these *Attellanes*. This Passage to be should run thus: *In our Attellane Plays we have imitated Satyrick Tragedies of the Greeks; but tho' the Occasions on which they are play'd be still the same, and the People are no less yet we ought not to conform to their vicious Appetites; we give 'em some of those rallying and poignant Satyrs, and 'em pass, &c. Bring 'em into Vogue, Commendare.*

226. *Ita vertere seria ludo.*] This Passage signifies turning serious Things into gay, playing *Satyrick Scenes* after Tragedies as in *Greece*, and *Attellanes* after Tragedies as in *Rome*.

227. *Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adbibebitur Heros.*] *Gods*, *Kings*, and *Heroes* were represented in the *Attellanes*, as well as the *Satyrick Pieces*. *Diomedes* is therefore mistaken when he says, *Satyrick Poetry is with the Greeks a Theatrical Performance, in which the Tragick Poets have not introduc'd Kings or Heroes, but Satyrs to rally and be merry.* The principal Abuse in *Euripedes's Cyclops* is *Ulysses*.

228. *Regali conspectus in auro nuper & offro.*] The *Greek* Poets, when the Prize of Tragedy was disputed, had commonly four Tragedies represented, the last of which was a *Satyrick Piece*. The four were term'd *Tetralogy*, and were written on the same Subject as *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, *Orestes*, &c. they had the same Name, the *Heroes* of the Play: The *Orestiad* of *Aeschylus* is so call'd, to express the four Tragedies written on the Adventures of *Orestes*. There were also *Tetralogies*, where the four Pieces were written on different Subjects. We read of a *Tetralogy* of *Euripedes*, which consisted of four Plays, on so many different Fables; as the *Medea*, the *Philoctetes*, the *Diſſys*, and the *Reapers*; but those that were on the Adventures of the same Hero were most esteem'd, as being most difficult. In the *Frogs* of *Aristophanes*, *Euripides* is said to have *Aeschylus*, *Rebears* the first Prologue of his *Orestiad*. The *Romans* had no *Tetralogies*: They wrote a Tragedy, and an *Attellane*, on the same Hero; the same Actor appear'd in both for which Reason *Horace* carefully recommends to the Poet to order it, that the Hero who was seen deckt in Gold and Purple, *Nuper*, in the first Play, the Tragedy, might not dwell in the second, the *Attellane*, to a comick Character: In other word, the Hero in the *Attellane* should keep the Middle, between the Sublime of Tragedy and the Meanness of Comedy: The *Romans* had something like *Tetralogies*, they had three Plays acted, one after another, on the same Subject; the first a Tragedy; the second the *Attellane*; the third a *Satyr* or *Ex*

kind of Farce of one Act; they were all acted in the same
 paths, with the same Mask, and by the same Actors; these
 were also the *Tabernaria*, *Tavern Pieces*, more decent than the
Prodes.

[*Nuper*.] This proves, that the same Actor play'd in the
Attellane, as play'd in the Tragedy: *Plautus* tells us as much
 in the Prologue to his *Menecmes*, *Hæc urbs Epidamnus est*, &c.
This City shall be Epidamnus, during this Piece; when we play
whether it shall be another City, after the same manner as we change
the Band of Players; for the same Actor is sometimes a Slave,
sometimes a Merchant, sometimes a Young Man, sometimes an Old
Man, sometimes a Beggar, sometimes a King, &c. *St. Jerome* has a
 Comparison on this changing of our Parts in the Scene of
 life.

227. *Migret in obscuras humi sermone tabernas.*] The *Taber-*
na was so call'd, because there were Taverns on the Stage:
Plautus says of 'em, *Viris excellentibus humiles permixti, ut sunt*
magarii, servi Caupona. People of Quality were jumbled in
 with the Rabble. The Dialogue was low. *Vossius* pre-
 tends *Plautus's Amphitrion* is one of these Pieces, in which
 either Gods nor Heroes were ever introduc'd; for *Horace* says,
 the Hero of the *Attellane* ought not to imitate the vulgar Lan-
 guage of the *Tavern Piece*.

231. *Effutire lares indigna Tragedia versus.*] *Horace* speaks
 of the *Attellane*, which was in such Esteem, that those who
 play'd in it were not rank'd with the Comedians; when they
 play'd ill they were not oblig'd to unmask on the Stage, as
 the others were: They did not lose their Pay, and were allow'd
 to list in the Armies; wherefore mean and low Verses were
 unworthy so grave and honourable a Poem as the *Attellane*.

232. *Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus.*] An admirable
 description of the Characters of the Satyrs introduc'd in these
Attellanes; they should not be saucy and impudent like common
 satyrs, nor solemn and reserv'd like *Stoicks*, but gay and plea-
 sant; in a word, an *Attellane* should imitate a modest Woman,
 who does not make Profession of Dancing, yet dances on
 festival-Days, in obedience to Religion and Custom. *Euripides's*
 satyrs, in the *Cyclops*, are just such as *Horace* describes 'em, and
 keep the Mean he recommends.

Matrona moveri iussa.] Young Women were commonly
 chosen for the Dances in Honour of the Gods. Marry'd Wo-
 men danc'd on the Feast of the great Goddess, by Order of the
 Pontiffs; wherefore *Horace* uses the Word *iussa*.

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234. *Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum verbaque.*
A Poet who writes *Attellanes* should not neglect his Style, nor give every Thing its Name without a Turn: *Dominantia verba*, Proper Names; he calls them *Reigning*, because they are properly Masters of the Things they signify; the *Greeks* term them *Κύρια*, *Masters*. In *Euripides's Cyclops*, *Silenus* speaking to *Ulysses* and his Companions, says, *Now you have got young Helen again, have not you all carest her a little, since she loves so much to change her Husband?* which is modest for a *Silenus* in his Cups: *Horace* would correct the Licentiousness of the *Satyr* Pieces of his Time.

235. *Satyrorum scriptor.*] If I were to write *Satyr*, I should write *Satyrick* Pieces.

236. *Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori.*] The *Satyr* Pieces should keep the exact Mean between the *Tragick* and the *Comick* Style; but the Poet should not be always so mean of the *Tragick*, as to make *Silenus* in an *Attellane* talk like a Footman in a *Comedy*; *Silenus* is a Person who may speak nobly as he does in *Euripides's Cyclops*.

Tragico colori.] He takes the Metaphor from Painting, and calls the different Styles, Colours; the colouring of *Tragedy* must be preserv'd in the *Attellanes*.

237. *Davusne loquatur an audax Pythias.*] *Davus* was a Footman in *Menander's* and *Terence's* *Comedies*. *Pythias* a Servant-maid in a *Comedy* of *Lucilius's*, who cheated Old *Simone* of his Money. *Horace* speaking of the *Comick* Styles, uses the *Comick* Term, *emunxio Simone*; *emunxere* is in the *Low Style*, *emunxi argento senes*.

239. *An custos famulusque Dei Silenus.*] All the Ancients represent *Silenus* as a wrinkled old Man, bald, and flat-nosed with a long Beard; they make him Governor and Foster-Father of *Bacchus*. *Orpheus* begins his Hymns to him thus, *Hear me thou venerable Foster-Father of Bacchus*.

240. *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar.*] The *Attellane* Poets, as well as the *Comick*, invented their Subject as they pleased. *Horace* condemns this Practice, and says, he would take his Subject of his *Attellane*, as well as his *Tragedy*, from the known Story, as there ought to be no difference in this between a *Tragedy* and an *Attellane*. *Euripides* took the Story of *Cyclops* from the *Odyssey*.

241. *Ut sibi quisvis speret idem, sudet multum frustra que laboris.*
'Tis difficult to observe Nature and Verisimilitude in invented Stories; *difficile est propriè communia dicere*. The Subject taken from a known Story appears so natural, that every one believes he could do as much himself.

242. *Tam*

242. *Tantum series juncturaque pollet.*] Horace is talking of the Disposition of the Subject, and affirms, that when a Subject is taken from a known Story, such as *Ulysses*, *Orestes*, &c. is well concerted, and well adjusted, it deceives all the World, who think nothing so easy; whereas in truth, as *Quintilian* says of sequence, nothing is harder, than what every one imagines could have done himself; the Poet invents Incidents, but applies them to a known Story, of which he makes one probable Whole, by that ingenious Connection Horace calls *juncturam*.

243. *Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.*] So many Charms there in known Subjects. *De medio sumpta*, Subjects that are in every one's Hands, such as the Adventures of *Ulysses*, one of which *Euripides* form'd the Story of his *Cyclops*.

244. *Sylvæ deductæ caveant mo judice Fauni.*] The Poets of that Time were apt to forget, that the Satyrs and Fauns were Inhabitants of the Woods.

245. *Nec velut innati triviis ac penè forenses, aut nimium.*] The two Extremities he recommends to them to avoid, not to make their Satyrs too polite, nor too rude; Politeness and Civility reign in Cities, in the Country Simplicity, which is the Mean between Brutality and Politeness.

246. *Nimium teneris juvenentur versibus.*] Horace has coin'd the Word *juvenari*, to express the Greek Word *νεανισαίνω*, to grow young; Satyrs should not say things too soft and tender; such as young Men say in Cities, when they speak of Love: this would be too polite for them: *Euripides* has fallen into this Fault in his *Cyclop*, where the Chorus says between the third and fourth Acts,

*Happy the Man who gives a loose to Joy,
Near the pure Spring where grows the lovely Vine,
And in his Bosom bugs a beauteous Nymph.
Happy the Man with Essences perfum'd,
That in his Arms a charming Maid enfolds,
As Soft and Wanton as the Fair.*

Euripides's Care to mix some Savage Words here and there, *ὕπασχι λίζων*, to bug under his Arm-pits, does not take so much off of its Politeness, but that it is still too affected for a Satyr.

247. *Aut immunda crepent.*] They must not talk obscenely, like Town-Rakes: *Euripides's* Satyrs are very modest. *Virgil* has also observ'd this Precept, in his *Vlth Eclogue*, where he makes *Silenus* say,

Carmina

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*Carmina quæ vultis cognoscite: carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit.*

Hear the Verses you ask of me, the Verses are for you; and as for the Nymph *Ægle*, she shall have another Reward. A want of thing cannot be said with more Modesty. Where there is no this Decency, the Pieces are *Mimes*, and not *Attellanes*. *Cicero* writes to *Papyrius*, who had rally'd him a little too Cynically. I now come to your Gallery, wherein after the Poet *Accius's* *Orestes*, you have play'd not the true *Attelane*, as was heretofore the Custom, but the true *Mime*, as is the Custom now-a-days. This Passage in the IXth Book, Epistle the XVth, has been ill interpreted. *Cicero* complains that the Poets of his Time, in their *Attelane* Pieces, fell into the Obscenity of the *Mimes*. The Civil War had introduc'd this Abuse, which *Horace* wou'd have reformed.

Ignominiosaque dicta.] I have rendred it *rude Affronts*. *Satyrus* should not be guilty of the foul Language which is in *Town*. *Euripides's* *Satyrs* say nothing rude to *Ulysses*.

248. *Quibus est equus, & pater, & res.*] *Quibus est equus.* The who have a Horse kept at the Publick Expence. The Knights. *Quibus est pater,* Those who have Fathers. The Nobles, & Patricians. *Quibus est res,* Those that have Wealth, and are neither Knights nor Nobles.

249. *Nec, si quid fritti ciceris probat aut nucis emtor.*] He who buys fry'd Pease, or fry'd Nuts; meaning the Populace, who us'd to buy them at Rome.

251. *Syllaba longa brevi subiecta.*] He comes now to speak of the Verse of Tragedy. He had given a Hint of it in the last Verse.

252. *Pes citus.*] The Iambick is one Short, and one Long, the Short Foot being first occasions its Swiftnes. *Terentianus* has thus explain'd it in Iambick Verse.

*Adesto iambe præpes & tui tenax
Vigoris, adde concitum celer pedem.*

Unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit nomen iambeis, quoniam semper Tho' the Iambick Verse consists of six Feet, yet 'tis call'd *trimetre*, on Account of its Swiftnes; two Feet being join'd together in Scanning it. The Short Feet make it so easy, that instead of measuring this Verse into six Feet,

Addeſ | ſ'iam | be præ | pes & | tui | tenax.

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'Tis measur'd into three,

Adest' iam | be prapes & | tui tendx. |

gatis per dipodiam binis pedibus ter feritur. Victorinus.

Primus ad extremum similis sibi.] The first Iambick was equal and alike from one End to the other; that is, 'twas all compos'd of Iambicks, without the Mixture of any other Foot.

255. *Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures.]* The Poets mingled Spondees to correct the Swiftneſs of Iambicks, as more agreeable to the Gravity and Majesty of Tragedy.

256. *Spondees stabiles.]* He calls them *Stable*, as conſiſting of two long Feet, a Support to one another, whereas the Iambick ſtamps.

257. *Non ut de ſede ſecunda cederet aut quarta ſocialiter.]* The Iambick ohly yields to the Spondee the odd Places in Tragedy, as the firſt, third and fifth Foot. *Terentianus* has very well explain'd this in his little Treatiſe.

At qui cothurnis regios actus levant, &c.

But thoſe who take the Buſkins to repreſent the Adventures of Kings, tho' their Stile may be the better answer their royal Pomp, make uſe of majeſtick Sounds, but keep however this Law inviolable; Let the ſecond, fourth and laſt Foot be Iambick. This Mixture renders the Verſe more Noble. 'Tis ſtill the trimetre Meaſure, the ſecond Foot being an Iambick. The Comic Poets, to diſguiſe their Verſe, and bring it near to common Diſcourſe, invented the Tragic Order, and put Spondees in the even Places, where the Tragic Poets admitted of the Iambick only; were there no other difference but this of Number, it would give the Ancients a great Advantage over us, who have but one ſort of Verſe for Comedy and Tragedy. Tho' the Words are different, the Numbers are the ſame. Mr. *Dacier* is ſpeaking of his Countrymen the *French*; the *Engliſh* have never, or very ſeldom, obſerv'd Meaſure in their Comedies, which are written in Proſe, their Tragedies in Verſe; and in this Difference the Ancients have not the ſame Advantage over the *Engliſh* Poets, as they have over the *French*.

258. *Socialiter.]* As Associates, to whom every thing is in common.

259. *Hic & in Aſci nobilibus trimetris, apparet rarus, & Enni.]* 'Tis ridiculous to think *Hic* here means the pure Iambick, and that *Horace* would praiſe *Actius* and *Ennius* for making uſe of it; the

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the pure Iambick being condemn'd in Tragedy. He blames *Ennius* an *Accius* for neglecting the Mixture of *Spondees* and *Iambicks*, and making hard and heavy Verses, by ill placing the *Spondees*, or putting in too many of 'em. *Nobilibus trimeter* is an Irony in my Opinion. *Vossius* is mistaken in construing *hic* here to be *hic loci*.

260. *In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus.*] *Heinsius* does not understand the Meaning of this Passage. Instead of *missos* we must read *missus*, according to *Theodorus Marcilius's* Correction. *Horace* continues to censure *Ennius* and *Accius*, and says, that their Verses push'd upon the Stage with great Weight. The Verses were full of *Spondees*, which made them so heavy that they could not walk of themselves, and were push'd on.

262. *Premittit artis crimine turpi.*] *Servius* on the Vth Book of the *Aeneis*, quotes this Verse out of *Horace*,

Nec tanta in Metris venia conceditur uti.

It is not permitted to take so much Liberty in Verses. If *Servius* is not mistaken, this Verse may follow immediately after *aut hinc* *ratæ*, &c. and we may thence infer, that this Piece of the Art of Poetry is not entire, but that several Verses are lost. I do not, however, think this Verse is *Horace's*.

263. *Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex.*] Every one does not understand the Number and Cadence of Verse, and Poets therefore meet with a foolish Indulgence. He means *Accius*, *Ennius*, and others, acquir'd their Reputation at a cheap Rate, the World being more kind than just to them.

265. *Idcircone vagar, scribamque licenter?*] Indulgence makes Poets negligent; *vagari*, to write at a venture, to put a *Spondee* in the second Foot as well as the first.

266. *Tutus, & intra spem venia cautus?*] It signifies, whether for word, By securing myself and taking Precautions, without neglecting a Pardon; the Word *Intra* always denotes, that we are to remain on this Side.

267. *Vitæ denique culpam, non laudem merui.*] He who writes regularly avoids Blame, but does not deserve Praise. A Man must do more than not be guilty of Faults to merit Applause.

268. *Vos exemplaria Græcæ nocturna versate manu.*] *Horace* does not propose the Reading the Ancients to such as are content with avoiding Faults only, but to those who aim at Perfection, which is no where to be found, except in the Greek Authors. Thus *Terentianus*,

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Maurus item Quantos potui cognoscere Graios? &c.

How much might I, who am an African, have learn'd of the Greeks? the Study of whom consists particularly the Art of Poetry. Horace commends the Greek Originals, Homer and Plato for the Characters and the Passions; Sophocles, Euripides, &c. for Tragedy; Aristophanes for Comedy.

70. *At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros laudavere sales.*] He pretends that Horace being the Son of a Freed-man, could say *Nostri proavi*; our Forefathers, and that it should be *proavi*, your Forefathers; others alledge, that speaking of the Romans in general, he might say *Our*; Whereas, in truth, Horace is not speaking himself, but the Piso's or the Romans, who on his saying, *Vos exemplaria Græcæ*, answer him, *Why do you turn us over to the Greeks, have not our Ancestors recommended us to us for his Verse and Pleasantry?*

71. *Nimis patienter utrumque ne dicam stultis, mirati.*] Horace's Reply to the Piso's; Yes, your Ancestors did admire the Pleasantry of Verse of Plautus, but they were too good-natur'd in it, not too foolish. 'Tis certain, Plautus is by no means nice in his Verse, which are for that Reason call'd *Numeros innumeros*, Numbers without Numbers, in the Epitaph he made on himself. 'Tis plain also, that his Pleasantry is often too flat, mean and extravagant, as it is sometimes too delicate and fine. Cicero proposes him as a Pattern for Rallery. Horace does not here oppose Cicero's Judgment in this Particular, but condemns the Ignorance of those who thought Plautus excell'd alike in every thing.

72. Dacier has handled this Matter in her Preface to three of Plautus's Comedies.

74. *Legitimumque sonum.*] He calls a regular Measure, a lawful Sound. He has said elsewhere, *Legitimum Poema.*

Digitis callemus, & aure.] Those who have a nice and delicate Ear, when they hear good Verse beat Time with their Fingers and Feet, like Musicians. Terentianus, *Quam pollicis, &c.* The Masters of the Art are wont to mark the Cadence by striking the Foot or Finger. The beating Time with the Foot is an ancient, that with the Hand was not known in Juvenal's Time. For, says his Commentator on that Verse of his, *Audiat testarum crepitus*, They beat Time with Shells, like our Cassanets, when the Pantomimes danced; the Masters of the Chorus not beating Time with their Hands.

75. *Ignotum tragica genus invenisse Camæne dicitur.*] Having treated fully of Tragedy, he comes in the next Place to Comedy, which was a long time compris'd under the general Name of Tragedy:

Tragedy. There were several Tragic and Comic Poets before *Thespis*, but because he was the first that made Alterations in the Drama, and reduc'd it to Form, he is look'd upon as the Inventor of Dramatic Poetry; Tragedy before *Thespis*'s was only a Parcel of Tales in a Comic Stile, mingled with Songs of a Chorus in the Praise of *Bacchus*. *Plato* writes in *Minos*, *Tragedy is very ancient, it was not begun by Thespis Phrynicus, &c.*

276. *Et plauftris vexiffe poemata Thespis, quæ canerent æque perunctis facibus ora.*] Some learned Men have imagin'd that *Horace* is speaking only of the Alterations *Thespis* made in ancient Tragedy. The first is his carrying his Actors about in a Cart, whereas they before this sung any where and any how as it happen'd. The other is his smearing of 'em with Wine, whereas before they play'd without doing any thing to their Faces. The chief Alteration of all is omitted by the Commentators, which is *Thespis*'s throwing in an Actor among the Chorus to ease them, and give 'em a breathing time; when an Actor rehears'd an Adventure of some illustrious Person, when the Rehearsal and Adventure gave rise to the Fable and Persons in the Drama; wherefore he says, *quæ canerent ægerentque*. They sung and Acted; they sung the Chorus, they acted the Actors. This Addition of one Actor was doubtless very Entertaining to the People, who before had been only us'd to hear the Chorus. See the IVth Chapter of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*. These Actors playing in a Cart a sort of Dröel Pieces, full of Scandal, gave Occasion to a Greek Proverb, *He talks in a Cart*; for, he makes his affronts.

278. *Pest hunc Personæ pallaque repertor honestæ* *Æschylus* *Thespis*'s Alterations put *Æschylus* upon making more considerable ones. He brought out his Actors with Vizards; for *Personæ* here is a *Vizard*, and not a *Person*. He dress'd them in Robes with Trains; he put the Buskin on them, and instead of a Cart built a Stage for them, changing the Stile from Burlesque to Grave and Serious. I wonder *Horace* makes no mention of farther Alterations of his of greater Consequence; for *Aristotle* tells us he added another Actor to *Thespis*'s, that he lessen'd the Songs of the Chorus, and invented a principal Part. 'Tis strange that *Horace* shou'd not mention that Improvement, and 'tis strange that *Aristotle* does not mention these Alterations of *Horace*, in *Æschylus*'s Pieces, from those of *Thespis*. The Poet is less excusable than the Philosopher, for that the latter speaks of the most important.

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Palæque.] What *Laertius* calls *τολὴν*, a *Robe* with a *Train*.

79. *Instravit pulpita tignis.*] *Pulpitum*, the *Stage*.

81. *Successit vetus his comædia.*] *Heinsius* pretends these four
 es should come after the 250th, where *Horace* speaks of
 yrs, to which he affirms the old Comedy succeeded. But this
 their true Place. When *Horace* says, the old Comedy suc-
 ceded *Theſpis* and *Æschylus's* Plays, he does not mean that
 ere were no Tragic Poets after them, nor wou'd he have it
 understood that the old Comedy ow'd its *Origin* to Tragedy. His
 sign is to shew us that Comedy was cultivated after Tragedy
 arriv'd to a Degree of Perfection, which is also *Aristotle's*
 opinion. Comedy, says he, *was not cultivated from the Beginning*,
Tragedy was, &c. After the grave and serious Part of the
 Tragedies was separated from the Comic, the Poets stuck
 the former and neglected the latter. After Tragedy was ar-
 riv'd at Perfection, the Poets began to cultivate Comedy even
 at *Æschylus's* time, as did *Chionides*, *Mages* and *Phormus*, with
 success. And soon after *Æschylus's* Death, Comedy also arriv'd
 Perfection in the Works of *Cratinus*, *Plato*, *Epicarmes*, *Crates*,
Polis, *Aristophanes*, who were Contemporaries. Wherefore
Horace had reason to say, *Successit vetus his Comædia*. *Marcus*
Antoninus tells us in XIth Book, *After Tragedy the old Comedy ap-*
pear'd. Does *Marcus Antoninus* mean the *Satyrical* Tragedy?
 It would be ridiculous to suppose it. For it is easy to prove,
 that the old Comedy came before the satyrical Pieces. *Monsieur*
Beau in his Poetry speaks of this Matter,

*To the Success of the first Tragic Show,
 Th' old Comedy in Greece its Birth did owe.*

It means, as *Horace* does, Comedy was cultivated after Tragedy
 as perfect.

282. *Sed in vitium libertas excidit.*] The old Comedy was of
 two sorts; that which was properly so call'd, in which was no
 able, the Poets reprov'd Vice openly, and spar'd neither Citi-
 zens nor Magistrates, whose Names, and even the Likeness of
 their Faces, they brought on the Stage. But when *Lysander* had
 made himself Master of *Athens*, and chang'd the Government
 from a Democracy into an Aristocracy, putting it into the Hands
 of the Thirty Tyrants, such a Liberty which was not compatible
 with Tyranny, displeas'd, and the Poets were forbidden to name
 those whose Actions they represented. Fictitious Names were
 then us'd, but the Characters so well painted, that the Persons
 cou'd not be mistaken. This was call'd the *Middle Comedy*,
 which

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which lasted till *Alexander's* Time, who having made himself Master of *Greece*, restrain'd the Licentiousness it had by degrees come to. This gave Rise to the *New Comedy*, being an Imitation of Common Life, with feign'd Stories and Supposititious Names. *Horace* speaks of the last Change.

Et vim.] Vis, the Force, for the Sharpness, the Scandal.

284. *Chorusque turpiter obticuit, sublato jure docendi.]* He does not speak of the Reformation made in the old Comedy. For there was a Chorus in the *Middle*; but of the Law against the Poets of the *Latter*, who being forbidden to fall on the Vices of their Fellow-Citizens, and exposing them Personally on the Stage, suppress'd the Chorus, which was apply'd particularly to that Use, as appears in the *Parabasis* of *Aristophanes's* Chorus, where the Poet digresses to talk of himself, or the Publick; which not being allow'd afterwards in the *New Comedy*, there was no Chorus in it, as may be seen in *Menander's* Plays. As there's no Chorus in *Terence's* and *Plautus's* of the same Kind with the *New Comedy*, they are purely Moral; every thing feign'd, both Subjects and Names, the Flutes fill'd up the Intervals between the Acts.

Turpiter obticuit.] Shamefully Silent, to avoid the Punishment inflicted by the new Law. *Horace* looks on this Restriction as a sort of Disgrace, for *turpiter* does not relate to *Docendi*.

285. *Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetæ.]* *Horace* having spoken of the Changes that happen'd in the three Kinds of *Greek Comedy*, adds, the *Latin Poets* try'd all Three, that is, they take in the Gall of the *Old Comedy*, and the Pleasantry of the *Middle* in their Imitations of the *New*. The *Attellanes* had Chorus like *Aristophanes's* Comedies.

286. *Vestigia Græca ausi deferere, & celebrare domestica facta.* The *Latin Poets* at first translated *Greek Plays* call'd *Palliata* from thence, the Subject of the Story being *Greek*; they afterwards invented Stories of their own, which *Horace* terms *Domestica facta*, *Domestick Adventures*.

288. *Vel qui prætexas, vel qui docuere togatas.]* One of the most difficult Passages in *Horace*; and the main Difficulty consists in knowing whether *Horace* does not mean *Tragedy* by *prætexas*, and *Comedy* by *togatas*, or whether he speaks only of the different Kinds of *Comedy*, which last is the only true Interpretation. *Festus* writes, *Togatarum duplex est genus, prætextarum hominum fastigij, quæ sic appellantur quod togis prætextam rempublicam administrarent, Tabernariarum, quia hominibus exulantibus etiam humiles permixti.* *Togata* is the Genus which comprehends the two Kinds of *Roman Comedies*; *prætexas* is

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of the *Species* comprehended under the *Genus*, wherefore they are here *Togata*, and consequently *Comedies* and not *Tragedies*; since *Tragedies* were never call'd *Togata*. As the *Comedies* whose *Stories* were taken from the *Greek* were call'd *Æliana*: So the *Comedies* whose *Stories* were *Roman* were call'd *Æliana*: A general Name given those *Roman* Plays; because the *Toga* was the Habit of the *Romans*, as the *Pallium* was that of the *Greeks*. There were two Kinds of this *Togata*, and these two Kinds subdivided into two other, each of which had a Name given it according to its Subject and Actors. Those *Comedies* whose Subjects were Grave, and their Actors represented the chief Person in the State, were called *prætextæ*, from the Habit *prætextæ* wore by the Magistrates, the Robe edg'd with Purple; those that were less Grave, and represented inferior Persons, were term'd *togata*. *Melissus* invented a third, *Trabeates*, from their representing Soldiers and Knights, whose Habit was called *Trabs*. The *Comedies* below these, representing the Actions of the meaner People, were term'd *Terrenaria*. There are none of these Plays extant; neither the *prætextæ* nor *Togata*. There were Poets for each Kind, as *Terentius Titinius* and *Quintius Atta*, who wrote *Togatas*; and *Pacuvius* and *Accius*, who wrote the *Prætextæ*. The former are reckon'd true Comick Poets, as *Horace* says in the 1st Book of the 11d Book.

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro.

afterwards places *Atta* among the Comick Poets. *Pacuvius* and *Accius* wrote the Plays call'd *Prætextæ*, *Comedies* of a more serious Cast. The two latter have been stil'd *Tragick Poets*, *Tragedia Scriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clarissimi*; and consequently these *Prætextæ* had been thought to be *Tragedies*; but they were not call'd *Tragick Poets* for their *Prætextæ*, but *Tragedies* written by them. *Pacuvius* wrote *Anchises*, *Antenor*, &c. *Accius*, *Achilles*, *Agistheus*, *Alcestes*, &c. which were real *Tragedies*. The *Prætextæ* Pieces of *Pacuvius* were *Æliana*, *Tunicularia*; and *Accius's* *Brutus*, and *Decius*. Their Names shew they were serious Pieces that came very near *Tragedy*, tho' they were in Effect true Comedy: They treated of the Facts, mixing the Gay and the Serious together. In a Letter of *Pollio's* to *Cicero*, Book X. we learn, that the *Quæstor* *Balbus*, a very Insolent Man, had caus'd a *Prætextæ* Play to be represented at *Cadix*, the Story of which was his Journey to *Lentulus*, to persuade him to embrace *Cæsar's* Party; and when

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when he saw it play'd he wept, being touch'd at the Remembrance of his great Actions. *Ludis prætexitam de suo itinere Lentulum Proconsulem sollicitandum posuit & quidem cum operis fleuit memoria rerum gestarum Commotus.* These *Prætexitam* had neither the Majesty nor Dignity of the Tragedy.

Docuere.] They teach; a Term affected by the Poets, who wrote for the Stage, and were call'd *Teachers*, *Didascalia*, which shews plainly their End was not so much to divert as to instruct.

290. *Quàm linguâ.*] By his Tongue, that is, by his Writing. He speaks particularly of Theatrical Pieces, and grants, thro' the Haste and Negligence of the Comick Poets, Comedy had never arriv'd to its Perfection. *Quintilian* says to the same purpose: *In Comædia maximè claudicamus, We are very weak in Comedy.*

291. *Lima labor & mora.*] The trouble of Correcting, *Lima labor*, answers to *multa litura*, in the second Verse after this and the Patience to keep a Work a long time by one, without publishing it, *mora* to *multa dies*.

293. *Carmen reprehendite quod non multa dies & multa litura.* *Horace* here passes Sentence on an infinite Number of Writings for every thing that is not well Corrected is condemn'd as imperfect. *Horace* was continually Correcting his Verses, *Scriptorum quaque retexens*, Sat. III. Book II.

294. *Præfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*] A Metaphor taken from those that work in Marble, in Wood, &c. who run their Nail over their Works, to see whether 'tis smooth or not; the *Greeks* call'd it *ἱζονυχίζειν*; upon which there's a saying of *Polycletes*, *καλεπώτατον ἐστὶ τὸ ἱζον ὅταν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς γίνῃται.* The difficultest Part of the Work is, when there's nothing to be done but to run the Nail over it. The *Greeks* have a Proverb, *ἱζονύχος*, to express a thing being perfect, *It has pass'd the Nail.*

295. *Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte.*] *Democritus* maintain'd that Art was useless in Poetry, and that it should come all from Fury and Enthusiasm. *Cicero* in the 1st Book of *Divinatione*, *Negat enim sine furore Democritus quemquam Poëtam magnum esse posse.* *Socrates* is of the same Opinion in 10th. This being mistaken, abundance of People in *Horace's* Time affected a slovenly Air and Retirement, to be thought Poets.

Misera arte.] A miserable Art, in *Democritus's* Sense.

299. *Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëta.*] *Horace* looks at it with Indignation, in as much as ill Poets ran away with their Reputation and Reward only due to the great ones.

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300. *Si tribus Anticyris.*] *Strabo* mentions but two *Anticyres*, where *Hellebore* grew. *Horace* makes three, to give the greater Idea of the Madness he speaks of, not to be cur'd by the Hellebore of three *Anticyres*, if there had been so many.

301. *Tonfori Licino.*] *Licinus*, a famous Barber, whom *Augustus* made a Senator, for his Hatred to *Pompey*. This Epitaph was made on him,

*Marmoreo Tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse Deus?*

Licinus has a stately Marble Tomb, *Cato* none, *Pompey* but a little one. Who can after this believe there are Gods?

302. *O ego laevis, qui purgor bilem verni sub temporis horam.*] *Horace* says, Since Madness makes a Poet, who would be such a Fool as to get cur'd of his Choler in Spring-time, when 'tis time to work most upon him, and make the better Poet of him. *Purgor bilem* is the true Reading, 'tis an Atticism; it must not be *purgo bilem*.

303. *Non alius faceret meliora Poëmata.*] No Man was more cholerick than he.

Verum nil tanti est.] 'Tis not worth while, I will not be mad, to be a Poet.

304. *Ego fungar vice cotis, acutum reddere quæ ferrum valet.*] *Plutarch* quotes a Saying of *Isocrates*, who being ask'd, how without Eloquence he could make others Eloquent, reply'd, *Sharpstones do not cut themselves, but they make Iron cut.* *Horace* means, he wrote neither Dramatick nor Epick Poetry, and therefore did not look upon himself as a Poet. See the XIth Verse.

306. *Nil scribens ipse.*] He wrote nothing in the great poetry.

307. *Opes.*] The Riches of Poetry.

Quid alat formetque Poëtam.] That which forms and feeds a Poet. *Horace* here joins *Nature* with *Art*: *Form* presupposes *Nature*; *feed*, *Art*.

309. *Scribendi sapere est & principium & fons.*] He upbraids the Fools who take Madness for Poetry, saying, Good Sense makes a Poet, and no Man can write without it.

210. *Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ.*] Having said, that Good Sense is necessary, he now tells them where it is to be found: In *Socrates's* Philosophy, the *Academick* Philosopher, who alone enlightens the Mind, and teaches Ethics better than all the rest of the Philosophers. *Piso*, on the VIth Book *de finibus*, makes a very fine Encomium on the ancient Academick

Academick

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Academick Philosophy, which comprehended *Aristotle*, and *Peripateticks*. *Ad eos igitur, &c.* I pray you therefore give self to them, for all fine Learning, all History, all polite Language, are to be taken out of their Writings; in which there is great a Variety of Arts, that without their Help 'tis difficult to succeed well in any thing Considerable. By these are Orators, Generals, and Magistrates form'd; and out of this School come Mathematicians, Poets, Musicians, and Physicians. *Horace* confides himself particularly to Ethics, which *Socrates* handled better than any other Philosopher; and nothing is more necessary to a Poet than Moral Philosophy in forming his Character. *Socratica Charta, Socrates's Papers.* In the XXIst Ode of the III^d Book, *Socratici Sermones, Socrates's Treatises.*

311. *Verbaque promissam rem non invita sequuntur.*] When a Poet has a good Conception of things, he will not want Expression; as *Cicero*, in the III^d Book *de finibus*. Things follow Words after them.

312. *Qui didicit patria quid debeat & quid amicis.*] Education in all the Duties of Mankind; of which he who is ignorant can form no just Characters in Poetry.

314. *Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium.*] The same were call'd *Conscript Fathers*: *Conscripti* of a Senator, *Judicis* a Judge; whether a *Prætor*, or *Arbitrator* confirm'd by the *Prætor*.

316. *Reddite persona scit convenientia cuique.*] Each must have Manners agreeable to the Character, *et appropinquat* 50; a General must not talk like a Centinel, a God like a Citizen, a Senator like a Country Justice.

317. *Respicere exemplar vite morumque jubebo doctum imitator.*] By this Model of Life and Manners *Horace* designs Nature, the only Original of all the different Manners we see on the Face of the World; wherefore a skilful Imitator, a good Poet, when he introduces a Miser or Cheat, and the like, does not imitate what such a one and such a one do, of whom he has an Idea, but what they ought to do, what Nature would have them do: He Paints after Nature, and not after a particular Person who is often but an imperfect and confus'd Copy.

Doctum imitatorum.] Imitator, for Poet; Poetry being Imitation only, as *Aristotle* has shewn in his Art of Poetry.

318. *Et veras hinc ducere voces.*] Both Poetry and Painting are pure Imitations. A Painter who draws a beautiful Woman, or the most beautiful Life, cannot pretend to draw a true Picture of Beauty, for his Piece is only a Copy of another Piece, an Imitation of an Image, and not of the Truth, as *Plato* says,

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Things are not *vera linea*, but *linea simulata, adumbrata*: He is not consulted the true Original. 'Tis the same in Poetry; the Poet would represent a Miser, and paints only the Avarice of such a particular Person, he will take the *Shadow* for the *Substance*, the *Image* for the *Truth*; he must cast his Eyes upon the Original. Horace therefore says, *veras hinc ducere voces*, draw from thence true Expressions. If the whole Beauty of the Passage had been well understood, *veras*, true, would not have been chang'd into *vivas*, living. Horace explains Aristotle's in the XVth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, rather to form Characters after Nature than after *Particulars*: In the latter we find what Choler has done, in Nature what Choler ought to have done, which embellishes the Character, and gives the Likeness.

[9. *Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte fabula.*] A Subject where the Sentiments are fine, and the Manners well distinguish'd, tho' the Conduct be otherwise bad, and it has neither Nature nor Art, will always succeed better than a Subject where the Verse is fine, if the Sentiments and Manners are not good. This is speaking of Comedy; in Tragedy it is not the same; Manners and Sentiments are not so necessary there as the Disposition of the Subject, Tragedy may subsist without the Manners, but not without the Action.

[*speciosa locis.*] And not *speciosa jocos*; for Comedy cannot be *speciosa*, fine, for its *Jests*, *jocos*, which render it *jucundum*, pleasant; but 'tis *speciosa locis*, a Term us'd by Philosophers and Rhetoricians, instead of what we call the common Places of Philosophy; the *Places* from whence every thing is taken may be said on a Subject. Cicero calls them *Argumentorum*. How could Horace write *speciosa jocos*, when he adds *non veneris*, Without any Grace?

[10. *Nullius Veneris, sine pondere, & arte.*] *Nullius Veneris*, without the Graces, which ought to be the Companion of Comedy: *sine pondere*, without the Verse; *sine arte*, without Art, without Disposition, without the Disposition of the Subject. Horace uses the Word *Art* for the Manners and Characters, in the 1st Book of the 11th Book.

[11. *Moratur.*] Stops, amuses, detains, hinders his going out the first Act.

[12. *Quam versus inopes rerum, vagaque cœnare.*] He calls poor Verse, *barbarous Trifles*, for having neither Manners, nor Sentiments; they amuse the Ear, but speak not to the

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323. *Gratis ingenium.*] *Horace* always refers the Poets to *Greeks*.

Ore rotundo.] A way of speaking in *Greek*, to express Fluency of Speech, a round Mouth, as *Demetrius Phalereus* it; the *Athenians* were Masters of the Freedom and Grace of Expression, which this Phrase denotes.

324. *Præter laudem nullius avaris.*] He means the *Greeks* greedy of Praise, and to their love of Praise he attributes their Superiority in the Arts over the *Romans*, who lov'd better.

326. *Assem discunt in partes centum diducere.*] They learn to subdivide a Penny, the *Roman As*, into a hundred Parts, to lose a Day's Interest of a Penny.

327. *Filius Albinus.*] *Albinus* a Man of Quality, and a Usurer; all the Education he gave his Son, was to cast Accounts well: *Horace* takes him to task and examines him, as if he had been his Arithmetick Master.

328. *Poterat dixisse.*] The Phrase of a Master angry, his Scholar is so long answering his Question.

Triens.] The Scholar answers, Take away one Ounce, and five there remains the third Part of a Pound, or as we say, three Ounces.

331. *Speramus carmina fingi posse linenda cedro.*] The Book-sellers, to preserve their good Books, rub'd them with Cedar Juice, call'd *Cedrium*. *Vitruvius*, in the XIth Chapter of the IIId Book, From Cedar is taken an Essence call'd *Cedrium*, which has a preserving Quality; and Books that are rubb'd with it are not apt to grow Mouldy or Worm-eaten. *Pliny* tells us, that rubbing *Numa's* Books with it kept them undamag'd 1000 Years under Ground. *Dioscorides* says, there's a Virtue in Cedar that will preserve dead Bodies.

332. *Et levi servanda cupresso.*] They did not only rub their Books with Cedar Oil, but they kept them in Cypress Cases, which have the same Virtue as Cedar.

333. *Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëta.*] *Horace* does not speak here of the different Works of Poets, but of the different Qualities of the same Work, and the different Characters of the Poets, who would either instruct or please, or do both. *Horace* declares very justly for the latter; he's talking of the *Comedy*.

335. *Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis.*] Those who would instruct should be short, that their Instruction may be easily apprehended and retain'd.

327. *Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*] A Metaphor taken from a Vessel that's full, and can receive no more, all that's pour'd there afterwards is spilt. 'Tis thus in Instructive Discourses, all that's over and above runs off and makes no Impression.

328. *Ficta voluptatis causa sine proxima veris.*] A Rule for Poets that would please never to err against Probability: Reason may sometimes be had to the Gods, to whom all things are possible, in Instructive Things; but in those that are intended to divert, nothing must look miraculous or incredible. It is observable how *Horace* expresses himself, speaking of the Subjects of Comedy: He says *ficta*, because the Subjects of the Comedy are always feign'd, whereas those of Tragedy are taken from some known Story. *A Poet*, says *Plautus*, renders probable which is only a Dream.

329. *Nec quodcumque volet poscat sibi fabula credi.*] A Poet should not only avoid what's monstrous and extravagant, but should offer nothing but what's credible. I'm satisfy'd this Poet ought to be render'd Word for Word, *That a Comick Subject does not require we should trust it with what it pleases.* A Poet must not hazard all sorts of Adventures in Comedy, no more than in Tragedy. He must neither in the Representation of the Recital venture any thing against the Rules of Probability. The Example that follows will make this clear.

330. *Non parva Lavinia virum puerum extrahat alio.*] A Poet must not expose a *Lavinia*, a monstrous Woman who had swallow'd a Child, which was taken alive out of her Belly. *Horace*, no doubt, alludes to some Poet, who had brought this fabulous Incident into his Play.

331. *Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis.*] He says old Men despis'd such Fictions, as containing nothing instructive. *Centuria seniorum*, the *Centuria* of old Men, the Bands of old Men: For *Servius Tullius* divided the Roman People into six Classes, each Class compos'd of Men of the same Age, or the same Rank, or the same Estate, and this was done for the Ease of the People's Assemblies in the *Comitium*. By *Centuria seniorum* may be also understood the *Senators*, and I rather think it on account of what follows.

332. *Celsi praetereunt austeri Poemata Rhannae.*] As the *Senators* reject useless Fictions, so the *Equites* rejected such as were not pleasant, and to get the Applause of both, the pleasant and the instructive should be join'd together. *Celsi Rhannae*, the *Equites*. Nothing is more ridiculous than to imagine *Celsi* is here for such as are of great Courage, *encelso animo*. *Rhannae*, the *Equites*.

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that is, *Romani*, from the Name of one of the three ancient Tribes, into which the People were distributed: The *Rhamni*, the *Tatiens*, and the *Luceres*.

Austera Pœmata.] Dry Poems, where the *Dulce* is not joined with the *Utile*, the pleasant with the profitable.

343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the manner of voting in the *Comitium*, by *Points*.

344. *Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*] Both the pleasant and profitable must go together, and never be absent; wherefore he says, *pariter*.

345. *Hic meret æra liber Sossis.*] The *Sossius's*, famous Book-sellers of that Time, mention'd in the last Epistle of the first Book.

347. *Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.*] The Comick Poet ought to instruct and divert every where, for Faults will be forgiven him, if he does not.

348. *Nam neque chorda sonum.*] A Comparison that shows very well of what Nature Faults must be that are pardonable; they ought to be like those false Tones, which a false String, a String ill struck, sometimes gives; it makes a Dissonance, but such a one as is not perceptible, the other Strings perfectly accord and give a right Tone drowning it.

350. *Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.*] As the best Marksman in the World does not always hit the White, the best Poet does not always succeed.

351. *Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine.*] As no Writing can be pretended to be perfect, so the best are those where the Good not only surpasses the Bad, but where the Bad is not trivial.

352. *Paucis offender maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut Ignorantia.*] The Faults of Poets ought to be either little Negligences, or meer Marks of human Frailty; Mankind not being able to take equal Care of every thing. *Longinus* has explained this Passage in his XXXth Chapter.

353. *Quid ergo.*] Upon *Horace's* saying, we should pardon such little Negligences: This Objection is made to him, or he makes it himself. *Quid ergo?* What must we blame then? Since one may make any thing pass for a Negligence.

354. *Ut scriptor si peccat idem Librarius.*] *Scriptor* Librarian, a Bookseller who writes Books with his own Hand. The Faults which ought not to be pardon'd are those that are too common and always the same. As we do not pardon a Transcriber who always errs in the same Word.

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Sic mihi qui multum cessat.] He who often falls into Negligences. The Greek Proverb says, 'Tis a Sign of a man to be twice guilty of the same Fault.

Cbærilus.] The same Cbærilus spoken of in the 1st Epistle of the Second Book.

Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror & idem.] Horace two or thrice admires this Cbærilus; he admires him so, that he looks at him again and again. Two or three fine Places in a Play hinder its being a bad one, if there's nothing else answerable.

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.] When I see how Cbærilus could come off so well twice or thrice, Horace, I am in a downright Rage with Homer for sleeping sometimes as he does. Faults are as rare in Homer as Beau-middling Authors. How just, how polite is this Thought, how glad am I that Horace could not without Indignation see the Faults that escaped Homer, whose Faults are so few, there are a Thousand good Things for every one of 'em; most of which are gross and fundamental.

quandoque.] For *quandocumque*, *quoties*. *Indignor quoties.* Horace will still laugh at Cbærilus in admiring him as I have done, twice or thrice; whereas I always admire Homer, and feel a secret indignation when he happens to sleep. Which shews how mistaken those are who would turn this *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*, into a Sort of Proverb.

Verum Opere in longo.] He excuses those Faults of Homer by saying, that in a Work of Length a Man may be allowed to sleep sometimes. See the First Chapter of the Tenth Book of Quintilian.

Ut pictura, potiss erit.] Poetry and Painting, are in Measure like one another, being both *Imitations*, but are not in as much as they imitate differently. Horace would shew us that Poetry is in some Respects like Painting. He also compares Poetry to Painting. Here Horace touches upon one of the Things that are common to both *Imitations*; that is, that Poetry as well as Painting has its Light and Shade of Sight, in which its Effect is to be judg'd of, and if judg'd ill, an ill Judgment will be made. Horace might as well have said, Poetry is like *Sculpture*, for *Statuaries* proportion their Works to the Places for which they are design'd as well as Painters.

et, si propius stes.] Horace says, 'Tis in Poetry like Painting and as there are Pictures which should be seen at a Distance and others near to them, so there are some Pieces in Poetry that should be look'd upon by different Lights, and have different

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different Points of Sight; out of which they lose their Grace and Regularity. This Matter is fully explain'd by *Boileau* in the VIIIth Chapter of the last Book of his Treatise on *Epick Poetry*.

362. *Et quædam, si longius abster.*] The Bits and Scraps taken out of *Homæ* and *Virgil* to be ridicul'd, are most commonly those that should be seen at a Distance, and in the Places, for which they were made. They appear irregular, because misplac'd.

364. *Hæc amat obscurum.*] A Painter must not place in full Light what was made for a small one; neither must a Part of a Poem, which was made for Obscurity, be examined by a full Light.

365. *Hæc placuit semel.*] As there are some Things in Painting, design'd only to please for a Moment, so there are some in Poetry intended only to please, *en passant*. The former made for the Eye while it passes to the more labour'd Part, the latter for the Mind.

371. *Diserti Messala.*] The same *Messala Corvinus*, the famous Orator, whom he speaks of in the XXist Ode of the Third Book.

Cassellius Aulus.] A Roman Knight, one of the most eminent Lawyers of that Time. A Man of great Learning, Eloquence and Wit. There are several Jestings of his still remember'd in the ancient Authors. But, *What, says Monsieur Dacier, adds more to his Honour than all his Wit and Learning, is, his having the Courage to preserve his Liberty, when every one was running into Slavery. The Triumvirs, Lepidus, Anthony and Augustus, cou'd never oblige him to draw up the Edict for their Description; and 'tis remarkable, that the French Commentator should close his Reflections with this Observation. It is glorious to Augustus, that a Man so free might be mention'd with Applause by a Poet of his Court.*

372. *Mediocribus esse poetis.*] Mediocrity is not to be dur'd in Poetry; if it is not excellent, 'tis wretched.

373. *Non domines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.*] Every thing is against this Mediocrity: Men, Gods, and the Poets of the Book-sellers Shops. Men reject it. The Gods, *Apollon*, *Æneas*, and the *Muses*, disown it. The Poets of the Shops, which they were fix'd, bare 'em with Regret. He calls the *Columnæ* here, which he terms *Pila*, in the IVth Satyr. The old Commentator says, they were Posts where the Poets put Bills of the Time and Place, where and when they would publicly read their Works. But these Posts are more likely

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those of the Booksellers Shops, where their Books were fix'd for Sale. All new Books were so fix'd. I believe Advertisements of things lost were also fix'd to them. For Propertius having lost his Pocket-Book, says to his Foot-boy, *I Puer, &c.* presently and fix it on some Post, that I'd give so much to have my Pocket-Book again, and advertise that thy Master lives at Exquiliad, whither it must be brought. Book the Fourth leg. XX.

374. *Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors.*] Musick, Effences, &c. are the Joy of a Feast, when they are excellent, but when they are bad they spoil it. 'Tis the same in Poetry, made for the Pleasure and Ease of the Mind. When it is insufferable, it has a quite contrary Effect, being as detestable as discord in Musick, or bad Effences.

375. *Craffum Unguentum.*] Thick Effences of an ill Smell. *Et sardo cum melle papaver.*] White Poppey-seed, roasted, mingled with Honey, as Nannini has very well observ'd. See in the VIIth Chapter of the XXXth Book, *Papaveris, &c.* there are three Sorts of Home Poppy, the white, the Seed of which the ancients us'd to serve at the Second Table, mix'd with Honey. There was nothing worse than this Seed mix'd with Sardinian Honey, which was very bitter, because of the abundance of bitter Herbs in that Isle. Virgil in the VIIIth Eclogue, *me ego Sardois videtur tibi amarior Herbis,* Let me appear more bitter than Sardinian Herbs.

376. *Poterat duci quia cuncta sine ipsis.*] As a Feast may be good without Musick and Effences, so a Man may be worthy and agreeable without making Verses.

377. *Juvandis.*] To please the Mind. To instruct and inform. *Juvandis* comprehends both, like the Greek Word, *μουσικον*.

379. *Ludere qui nescit, campisribus abstinet armis.*] *Ludere*, to do his Exercises well, to ride, wrestle, swim, throw the Javelin, handle a Pike and Sword, play at Tennis, Quoits, &c. which he calls *Arma campestria*, the Arms of the Field of Mars.

380. *Trochiwe.*] In the XXIVth Ode of the IIIrd Book. *Græco jubeat Trocho.*

383. *Liber & Ingenuus.*] As if People of Quality cou'd know every thing without Learning. A false Prejudice in their favour, which has prevail'd a long Time. *Ingenuus*, a Man born of a free Father. See the VIth Satyr of the Ist Book.

Census equestrem summam numerum.] He who is put in the Register of the *Census*, as rich enough to be a Knight, about 10000 Crowns.

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384. *Vitioque remotus ab omni.*] As if being well-bru honest, qualify'd a Man to make Verses. *Horace* doubtless his Eyes to some *Equites* who thought so.

385. *Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesque Minervâ.*] He some Precepts he has been giving.

386. *Id tibi judicium est, ea Mens.*] *Judicium*, the Op that causes a Resolution. *Mens*, What executes it. It speaks to the Elder *Piso*, as wanting no Instruction.

387. *Scripseris.*] The old Commentator, says *Piso* the wrote Tragedies,

In Meti descendat Judicis aures.] Speaking of *Spurius Tarpa*, a great Critick, and one of the Judges appointed examine Writings. He mentions him in the Tenth Satire of First Book. These Judges or Academicians, founded by *Augustus* lasted a long while. *Onuphrius Panvinus* mentions an Inscription by which it appears, that in the Reign of *Domitian*, *Valdrius Pudens*, a Native of *Tarentum*, at about thirteen of Age, obtain'd the Prize of Poetry, and was crown'd by Judgment of the Judges. CORONATUS EST INTER POETAS LATINOS OMNIBUS SENTENTIIS JUDICUM. 'Tis this Youth was crown'd in the *Quinquennial Games*, instituted by *Domitian* in Honour of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, and Mr. *Masson* has oppos'd a Passage of *Suetonius* about those Games in opposition to Mr. *Dacier's* Remark on the Duration of these Games establish'd by *Augustus*. But, says the latter, "Do these *Quinquennial Judges*, instituted by *Domitian*, prove, there were none appointed before by *Augustus*? Might they not continue till *Domitian's* Time? And be nam'd by that Emperor to preside at those Games. Mr. *Masson's* ill Reasoning, and the Consequence of the Error he fell into about this Verse of the Tenth Satire.

—Hæc ego Ludo,

Quæ nec in Æde sonent certantia Judice Tarpa.

"Where he interprets *Æde* to be a private House, where it must be understood of the Temple of *Apollo* in *Capitolinus*."

388. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*] As *Helvius Cinna* He was a good Poet, and an intimate Friend of *Catullus's*. He was nine Years revising a Poem of his call'd *Smyrna*.

*Smyrna mei Cynnæ nonam post denique missam
Scripta fuit nonamque edita post Hyemem.*

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rates was Ten Years revising his Panegyrick. *Horace* does however limit the Time to nine Years; he puts a Definite an Indefinite, which depends on the Labour and Judgment each Author, who may weaken his Work by too much rectifying it. *Correction*, says *Quintilian*, ought also to have Bounds.

391. *Silvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum.*] I think *infus* as unhappy here as in his other Emendations of the text. What is said in the Sequel, is not indeed connected with what goes before; however 'tis well pursu'd. *Horace* seeing he might discourage *Piso* by what he has been saying of Difficulties in Poetry, now speaks of the Rewards to those that surmount them, and the Honours paid to the first Poets, *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, &c.

Sacer interpresque Deorum.] He calls *Orpheus* so, because he is a Divine, and instituted the *Orgia*. *Virgil* styles him *Tbrei- Sacerdos*. The Hymns that go under his Name were not made by the ancient *Orpheus*, who liv'd in *Moses's* Time, but by one *Onomachus*, who liv'd in the Time of *Pisistratus*.

392. *Cadibus & visu sacro dierruit*] *Horace* speaks of an *Orpheus* who was more ancient than the Expedition of the Argonauts. *Palephatus*, a very ancient author assures us, that the Fable of *Orpheus*, who by his Harmony drew Tigers and Men after him, was invented on his softning the Minds of the *Bacchanalian* Nymphs, and making 'em quit the Mountains either they were fled, and where they had spent several Days tearing Sheep to Pieces.

394. *Diſtus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor artis.*] *Cadmus* built *Thebes* about 1400 Years before the Birth of our Saviour, and 25 Years after it was built *Amphion* encompass'd it with Walls, and built a Citadel; and for that, by his Harmony, according to others, by his Eloquence, he persuaded the Citizens and Peasants to set their Hands to the Work, it was said he rais'd the Citadel and Walls with the Sound of his Lyre, and that the Stones leap'd of themselves into their proper Places.

396. *Fuit hæc sapientia quondam publica privatis secernere.*] The Poets were properly Philosophers, who made use of Poetry the better to insinuate themselves into Mens Minds, and shew Men how to distinguish publick and private Good, to govern their Passions, and manage themselves discreetly in their own Affairs, to mind Oeconomy, to build Cities, and obey the Laws.

398. *Maritis.*] As we say marry'd People, Husbands and Wives,

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399. *Leges, incidere Ligno.*] The first Laws were written in Verse, and in Verse *Solon* begins his Laws.

Ligno.] On wooden Tables. The Romans engrav'd their Laws on Copper-Plates.

400. *Sic bonor & nomen divinis vatibus.*] Thus Poetry by which Poets acquired so much Honour by doing good to Mankind, and by correcting their Errors.

401. *Post hos insignis Homerus.*] Poetry in the Second Age took another Course, to elevate Mens Courage and qualify them to serve their Country, it sung the Deeds of Heroes. *Homer* and *Tyrtaeus* began the Second Age.

402. *Tyrtaeusque.*] He was a Schoolmaster, little, ugly, lame, and one-ey'd; the *Athenians* gave him, by way of Derision, to the *Spartans*, who, by Order of *Pythian Apollo*, demanded a General of them to lead them against the *Messenians*, which he did, and was beaten, by the *Messenians* in three several Battles. This so reduc'd the *Spartans*, that they were forc'd to list themselves as Slaves, and promise them the Wives of the slain. The King of *Sparta*, discourag'd by so many Losses, wou'd have return'd Home, but *Tyrtaeus* repeating some Verses of his at the Head of the Army, so animated the Soldiers that they fell on the Enemy and routed them. Some of these Verses are still extant. This was about 680 Years before Christ.

403. *Disa per carmina sortes.*] *Horace* places the Origin of the Second Age of Poetry. *Aristophanes*, with more Reason puts them in the First: Oracles being more ancient than History, perhaps he means, that the first Oracles were deliver'd in Prose, and afterwards in Verse only, which is true.

404. *Et vita monstrata via est.*] This has Reference to *Poets*, and not *Etbicks*. Poetry, in the Second Age, began to explain in Verse the Secrets of Nature. *Vita* for *Natura*. Nature that gives Life to all Things.

Et gratia regum pieriis tentata modis.] Poetry then courted the Great.

405. *Ludusque repertus, & longorum operum finis.*] He alludes to the Tragedies and Comedies play'd on solemn Festivals.

Ne forte pudori.] Which proves *Horace* wrote this Encomium on Poetry, to hinder *Piso's* being shock'd at the Difficulty of it.

407. *Musa lyra solers.*] *Lyra solers* is remarkable; for I think I have always met with *solers* either alone, or with a Verb.

408. *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte quæstum est.*] *Horace* does not forget the grand Question, Whether Poetry comes from Nature or Art. *Horace*, to hinder the *Piso's* trusting wholly

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their Genius, determines it, that Nature and Art should always go together. Nature, 'tis true, is the Basis of all, as *Horace* owns in the 11th and 13th Odes of the IVth Book. Nature alone is preferable to Art alone, but join'd together it makes Perfection. Nature gives a Facility, Art, Method and Safety. *Art certior quam Natura*, says *Cicero*; and *Longinus* observes, that as free as Nature appears, she does nothing good at a venture, and is no enemy to Rules. Nature without Art is blind, and rash; Art without Nature, rude, barren and dry. *Quintilian* has it, *We believe there's nothing perfect, but what is produc'd by Nature assist'd by Art*. Art is never so perfect as when it imitates Nature. Nature never succeeds so well, as when it conceals Art. 410. *Nec rude quid proferat Ingenium.*] *Rude Ingenium*. A Genius, which the happy of itself, is always rude when not assist'd by Art.

412. *Qui sudat optatam cursu contingens metam.*] He proves by Examples, that there is nothing where Nature alone suffices, and where there's no Occasion of Art. The *Prize-Fighters* not only labour'd hard to succeed; they liv'd in a general Abstinence of every thing call'd Pleasure: Are the Poets exempted from this Law of Labour? No Man will ever make a good Poet without it.

413. *Puer.*] They began these Exercises very young.

414. *Qui Pythias cantat tibicen.*] *Horace* does not mean *Pythick Games*, they were then out of Use, but the Players on the Flute in the ancient Chorus's of Comedies. When all the Chorus sung, one of them play'd to accompany the Song, who was thence call'd *Choraula*. And after their Songs were done, there was another Player on the Flute, who play'd singly to what was sung singly; and this last was termed *Pythaule*, a Player for *Pythian Songs*; which were like Poems or Hymns to *Pythia*, sung in the City of *Pytho*. *Diomedes* says, *When the Chorus sung, the Players on the Flute accompany'd them with the Flute call'd the Chorus Flute, and answer'd with the Pythick Flute to the single Songs*. These *Pythaules* and *Choraulas*, who were of old part of the Band of Musicians in the dramatick representations, separated afterwards and play'd by themselves. There were some of these Masters very famous, and of these *Horace* speaks.

415. *Didicit prius, extimuitque Magistrum.*] There never was an eminent Player on the Flute, who had not serv'd an Apprenticeship; wherefore since Nature is not sufficient for little things how should she suffice for great?

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416. *Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango.*] The Language is but too common now-a-days, and People too to think they have no need of reading the ancients, but they in their own Opinion think they write so well without it.

417. *Occupet extremum scabies.*] An Expression us'd by Children who at certain Plays cry'd out, *The Mange will take the binding.* *Mibi turpe relinqui est.*] While I am studying the ancients others will get before me, and write Comedies and Tragedies. If I write without Study, let who will learn the Rules, I will say I know them.

429. *Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas.*] Art and Nature are not always enough to make a good Poet; there must be also faithful Friends to tell an Author of his Faults, which are hard to be found by such Great Men as the *Piso's*. *Horace* compares rich Poets to publick Criers; as the latter invite People to come and buy their Ware, the former invited Flatterers. He who praises is the Purchaser.

Cogit.] *Convocat*, summons People and Flatterers together.

421. *Dives agris.*] This Verse is repeated in the Second Satire of the First Book.

422. *Si vero est unctum, qui recte ponere possit.*] If the rich Poet will treat and lend a poor Brother Poet, 'twill be a Wonder if he knows how to discern the Friend from the Flatterer. *Horace* makes here, *en passant*, a nice Encomium on the *Piso's*.

Unctum ponere.] To treat high. *Opsonium* is understood. *Martial* said to *Pomponius*,

*Quod tamen grande Sophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu Pomponi, cæna disertæ tua est.*

'Tis not thee *Pomponius*, 'tis thy Supper that is so eloquent. *Pliny* calls such Parasites *Laudicænas*.

423. *Levi pro paupere.*] *Levis*, inconstant, light, perfidious.

424. *Beatus.*] Happy; he who distinguishes the Flatterer from the Friend.

426. *Tu seu donavis, seu quid donare voles tui.*] He advises the Elder *Piso* never to read his Verses to a Man to whom he has lately given or promis'd a Present. A Self-interested Friend will never make a good Critick.

427. *Plenum Lætitiæ.*] Full of Joy for what was given or presented him.

429. *Pallefcet super his.*] *Super his*, over and above.

31. *Ut qui conducti plorant in funere.*] Horace says there is much Difference between a Flatterer and a sincere Friend, as between those who are paid for weeping at a Funeral, and those Friends who weep unfeignedly. The Flatterer praises much more than the Friend, as the hire'd Mourners weep more than he whose Grief is sincere.

Derisor.] The Banterer for the Flatterer.

33. *Vero laudatore.*] An honest Man who praises what he thinks deserves it, and speaks from his Conscience.

34. *Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis.*] A Poet should do great Lords, who drink a Man up to a Pitch, to see if he says a Secret in his Cups, before they trust him with one; otherwise he will be apt to mistake Flatterers for true Friends. Horace put his Confidants to this drunken Trial.

37. *Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*] Horace alludes to the Fable of the Fox and the Raven, quoted by Nannius in his Commentaries. Monsieur de la Fontaine has taken care not to forget it, and has surpassed the Ancients in its Simplicity and Gaiety.

38. *Quintilio si quid recitares.*] The Poet Quintilius Varus, a Relation and intimate Friend of Virgil and Horace's. The Poet addresses the VIIIth Ode of the First Book to him, and turns his Death in the XXIVth Ode. He had been dead at the Time when this Epistle to the Piso's was written, for which Reason he says, *recitares, jubebat, sumebat*, Terms never used but of a Person that is dead.

40. *Delere jubebat.*] When an Author has try'd and cannot rectify a Place, he thinks he may let it go; but Quintilius was in such a Case for blotting it out; a Piece of Cruelty the Moderns seldom guilty of.

41. *Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.*] Horace is blam'd for making use of two Figures in the same Verse; but it happens that he uses one only, for tho' he mentions the Anvil, the Figure is one, and that is the working of the Iron. Propertius in the last Elegy of the II'd Book, says the same.

*Incipe jam augusto Versus componere torno,
Inque tuos Ignes, dure Poeta, veni.*

442. *Si defendere delictum quam vertere mallet.*] Authors very often are fond of those Places which are most liable to Exception. They are their Favourites, and if you will take their words, the best of their Works.

443. *Quin sine rivali.*] And they admire them as often without Rivals.

445. *Vir*

180 NOTES on the Art of Poetry.

445. *Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendit inertes.*] The five Verses are admirable, and include almost all that the Historians have said of Criticism, which consists of three Things, adding, retrenching and altering.

445. *Versus reprehendit inertes.*] There are few Pieces to be met with now-a-days, without all the Faults Horace collects in these five Verses; but the Faults of the greatest Writers are only worth taking notice of, because their very Faults may be imitated as well as their Beauties: Suppose Monsieur Corneille had given his fine Tragedy of *Pompey* to *Quintilius* to examine, may we not conclude, that in the III^d Scene of the III^d Act, when *Cleopatra* says,

Je connois ma portée, & ne prens point le change.

He would have thought this Verse *inert*, poor, weak and mean, as well as those that follow in the III^d Scene of the III^d Act.

Cæs. Comme a-t-elle reçu les offres de ma flamme ?

Ant. Comme n'osant la croire, & la croyant dans l'ame,
Par un refus modeste & fait pour inviter,
Elle s'en dit indigne, & la croit mériter.

As one that durst not believe what she did believe in her Soul, at a modest Refusal, she said she was unworthy of a Passion, which she thought she deserv'd. These Verses are flat and affected, very far from the Character of *Mark Antony*, and Tragic. The Language is mean, and only fit for a Life-Guard-Man.

446. *Culpabit duros.*] Verses may be hard either for the Words, or the Things; the last is the greatest Fault. Monsieur *Corneille* has been guilty of it in these:

*Les Princes ont cela de leur haute naissance,
Leur ame dans leur sang prend des impressions,
Qui dessous leur vertu rangent leurs passions.*

'Tis hard and shocking to say, *The Soul takes Impressions of Virtue in the Blood*, which is as contrary to the *Etbicks*, as the Theology of the Pagans: Of the same kind is, what *Cæsar* says in the II^d Scene of the III^d Act.

*Et qui verse en nos cœurs, avec l'ame & le sang,
Et la baine du nom, & le mépris du rang.*

Rome did not insfil in a Roman the Soul and Blood,

Incantis allinet atrum.] *Quintilius* would have set this Mark without Grace and Ornament, on what *Achoree* says in the Scene of the II^d Act, speaking of *Pompey* who was just mur'd.

*Et tient la trahison, que le Roy leur prescrie,
Trop au dessous de luy pour y preser l'esprit.
Sa vertu dans leur crime augmente ainsi son lustre,
Et son dernier soupir est un soupir illustre.*

is subtil, affected, without Grace, and is faulty in the Turn of Expression,

447. *Transverso calamo signum.*] He would draw a Line quite acro's it, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* call *obelum*, he would strike out.

Ambitiosa recidet ornamenta.] Such emphatical Ornaments are mur'd, and what *Achoree* says on *Pompey's* Head, would, I doubt not, have been condemn'd by *Quintilius*. 'Tis in the III^d Scene of the III^d Act.

*A ces mots Achillas decouvre cette teste ;
Il semble qu' à parler encore elle s' appreste,
Qu' à ce nouvel affront un reste de chaleur
En sanglots mal formés exhale sa douleur.
Sa bouche encore ouverte, & sa vue égarée
Rappellent sa grande ame à pains séparés, &c.*

es not Monsieur *Cornuille* amuse himself a little unseasonably, painting the Grimaces of this Head: The Ornament, to use *Horace's* Term, is *ambitious*; the Image has nothing in it noble or natural.

448. *Parum claris lucem addere coget.*] Obscurity is the greatest Fault in a Discourse. *Photius* talks very obscurely, when he says of *Ptolomy*, in the first Scene of Monsieur *Cornuille's Pompey*:

*Le choix des actions ou mauvaises, ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu' aneantir la force des couronnes.*

means that the Virtue which inclines Kings to good Actions, rather than bad, weakens their Power; but says only, That the Choice of Actions, either good or bad, weakens the Power of Kings, which is very dark.

449. *Arguet ambiguum dictum.*] Ambiguity, says *Quintilian*, is above all things to be avoided.

Mutanda

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Mutanda notabit.] He will at last mark exactly what is to be alter'd. Quintilian declares, That adding and retrenching is the easiest in Correction, altering very difficult. *Sed facilius in simpliciusque judicium quæ replenda vel dejicienda sunt, &c.* the easiest and soonest done, when we have only to add or to retrench; but when we must bring down what is too lofty, reduce what is abounding, place aright what is out of its Order, gather together what is dispers'd, and abridge what is too long; this is a double Task for we must condemn what has pleas'd, and find out what has escap'd us. *Mutanda* does not here signify to change the Poem only, but also the Alterations Quintilian speaks of: Perhaps *Caesar* says in the III^d Scene of the IVth Act, would have alter'd by Quintilius:

*M'ont rendu le premier & le Maître du Monde,
C'est ce glorieux titre à présent effectif
Que je viens ennoblir par celui de captif;
Heureux si mon esprit gagne tant sur le vostre,
Qu'il en estime l'un, & me permette l'autre.*

Caesar would hardly have said, He had made the glorious Title he had acquir'd of Master of the World, more noble by that of Slave; His Courtship would certainly have been more worthy of so glorious a Title; and I can scarce think *Quintilius* would have alter'd what he adds afterwards:

*Mais las! contre mon feu mon feu me sollicite,
Si je veux estre à vous, il faut que je vous quitte.*

Or what *Cleopatra* says in the first Scene of the second Act,

*Et si jamais le ciel favorisoit ma couche
De quelque rejeton de cette illustre souche,
Cette heureuse union de mon sang & du sien
Uniroit à jamais son destin & le mien.*

which offends Modesty, and is very far from the Discretion of *Virgil*, who does not make *Dido* speak so freely 'till after Consummation, and when there was no need of Ceremony.

[450. *Fiet Arisarchus.*] *Arisarchus* was a very great Critick, liv'd in the Reign of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, and was Contemporaneous with *Callimachus*; he wrote above fourscore Volumes of Commentaries on *Homer*, *Aristophanes*, and all the other Greek Poets: He revis'd and corrected *Homer*, which Work is lost, with the rest

criticisms, which were so nice and penetrating, that he was only call'd the *Diviner*, on account of his great Sagacity.

[*Ego amicum offendam in nugis.*] The usual Language of Poets: Why shall I offend my Friend for Trifles, by telling his Verses are not good?

[*Ha nuga seria ducent in mala.*] *Horace* replies very well, if you call Trifles will be fatal to the Poet, whom you abuse by concealing your true Sentiments from him.

[*Derisum semel exceptumque sinistro.*] This Verse will bear a double Signification. As *when the World*, or as *when you shall make a Fool of him*: The first Construction seems to be wrong. *Horace* is not here talking of the Evils which shall happen to this ill Poet, after the Publick has made a Fool of him; but of those that shall happen to him, after his flatterer-friend has made a Fool of him, by deceiving him with false praise; he would prove that it is the Cause of all his Misfortune, because if he talk'd sincerely to him at first, he might have cur'd him of his Itch of Poetry.

[*Ut mala quam scabies.*] He terms that Poetical Itch, *mala scabies*, which *Celsus* calls *fera scabies*, the most dangerous Leprosy.

[*Morbis regius.*] *Morbis arquatus*, the Jaundice. *Lucretius*:

*Lurida præterea sunt quæcumque tuentur
arquati.*

Nothing looks yellow to those that have the Jaundice: 'Twas the Royal Disease, because 'twas said there was no Remedy for it, but to live the Life of a King.

[*Aut fanaticus error.*] The Fanaticks, that is, the Demons.

[*Aut iracunda Diana,* Those striken by Diana, that is, Lunatics.

The Ancients believ'd all Diseases infectious.

[*Incautique sequuntur.*] *Incauti*, the imprudent, who don't consider what Danger they expose themselves, in following a madman.

[*Hic dum sublimis versus ruatur.*] *Sublimis*, those he makes the most sublime; or *sublimes*, which he makes looking up to Heaven, as if he would from thence fetch his Enthusiasm: before it has also been read *sublimis*, with Reference to the *Sublimis*, *peritæpot*, *Who goes looking up to Heaven*; but *versus* seems to me to be better. *Horace* diverts himself by describing the Frenzy of a Poet, whom Flatterers have made mad.

[*Ruatur.*] He vomits them; the Sophist *Aristides* said of an Emperor, *We are not some of those who vomit up their words, but those who make them,*

459. *Succurrite longum clamat.*] By this *longum clamat*, shews he Custom of those Cripples that begg'd on the High-proneouncing the Word *succurrite*, but drawling it out so, that made it last half an Hour: Our Beggars understand this perfectly well. *Longum* has been interpreted from afar, loud; but I take it to be a long while.

462. *Qui scis an prudens huc se dejecerit.*] There's none of which an ill Post is not capable.

463. *Siculique Poëta narrabo interitum.*] The Death of *Empedocles* at *Agrirentum*, *Gergenti*, a Town in *Sicily*.

465. *Dum cupit Empedocles ardentem, frigidus Aënam in* *Empedocles*, a great Philosophical Poet, who wrote three Books of the Nature of Things quoted by *Aristotle*: He also wrote *Xerxes's Expedition*; but his Daughter or Sister burnt that Year. He flourish'd about 450 Years before Christ. *Lucræti* has a fine Encomium on him in his First Book.

*Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro præclarior in se
Nec sanctum magis, &c.*

The Story of his flinging himself into Mount *Aëna* is grounded on one of *Empedocles's* Shoes found near a Gap of Mount *Aëna*; and 'twas said the fiery *Vortex's* whirl'd him into it. *Timæus* assures us *Empedocles* dy'd in *Peloponnesus*; and *Næmus* of *Cynicum* reports, that falling out of a Coach he broke his Leg and dy'd.

465. *Ardentem frigidus Aënam.*] The Word *frigidus* has been variously expounded: some pretend *Horace* means mad by it, and others cold. The first Exposition is the worst, the second bad enough; there being little cold Blood in so desperate an Action. By *frigidus*, *Horace* would describe all the Excess of a Madman, who to get the Name of a God, seeks Death which he's afraid to find: He would be a God, and dies with Fear.

467. *Inuitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.*] There's no likelihood *Horace* should say this in general: The Maxim would be too extravagant; he doubtless speaks only of Poets, *in Poëtam*. Others that fall into Melancholy may be cur'd; to be hop'd they will grow wiser, as it happen'd to *Damocles*, whom *Stertinius* hinder'd from flinging himself into the Tiber, as *Horace* himself writes in the III'd Satire of the III'd Book.

Solatus jussit sapientem, &c.

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for Poets there's no hope of them, their Madness is
rate, they are incurable, and to be given over.

[*Et ponet famosa mortis amorem.*] Tho' the Poet may be
d from destroying himself once, it would still run in his
and he would attempt it again. *Famosa Mori*, a Death,
will make the World talk of him.

[*Nec satis apparet cur versus faceret.*] What Crime must
Man be guilty of, who has so drawn down the Vengeance
of Gods, as to be possess'd with the Fury of making Verses.
He talks of bad Poets as People generally do of the wretch-
He must have done some horrid Thing, &c.

[*Minxerit in patriæ cineres.*] 'Twas very profane among
Ancients to piss in a Holy Place. *Perseus* in his first Satire:

*Pinge duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus, extra
Mensis.*—————

at two Snakes on the Wall, the Place, Children, is sacred, go
without; but was a double Profanation to piss on a Lamb,
a horrible Sacrilege to piss on the Tomb of one's Father or
ancestors.

[*Triste bidental moverit incestus.*] When a Place was stricken
by Thunder or Lightning, 'twas thought to be devoted to
segregation, and the Diviners went immediately and sacrific'd
a young Sheep there; then they inclos'd it with Stakes, a Line,
a Wall, and from that Moment 'twas sacred: 'Twas call'd
Bidental, from *Bidente*, the Name of the Sheep there sacrific'd:
'twas Sacrilege to remove its Bounds, *movere Bidental*. If a
Man was stricken with Thunder or Lightning, he was
to be burnt by *Numa's* Law, he was to be bury'd in the same
Place, *Perseus* calls even the Man that's Thunder-struck *Bidental*.

*An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennagus jubente
Triste jaces lucis evitandumque bidental.*

[*72. Incestus.*] As the Ancients were wont to say *Chaste* for
Pure, so they also said *Incestus* for Impious.





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T O

EDWARD HOWARD,

On his incomparable incomprehensible

P O E M,

CALLED THE

BRITISH PRINCESS.



COME on, you Critics, find one Fault who dares :

For, read it backward, like a Witch's Prayers,

Twill do as well; throw not away your Jest
On solid Nonsense that abides all Tests.

like Tierce-Claret, when't begins to pall,

lected lies, and's of no use at all,

in its full Perfection of Decay,

as Vinegar, and comes again in Play.

u hast a Brain, such as it is indeed;

what else should thy Worm of Fancy feed?

in a Filbert I have often known

gots survive, when all the Kernel's gone.

Simile shall stand in thy Defence,

inst those dull Rogues as now and then write Sense.

Thy

Thy Stile's the same, whatever be thy Theme,
 As some Digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.
 They lye, dear *Ned*, who say thy Brain is barren,
 Where deep Conceits, like Maggots breed in Carrion
 Thy stumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high
 As any other *Pegasus* can fly.

So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,
 Than all the swift-finn'd Racers of the Flood.

As skilful Divers to the bottom fall,
 Sooner than those who cannot swim at all;
 So in this way of Writing, without thinking,
 Thou hast a strange * Alacrity in sinking.
 Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own nat'ral Parts,
 And with acquir'd Dulness, and new Arts
 Of study'd Nonsense, tak'st kind Readers Hearts.
 Therefore, dear *Ned*, at my Advice, forbear
 Such loud Complaints 'gainst Critics to prefer,
 Since thou art turn'd an arrant Libeller:
 Thou sett'st thy Name to what thyself dost write;
 Did ever Libel yet so sharply bite?



To the Same, on his Plays.

THOU damn'd *Antipodes* to Common-sense,
 Thou Foil to *Flecknoe*, pr'ythee tell from whence
 Does all this mighty Stock of Dulness spring?
 Is it thy own, or hast it from *Snow-hill*,
 Assisted by some Ballad-making Quill?
 No, they fly higher yet, thy Plays are such,
 I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch*.
 Fain wou'd I know what Diet thou dost keep,
 If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
 Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest Dish,
 With Bullock's Liver, or some stinking Fish;

* Alluding to an Expression of Sir John Falstaff's in *Shakespeare's*
Henry IV. Garbage

age, Ox-cheeks, and Tripes do feast thy Brain,
 ch nobly pays this Tribute back again.
 /Daify-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
 iant's Body with a Pygmy's Head.
 It thou not find among thy num'rous Race
 Kindred, one to tell thee, that thy Plays
 ought at by the Pit, Box, Galleries, nay, Stage?
 k on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
 Body made for Labour, not thy Mind.
 ther use of Paper thou should'st make,
 carrying Loads and Reams upon thy Back.
 y vast Burdens till thy Shoulders shrink,
 rust be he that gives thee Pen and Ink:
 dangerous Weapons shou'd be kept from Fools,
 urles from their Children keep Edg'd-tools:
 thy dull Fancy a Muckinder is fit
 wipe the Slabberings of thy snotty Wit:
 though 'tis late, if Justice could be found,
 Plays like blind-born Puppies should be drown'd.
 were it not that we Respect afford
 the Son of an heroic Lord,
 e in the Ducking-stool shou'd take her Seat,
 e like herself in a great Chair of State;
 re, like a Muse of Quality she'd die,
 thou thyself shalt make her Elegy,
 e same strain thou writ'st thy comedy.

}

Sir THOMAS St. SERF, on the
 printing his Play called TARUGO'S
 WILES. Acted 1668.

TARUGO gave us Wonder and Delight,
 When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light:
 Now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,
 Oblige and serve his Friends a nobler way:

Make

Make all our old Men Wits, Statesmen, the young
And teach ev'n *Englishmen* the *English* Tongue.

James, on whose Reign all peaceful Stars did
Did but attempt th' uniting of our Isle.

What Kings, and Nature, only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this Work of thine.

For, who is such a Cockney in his Heart,
Proud of the Plenty of the southern Part,
To scorn that Union, by which we may
Boast 'twas his Countryman that writ this Play?

Phæbus himself, indulgent to thy Muse,
Has to the Country sent this kind Excuse;
Fair northern Lads, it is not thro' Neglect
I court thee at a distance, but Respect:
I cannot act my Passion is so great,
But I'll make up in Light what wants in Heat:
On thee I will bestow my longest Days,
And crown thy Sons with everlasting Bays:
My beams that reach thee shall employ their Power
To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs,
Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boast,
Poets and Stars shine brightest in the Frost.



EPILOGUE to Moliere's TARTUFFE

translated by Mr. Medburne, spoken

by TARTUFFE.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a Poet got the day,
And vanquish'd *Busy* in a Puppet-play:
And *Busy* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.

To laugh
While I
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A Man
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As well
Whose
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Let ev'r
Take a
To teach
Who sh
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To laugh at *English* Knaves, is dang'rous then,
 While *English* Fools will think 'em honest Men:
 For sure no zealous Brother can deny us
 We leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*:
 A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,
 There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and *Papist*,
 That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
 That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
 That use, *enjoy the Creature*, to express
 Pain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;
 And, in a decent way, perform them too
 As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you;
 Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
 We godly phrase it Gospel-propagation,
 Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
 Zeal stands but Sentry at the Gate of Sin,
 Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in:
 Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
 We march, and take Damnation by surprise.
 There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town,
 Can go so far tow'rd's Hell for half a Crown,
 As I for Six-pence, for I know the way;
 We want of Guides, Men are too apt to stray:
 Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,
 Let ev'ry marry'd Man that's grave and wise,
 Take a *Tartuffe* of known Ability,
 To teach and to increase his Family;
 Who shall so settle lasting Reformation,
 First get his Son, then give him Education.





EPILOGUE on the *Revival*
 BEN JOHNSON'S *Play, called*
Every Man in his Humour.

INTREATY shall not serve, nor Violence,
 To make me speak in such a Play's Defence;
 A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
 To break all practis'd Laws of Comedy.
 The Scene (what more absurd?) in *England* lies,
 No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;
 No captive Prince from unknown Country brought,
 No Battle, nay, there's scarce a Duel fought:
 And something yet more sharply might be said,
 But I consider the poor Author's dead:
 Let that be his Excuse — now for our own,
 Why, — Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
 The Parts were fitted well; but some will say,
 Pox on 'em, Rogues, what made 'em choose this Play
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,
 It was not Choice, but mere Necessity:
 To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,
 But not a Wit durst venture out in Lent:
 Have Patience but till Easter-term, and then,
 You shall have Jigg and Hobby-horse again.
 Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our domestic Wit*,
 Does promise one o'th' ten Plays he has writ:
 But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the Just,
 Know, we have Merits, and to them we trust.
 When any Fasts, or Holidays, defer
 The publick Labours of the Theatre,

* *Mr. Matthew Medbourn, an eminent Actor, belonging
 D. to of York's Theatre.*

ride not forth, altho' the Day be fair,
 ambling Tit, to take the Suburb Air;
 with our Authors meet, and spend that time
 make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhime.
 Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,
 after many a long and free Debate,
 diverse weighty Reasons 'twas thought fit,
 truly Sense should still to Rhime submit:
 the most wholsom Law we ever made,
 strictly in this Epilogue obey'd,
 no Man here will ever dare to break——

[Enter Johnson's Ghost.]

and give way, for I myself will speak;
 you encourage so much Insolence,
 add new Faults still to the great Offence,
 your Ancestors so rashly did commit,
 'gainst the mighty Pow'rs of Art and Wit?
 when they condemn'd those noble Works of mine,
 and my best love *Catiline*.
 sent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall
 a Curse of many a rhiming Pastoral.
 three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,
 with the *London-Prentice* conquer *Spain*.
 the dull Follies of the former Age,
 all find Applause on this corrupted Stage.
 if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,
 long since due to my much-injur'd Plays,
 in all past Crimes I first will set you free,
 then inspire some one to write like me.





S O N G.

*Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1666
the Night before an Engagement.*

I.

TO all you Ladies now at Land,
We Men, at Sea, indite;
But first wou'd have you understand,
How hard it is to write;
The *Muses* now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For tho' the *Muses* should prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouse the Wind,
To wave the azure Main,
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we,
Roll up and down our Ships at Sea,
With a Fa, &c,

III.

Then if we write not by each Post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost,
By *Dutchmen*, or by Wind:
Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,
The Tide shall bring 'em twice a-day,
With a Fa, &c.

IV.

IV.

The King with Wonder, and Surprise,
Will swear the Seas grow bold ;
Because the Tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old :
But let him know, it is our Tears
Bring Floods of Grief to *Whitehall* Stairs;
With a Fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know
Our sad and dismal Story ;
The *Dutch* would scorn so weak a Foe,
And quit their Fort at *Gorss* :
For what Resistance can they find
From Men who've left their Hearts behind !
With a Fa, &c.

VI.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
No Sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how Things go,
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe,
With a Fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main ;
Or else at serious Ombre play ;
But, why should we in vain
Each others Ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a Fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our Fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our Hopes away;
 Whilst you, regardless of our Woe,
 Sit careless at a Play:
 Perhaps, permit some happier Man
 To kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.
 With a Fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry Note;
 As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care,
 For being so remote:
 Think then how often Love we've made
 To you, when all those Tunes were play'd.
 With a Fa, &c.

X.

In Justice you cannot refuse,
 To think of our Distress;
 When we for Hopes of Honour lose
 Our certain Happiness;
 All those Designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your Love.
 With a Fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our Loves
 And likewise all our Fears;
 In hopes this Declaration moves
 Some Pity from your Tears:
 Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at Sea.
 With a Fa, la, la, la, la.



the Countess of DORCHESTER,
Mistress to King JAMES the Second.

Written in 1680.

I.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,
Why such embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?
Any Dresses find a way,
Stop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

II.

thou still sparkle in the Box,
Still ogle in the Ring?
thou forget thy Age and Pox?
all that shines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young Thing?

III.

ave I seen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin;
lete with many a brilliant Spark,
wise Philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.



On the Same.

I.

ROUD with the Spoils of royal Cully,
With false Pretence to Wit and Parts,
swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the Tempers of Mens Hearts.

II.

Tho' she appear as glitt'ring fine,
 As Gems, and Jests, and Paint can make her;
 She ne'er can win a Break like mine;
 The Devil and Sir *David** take her.

* *Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.*



KNOTTING.

AT Noon, in a sunshiny Day,
 The brighter Lady of the *May*,
 Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,
 Sat knotting in a Shade:

Each slender Finger play'd its part,
 With such Activity and Art,
 As would inflame a youthful Heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain, by chance, came by,
 He saw no Anger in her Eye;
 Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory Needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball;
 But straight gave *Strephon* such a Call,
 As would have rais'd the Dead.

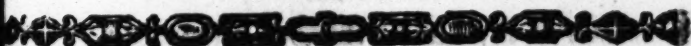
Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
 With Innocence I dare be free;
 By so much Truth and Modesty
 No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap;
 While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,
 Thou may'st securely take a nap;
 Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

He saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.
He sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,

Each Virtue shall rewarded be :
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I trust you with my Flocks, not me,
Pursue thy grazing Trade :

Go, milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep :
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken Maid.



S O N G

To CHLORIS, from the Blind ARCHER.

I.

AH! Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright Eyes,
And lay by those terrible Glances ;
We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

II.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of courting ;
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out ;
For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen,



S O N G.

I.

METHINKS the poor Town has been trou-
 too long,
 With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
 By Fools, who at once can both love and despair,
 And will never leave calling 'em cruel and fair;
 Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
 The Truth that I know of bonny black *Bess*.

II.

This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,
 Has a Skin white as Milk, and Hair black as a Coal
 She's plump, yet with ease you may span her round Waist
 But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd
 Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest;
 But I know what I think, when I drink to the best.

III.

The Plowman and 'Squire, the arranter Clown,
 At home she fudd'd in her Paragon Gown;
 But now she adorns both the Boxes and Pic,
 And the proudest Town-gallants are forc'd to submit
 All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
 And beat Day and Night, like my Lord *Craven's* Drum.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to *Whitchell*,
 For she'd out-shine the Ladies, *Raint*, *Jewels*, and all
 If a Lord shou'd but whisper his Love in the Crowd
 She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud:
 Then the Queen over-hearing what *Betty* did say,
 Would send Mr. *Roper* to take her away.

V.

to those that have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms,
 's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;
 to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
 wing learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her Pace;
 with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
 kill us by looking as if she would die.



S O N G.

I.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
 Success in Crowds and Noise,
 while gentle Love does fill my Mind
 With silent real Joys.

II.

Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
 And the World think 'em wise;
 while I lie dying at her Feet,
 And all the World despise.

III.

conquering Kings new Triumphs raise,
 And melt in Court Delights:
 Eyes can give much brighter Days,
 Her Arms much softer Nights.





L A jeune Iris aux cheveux gris
 Disoit à Theodate,
 Retournons, mon cher, à Paris,
 Avant que l'on combatte ;

*Vous me donniez trop de souci,
 Car Guillaume ne raille.
 Hélas ! que feriez-vous ici
 Le jour d'une bataille ?*

*Il est vray que vous partirez
 Sans Lauriers & sans Gloire,
 Et que vous embarrasserez
 Ceux qui font vôt're histoire.*

*Mais vous devez laisser ces soins,
 A D'Espreaux & Corneille ;
 Vous ne les payeriez pas moins,
 Quand vous feriez merveille.*

*Vous punirez une autre fois
 Ces gens qui m'ont pillée.
 Qu'elle honte qu'à Charleroy
 Ils m'eussent amenée !*

*Quoy que je sois aimé de vous,
 Et que je sois bien sage,
 J'aurois passé parmi ces fous
 Pour un rebut de page.*



A PARAPHRASE of the foregoing.

N gray-hair'd *Cælia*'s wither'd Arms
As mighty *Lewis* lay,
cry'd, If I have any Charms,
My Dearest, let's away.

er you, my Love, is all my fear;
Hark! how the Drums do rattle!
as, Sir! what shou'd you do here
In dreadful Day of Battle?

et little *Orange* stay and fight,
For Danger's his diversion;
he Wise will think you in the right,
Not to expose your Person:

or vex your Thoughts how to repair
The Ruins of your Glory;
ou ought to leave so mean a Care
To those who pen your Story.

re not *Boileau* and *Cornille* paid
For panegyric writing?
hey know how Heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

hen Foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
ut fix good Horses to your Coach,
And carry me to *Marly*.

et *Boufflers*, to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town or buy it;
Whilst you, great Sir, at *Nôtre-dame*,
Te Deum sing in quiet.

SONG!

S O N G.

PHILLIS, the fairest of Love's Foes,
 Though fiercer than a Dragon,
Phillis, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,
 What has she now to brag on?
 So long she kept her Legs so close,
 'Till they had scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, this wretched Maid
 Did sad Complaints begin;
 Which surly *Strephon* hearing, said,
 It was both Shame and Sin,
 To pity such a lazy Jade,
 As will neither play nor spin.

S O N G.

DORINDA's sparkling Wit, and Eyes,
 United, cast too fierce a Light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
 Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler Joy,
 Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace;
 Her *Cupid* is a black-guard Boy,
 That runs his Link full in your Face.

S O N G.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great Lord's embrace;
Tho' we all allow you Wit,
We can't a handsom Face.

When where's the Pleasure, where's the Good,
Of spending Time and Cost?
If your Wit ben't understood,
Your Keeper's Bliss is lost.

S O N G.

I.
PHILLIS, for shame let us improve
A thousand diff'rent Ways,
Those few short Moments snatch'd by Love,
From many tedious Days.

II.
If you want Courage to despise
The Censure of the Grave,
Though Love's a Tyrant in your Eyes,
Your Heart is but a Slave.

III.
If Love is full of noble Pride,
Nor can it e'er submit,
Let that Fop, Discretion, ride
In Triumph over it.

False

IV.

False Friends I have, as well as you,
 Who daily counsel Me
 Fame and Ambition to pursue,
 And leave off loving Thee.

V.

But when the least Regard I shew
 To Fools, who thus advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise.





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O E M S

BY THE



EARL of HALLIFAX.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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ON THE

DEATH of His Most Sacred Majesty

King *C H A R L E S* II.

Arewel, Great *Charles*, Monarch of blest
Renown,
The best good Man that ever fill'd a
Throne;
Whom Nature, as her highest Pattern
wrought,

And mix'd both Sexes Virtues in one Draught;
Wisdom for Councils, Bravery in War,
With all the mild Good-nature of the Fair.
The Woman's Sweetness, temper'd manly Wit,
And loving Pow'r, did crown'd with Meekness sit;
The awful Person Reverence engag'd,
With mild Address and Tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our Fear, and win our Love.
With Wonders born, by Miracles preserv'd,
The heavenly Hoſt the Infant's Cradle ſerv'd:
And Men his healing Empire's Omen read,
When Sun with Stars, and Day with Night agreed.
His Youth for val'rous Patience was renown'd;
Like *David*, persecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all Courts, admir'd where'er he came,
Once our Nation's Glory, and its Shame:

They

They blest the Isle where such great Spirits dwell,
 Abhorr'd the Men, that could such Worth expel,
 To spare our Lives, he meekly did defeat
 Those *Sauls*, whom wand'ring *Asses* made so Great
 Waiting 'till Heav'n's Election should be shown,
 And the Almighty should his Unction own.
 And own he did——his powerful Arm display'd;
 And *Israel*, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
 Call'd by his People's Tears, he came, he eas'd
 The groaning Nation, the black Storms appeas'd,
 Did greater Blessings, than he took, afford;
England, itself, was more, than he, restor'd,
 Unhappy *Albion*, by strange Ills oppress'd,
 In various Fevers tost, cou'd find no Rest;
 Quite spent and weary'd, to his Arms she fled,
 And rested on his Shoulders her fair bending Head.
 In Conquests mild, he came from Exile kind;
 No Climes, no Provocations, chang'd his Mind;
 No Malice shew'd, no Hate, Revenge, or Pride,
 But rul'd as meekly, as his Father dy'd;
 Eas'd us from endless Wars, made Discords cease,
 Restor'd to Quiet, and maintain'd in Peace.
 A mighty Series of new Time began,
 And rolling Years in joyful Circles ran.
 Then Wealth the City, Bus'ness fill'd the Port,
 To Mirth our Tumults turn'd, our Wars to Sport:
 Then Learning flourish'd, blooming Arts did spring,
 And the glad Muses prun'd their drooping Wing:
 Then did our flying Tow'rs Improvement know,
 Who now command as far as Winds can blow;
 With Canvass Wings round all the Globe they fly,
 And, built by *Charles's* Art, all Storms defy;
 To ev'ry Coast with ready Sails are hurl'd,
 Fill us with Wealth, and with our Fame the World
 From whose Distractions Seas do us divide;
 Their Riches here in floating Castles ride.
 We reap the swarthy *Indian's* Sweat and Toil;
 Their Fruit, without the Mischiefs of their Soil.

in cool Shades their Gold and Pearls receive,
 from the Heat, which does their Lustre give.
 Persian Silks, eat eastern Spice; secure
 from burning Fluxes, and their Calenture:
 our Vines, upon the peaceful Shore,
 see all Europe tost, hear Tempests roar:
 Fire, Sword, Wars, and Famine rage abroad,
 while Charles their Host, like *Jove* from *Ida*, aw'd;
 from our Foes, and from ourselves did shield,
 our Towns from Tumults, and from Arms the Field;
 when bold Factions Goodness could disdain,
 willingly he us'd a stricter Rein:
 the still gentle Voice he lov'd to speak,
 could with Thunder harden'd Rebels break.
 tho' they wak'd the Laws, his tender Mind
 was undisturb'd, in Wrath severely kind;
 tempting his Power, and urging to assume;
 as *Jove* in Love did *Semele* consume,
 the stout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
 lies in soft Wreaths and amorous Foldings twine,
 soft and slight appears: the Winds from far
 among their noisy Forces to the War;
 though so gentle seems his outward Form,
 his hidden Strength out-braves the loudest Storm:
 when he stands, and boldly keeps the Field,
 his flowing stout Minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
 when the good Man made the Crowd presume,
 he show'd himself, and did the King assume:
 Goodness in excess may be a Sin,
 but Vice must tame, whom Mercy cannot win.
 thus Winter fixes the unstable Sea,
 and teaches restless Water Constancy,
 which under the warm Influence of bright Days,
 the fickle Motion of each Blast obeys.
 to bridle Factions, stop Rebellion's Course,
 by easy Methods, vanquish without Force,

Relieve

Relieve the Good, bold stubborn Foes subdue,
 Mildness in Wrath, Meekness in Anger shew,
 Were Arts great *Charles's* Prudence only knew.
 To fright the Bad, thus awful Thunder rolls,
 While the bright Bow secures the faithful Souls.

Such is thy Glory, *Charles*, thy lasting Name,
 Brighter than our proud Neighbour's guilty Fame;
 More noble than the Spoils that Battles yield,
 Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.
 'Tis less to conquer, than to make War cease,
 And without fighting, awe the World to Peace:
 For proudest Triumphs from Contempt arise;
 The Vanquish'd first the Conqueror's Arms despise.
 Won Ensigns are the gaudy marks of Scorn,
 They brave the Victor first, and then adorn.
 But peaceful Monarchs reign like Gods: while none
 Dispute, all love, bless, reverence their Throne,
 Tigers and Bears, with all the savage Host,
 May Boldness, Strength, and daring Conquest boast.
 But the sweet Passions of a generous Mind,
 Are the Prerogative of human kind;
 The god-like Image, on our Clay impress'd,
 The darling Attribute which Heaven loves best:
 In *Charles* so good a Man and King, we see
 A double Image of the Deity.
 Oh! had he more resembled it! Oh, why
 Was he not still more like, and could not die?
 Now do our Thoughts alone enjoy his Name,
 And faint Ideas of our Blessing frame!
 In *Thames*, the Ocean's Darling, *England's* Pride,
 The pleasing Emblem of his Reign does glide:
Thames the Support, and Glory of our Isle,
 Richer than *Tagus*, or *Egyptian Nile*:
 Though no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are found,
 Yet Fields rejoice, his Meadows laugh around;
 Less Wealth his Bosom holds, less guilty Stores,
 For he exhausts himself, & enrich the Shores.

And serene the peaceful Current flows,
 Angry Foam, no raging Surges knows ;
 Dreadful wreck upon his Banks appears,
 A crystal Stream unstain'd by Widows Tears,
 A Channel strong and easy, deep and clear.
 Arbitrary Inundations sweep
 The Plowman's Hopes, and Life into the Deep ;
 The even Waters the old Limits keep.
 Oh ! he ebbs, the smiling Waves decay,
 Ever, lovely Stream, for ever stay !
 The Black Sea his silent Course does bend,
 Where the best Streams, the longest Rivers, end.
 Spotless Waves there undistinguish'd pass,
 We see, how clear, how bounteous, sweet, he was.
 No difference now, tho' late so much, is seen,
 We mixt him, fierce *Rhine*, and the impetuous *Sein*.
 But lo ! the joyful Tide our Hopes restores,
 And dancing Waves extend the wid'ning Shores.
 This is our *Charles* in all things, but in Name :
 As *Thames* is daily lost, yet still the same.



In Nuptias Principum GEORGII
 & ANNÆ.

HINC, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
 Nam cor potenti Numine Gaudium
 Hævit, exultansque Pectus
 Corripuit meliore flammâ.
 Utrisque cantus fundere gessio,
 Quæne, quales auribus hauseras
 Utrisque, quando Dithyrambis
 Pindarus incaluit solutus.

Dum nescit æquo flumine gaudium
 Prolabi, & arctis limitibus, vagè
 Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorsum,
 Vorticibus furit inquietis.

Adsis, triumphos dum canimus Tuos,
 Adsis, Cupido, illabere pectori.

Dum personamus Te, decoris
 Carminibus, bona Cypri, adsis.

Cypron beatam sperne volatilis,
 Huc, huc, Amorum septa cohortibus,
 Molire gressus, ad *Britannos*.
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.

II.

Fallor ? an ex lævâ Convexi parte fereni
 Diva vocata venit ?
 Ecce ! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
 Tranat inane rotis.

Fronde comas, auroque premit Pulcherrima, Martem
 Qualis adire solet.

Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
 Spargit ubique Jocos.

Lascivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
 Idaliusque Puer.

Adventu dispersa Deæ sunt nubila, venti
 Nec fremuere minis.

Dum Nymphas una ante alias formosior omnes,
 Dignaque Cura Deæ.

Sic Pæana canit, cœlum & imodulamine complet
 Vox sociata lyre.

III.

Egregiam laudem, *Venus*, & spolia ampla refertis
 Tuque Puerque tuus : si Virgo *Britannica* victa
 Agnoscat Numen (mentem jam faucibus) vestrum.
 Si votis, si sæva ullis insueta moveri,
 Aut precibus præbere suas tractabilis aures,
 Illum jam sentit, quem non miserata furorem est.

Fervidus & *Dania* Princeps, cui praelia curæ;
 testata tibi) pictis & splendor in armis,
 nec Militiam vestram, nec Castra, Cupido,
 vit, sed flammæ, & inania spicula risit,
 in trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
 in Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
 tendit palmas ad Numina læsa rebelles.

IV.

non Bella placent, & Lituo lyram
 fert, atque Caput Itali casside ferrea
 geri solitum, divitis *Itali*

Unguentum redolens; suæ
 cinat gremio Conjugis: immemor
 ani, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
 aulat, roseis oscula quæ labris

Libavit sitiens bibit.

ponitque gravi militia latus
 cessum, in thalamo lætus amabili;

Mercede juvant Vulnera, sic Caput

Objecisse periculis.

V.

dit Dione læta *Britannia*,

in cruentum nec meminit Mare,

Fusosve Cives indecore, aut

Regna *Dano* populata forti.

et dum renidens vindicat omnia,

Chris ocellis *Anna: Georgian*

Ducensque captivum catenis,

Per thalamum graditur Triumphans.

que surgit laudibus *Hassia*,

venda retrò secula præcincens,

Cum Cimber *Anglo* junctus omni

Det trepido sua Jura Mendo.

Dione *Suecia* jam canit,

Pulfos Colonos dum neque fulgidis

Deterret armis, nec tremendo

Georgius indomitus tumultu.

Vos, par Beatum, ter, ter & amplius,

Vos obligatam ferte Deæ dapem,

Semperque amantes Hanc benignam

Perpetuo celebrate Plausu.

Carolus Montagu, Generosus

& A. M. Trin. Cal

ODE on the Marriage of the Princess ANN
and Prince GEORGE of Denmark.

I.

WHILST black Designs (that direful Work of Fate
Distract the lab'ring State;

Whilst (like the Sea) around loud Discords roar,

Breaking their Fury on the frighted Shore;

And *England* does like brave *Vienna* stand,

Besieg'd by Infidels on either hand;

What means this peaceful Train, this pompous Sight?

What means this royal beauteous Pair?

This troop of Youths, and Virgins heav'nly fair,

That does at once astonish and delight;

Great *Charles*, and his illustrious Brother here,

No bold Assassinate need fear;

Here is no harmful Weapon found,

Nothing but *Cupid's* Darts, and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this Scene appear

To us, who might too justly fear

We never should have seen again

Aught bright, but Armour on the Plain?

Ne'er in their chearful Garb t'have seen the Fair,
While all with melting Eyes, and wild dishevel'd Hair,
Had mourn'd their Brothers, Sons, and Husbands slain.
These dusky Shadows make this Scene more bright,
The Horror adds to the Delight.
This glorious Pomp our Spirits cheers; from hence
The lucky Omens take, new Happiness commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering Clouds a Storm prepare,
And their black Force associate in the Air;
 endeavouring to eclipse the bounteous Light,
Who with kind Warmth, and pow'rful Rays,
Them to that envy'd Height,
From their mean native Earth did raise.)

A thoughtful sadness sits on all,
Expecting where the full charg'd Clouds will fall:

But if the heav'nly Bow
Deck'd like a gaudy Bride appears,
And all her various Robes displays,
Tinted by th' conq'ring Sun's triumphant Rays.
It Mortals drooping Spirits cheers;
Fresh Joy, new Light, each Visage wears:
Again the Seaman trusts the Main,
The jocund Swains their Coverts leave again:
Again, in pleasant warbling Notes,
The chearful Poets of the Wood extend their tuneful
Throats.

IV.

Then, then, my Muse, raise with the Lyre thy Voice,
And with thy Lays make Fields and Woods rejoice:
For lo! the heav'nly Pledge appears,
And in bright Characters the Promise bears:
The factious Deluge shall prevail no more,
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd Shore,
By Charms, and *Charles's* Power, their Fury shall assuage.

See! see! how decently the bashful Bride
 Does bear her Conquests, with how little Pride
 She views that Prince, the Captive of her Charms,
 Who made the North with Fear to quake,
 And did that powerful Empire shake;
 Before whose Arms, when great *Gustavus* led,
 The frighted *Roman* Eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his Desire,
 His Cannons did command in Fire:
 Now he himself for Pity prays,
 His Love in tim'rous Sighs he breaths,
 While all his Spoils, and glorious Wreaths
 Of Laurel, at her Feet the vanquish'd Warrior lays.
 Great Prince! by that Submission you'll gain more
 Than e'er your haughty Courage won before;
 Here on your Knees a greater Trophy gain,
 Than that you brought from *Lunsden's* famous Plain
 Where, when your Brother, fired with Success,
 Too daringly upon the Foe did press,
 And was a Captive made; then you alone
 Did with your single Arm support the Throne,
 Your gen'rous Breast, with Fury boiling o'er,
 Like Lightning thro' their scatter'd Troops you flew,
 And from th' amazed Foe the royal Prize in Trium-
 bore.

VI.

You have your Ancestors in this one Act out-done,
 Tho' their successful Arms did this whole Isle o'er-run
 They, to revenge a ravish'd Lady, came;
 You, to enjoy one Spotless as your Fame
 Before them, as they march'd, the Country fled,
 And back behind them threw
 Their Curses as they flew:
 On the bleak Shore, expecting you, they stand,
 And with glad Shouts conduct to Land:

Tho' gaping Crowds you're forc'd to press your way,
While Virgins sigh, the young Men shout, and old Ones
pray.

And with this beauteous Lady you may gain

(This Lady, that alone

greater Value is than any Throne)

Without that Rapine, Guilt, and Hate,

By a calm and even Fate,

at Empire, which they did so short awhile maintain.



T H E

M A N of H O N O U R;

occasioned by a Postscript of P E N N's Letter.

N O T all the Threats or Favour of a Crown,

A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,

can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind.

For him, who to strict Honour is inclin'd.

Though all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait

in publick Places, and Affairs of State,

would fondly court him to be Base and Great;

With even Passions, and with settled Face,

he would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.

Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,

that Church-Magicians in their Cells advise,

and from their settled Basis Nations tear,

he wou'd unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;

Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,

and decently array'd in Honours, fall.

For this, brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumley's* Name

shall stand the foremost in the List of Fame;

Who first with steady Minds the Current broke,

and to the suppliant Monarch boldly spoke;

- Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just
- Have we obey'd the Crown, and serv'd our Trust,
- Espous'd your Cause and Interest in distress,
- Yourself must witness, and our Foes confess !
- Permit us then ill Fortune to accuse,
- That you at last unhappy Councils use,
- And ask the only thing we must refuse.
- Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expose,
- Honour alone, we cannot, must not lose ;
- Honour, that Spark of the celestial Fire,
- That above Nature makes Mankind aspire ;
- Enobles the rude Passions of our Frame,
- With thirst of Glory, and desire of Fame ;
- The richest Treasure of a generous Breast,
- That gives the stamp and standard to the rest.
- Wit, Strength, and Courage, are wild dangerous forces
- Unless this softens and directs their course ;
- And would you rob us of the noblest Part ?
- Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart ?
- 'Tis much beneath the greatness of a Throne,
- To take the Casket when the Jewel's gone ;
- Debauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
- And teach the Nobles to be false and base ;
- What Confidence can you in them repose,
- Who ere they serve you, all their value lose ?
- Who once enslave their Conscience to their Lust,
- Have lost their Reins, and can no more be Just.
- Of Honour, Men at first like Women nice,
- Raise maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice ;
- Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
- And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame :
- But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
- That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live ;
- They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
- Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin ;
- True to no Principles, press forward still,
- And only bound by Appetite their Will :

Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
 But shift with every veering Blast their Sails.
 Mark those that meanly truckle to your Pow'r,
 They once deserted, and chang'd Sides before,
 And would to-morrow *Mahomet* adore.
 On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their Service, and unbought their Love :
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey :
 When the rebellious Foe came rolling on,
 And shook with gath'ring Multitudes the Throne,
 Where were the Minions then ? What Arm, what Force,
 Cou'd they oppose to stop the Torrent's Course ?
 ' Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
 Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood ;
 But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
 With the same Constancy they all resign.
 Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,
 And was the *Phosph'rus* to the dawning Day ;
 Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Host,
 Than any Age, or any Realm can boast :
 So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
 So name were endless, and to praise in vain ;
 But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more ;
 Bold is their Flight, and more sublime they soar :
 So high their Virtue as yet wants a Name,
 Exceeding Wonder, and surpassing Fame :
 O glorious Church, erect thy radiant Head,
 The Storm is past, th' impending Tempest fled :
 Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Disgrace,
 It had not giv'n such Sons so brave a Race :
 When for Destruction Heav'n a Realm designs,
 Thy Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds.
 These Men would prop a sinking Nation's Weight,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse ev'n Fate.
 Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
 Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil ;

In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
Let them excel ; their Mastery we grant.
But to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
With Virtue, which no Dangers can control ;
Exalt the Thought, a speedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend ;
These are the *English* Arts, these we profess,
To be the same in Mis'ry and Success ;
To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the Proud.
Such are our Souls : But what doth Worth avail,
When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale ?
All Merit's light when they dispose the Weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the State ;
Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
And blast that Honesty they cannot use ;
The Strength and Safety of the Crown destroy,
And the King's Pow'r against himself employ ;
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave ;
Bereft of these, he must become their Slave.
Men, like our Money, come the most in Play,
For being base, and of a coarse Allay.
The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
Of native Value, and exactest Mould,
By Worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
For vulgar Use too precious, and too fine ;
Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright,
Coin of base Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Bus'ness of the Nation's Turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn,
So shining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
Whose guilty Actions fly the searching Light ;
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without Pomp, they willingly retire ;
Give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging Sense
Increases the weak Measures of their Prince ;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those Dangers which the others shun :

Who slow to act, each Bus'ness duly weigh,
Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
With Wisdom fatal to their Interest, strive
To make their Monarch lov'd and Nation thrive.
Which have no place where Priests and Women reign,
Who love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

*An Epistle to CHARLES Earl of Dorset,
occasioned by his Majesty's Victory
in Ireland.*

WHAT! shall the King the Nation's Genius raise,
And make us rival our great *Edward's* Day's;
Yet not one Muse, worthy a Conq'r's Name,
Attend his Triumphs, and record his Fame?
Oh, *Dorset*! you alone this Fault can mend,
The Muses Darling, Confident, and Friend;
The Poets are your Charge, and, if unfit,
You should be fin'd to furnish abler Wit:
Oblig'd to quit your Ease, and draw again,
To paint the greatest Hero, the best Pen.
A Hero, who thus early doth out-shine
The ancient Honours of his glorious Line;
And, soaring more sublimely to Renown,
The Mem'ry of their pious Triumphs drown;
Whose Actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,
As Types and Figures of his greater Name.
When Fate some mighty Genius has design'd,
For the Relief, and Wonder of Mankind,
Nature takes Time to answer the Intent,
And climbs, by slow degrees, the steep Ascent:
The toils, and labours with the growing Weight,
And watches carefully the Steps of Fate;
Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,
To set the Hero in a happy Light;

Then,

Then, in a lucky and propitious Hour,
Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.

In *Nassau's* Race she made this long Essay;
Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,
And promis'd, in their Dawn, this brighter Day;
A publick Sp'rit distinguish'd all the Line,
Successive Virtues in each Branch did shine,
'Till this last Glory rose, and crown'd the great Design.
Blest be his Name! and peaceful lie his Grave,
Who durst his native Soil, lost *Holland*, save!
But *Willam's* Genius takes a wider Scope,
And gives the Injur'd, in all Kingdoms, hope;
Born to subdue insulting Tyrant's Rage,
The Ornament, and Terror, of the Age;
The Refuge where afflicted Nations find
Relief from those Oppressors of Mankind,
Whom Laws restrain not, and no Oaths can bind.
Him, their Deliv'rer *Europe* does confess,
All Tongues extol, and all Religions bless;
The *Po*, the *Danube*, *Bartis*, and the *Rhine*,
United in his Praise, their Wonder join;
While, in the publick Cause, he takes the Field,
And shelter'd Nations fight behind his Shield.
His Foes themselves dare not Applause refuse:

And shall such Actions want a faithful Muse?
Poets have this to boast; without their Aid,
The freshest Laurels nipp'd by Malice, fade,
And Virtue to Oblivion is betray'd:
The proudest Honours have a narrow Date,
Unless they vindicate their Names from Fate.

But who is equal to sustain the Part!
Dryden has Numbers, but he wants a Heart;
Injoin'd a Penance, which is too severe
For playing once the Fool, to persevere.
Others, who knew the Trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you stand alone.

How, Sir, can you, or any *English* Muse,
Our Country's Fame, our Monarch's Arms, refuse?

'Tis not my want of Gratitude, but Skill,
 makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
 cannot sing of Conquests, as I ought,
 and my Breath fails to swell a lofty Note.
 know my compass, and my Muse's size,
 she loves to sport and play, but dares not rise;
 she affects, in this familiar way,
 easy Numbers loosely to convey,
 that mutual Friendship wou'd at distance say.
 Poets assume another Tone and Voice,
 when Victory's their Theme, and Arms their Choice,
 to follow Heroes in the chace of Fame,
 seeks force and heat, and Fancy wing'd with flame.
 What Words can paint the royal Warrior's Face?
 What Colours can the Figure boldly raise,
 when cover'd o'er with comely Dust and Smoke,
 he pierc'd the Foe, and thickest Squadrons broke?
 his bleeding Arm, still painful with the Sore,
 which, in his Peoples Cause, the pious Father bore:
 whom, cleaving through the Troops a glorious way,
 at the united Force of *France*, and Hell cou'd stay.
 Oh, *Dorset*! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
 and, if my Strength could answer my Desire,
 speaking paint this Figure should be seen,
 like *Jove* his Grandeur, and like *Mars* his Mien;
 and Gods descending should adorn the Scene.
 See, see! upon the Banks of *Boyne* he stands,
 his own View adjusting his Commands:
 calm and serene the armed Coast surveys,
 and, in cool Thoughts, the different Chances weighs:
 when, fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
 resolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.
 from Wing to Wing the Squadrons bending stand,
 and close their Ranks to meet their King's Command;
 the Drums and Trumpets sleep, the sprightly Noise
 neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
 suspended in Attention, banish far
 all hostile Sounds, and hush the din of War:

The

The silent Troops stretch forth an eager Look,
 List'ning with Joy, while thus their Gen'ral spoke.

- ' Come, Fellow-soldiers, follow me once more,
 ' And fix the Fate of *Europe* on that Shore;
 ' Your Courage only waits from me the Word,
 ' But *England's* Happiness commands my Sword:
 ' In her Defence I ev'ry Part will bear,
 ' The Soldier's Danger, and the Prince's Care,
 ' And envy any Arm an equal Share.
 ' Set all that's dear to Men before your fight;
 ' For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fight;
 ' To save your Wives from Rape, your Towns from Flame;
 ' Redeem your Country sold, and vindicate her Name:
 ' At whose Request and timely Call I rose,
 ' To tempt my fate, and all my Hopes expose;
 ' Struggled with adverse Storms, and winter Seas,
 ' That in my Labours you might find your Ease.
 ' Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,
 ' And write the empty Triumphs of the War;
 ' In lazy Palaces supinely rust;
 ' My Sword shall justify my People's Trust,
 ' For which——But I your Victory delay;
 ' Come on; I and my Genius lead the way.'

He said, new Life and Joy ran through the Host,
 And sense of Danger in their Wonder lost;
 Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
 In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men withstood;
 The King leads on, the King does all inflame,
 The King——and carries Millions in the Name.

As when the swelling Ocean bursts his Bounds,
 And, foaming, overwhelms the neighbouring Grounds,
 The roaring Deluge, rushing headlong on,
 Sweeps Cities in its Course, and bears whole Forests down;
 So on the Foe the firm Batallions press,
 And he, like the tenth Wave, drove on the rest;
 Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through ev'ry Place,
 Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace;
 He hung upon their Rear, or lighten'd in their Face.

Stop!

Stop! stop! brave Prince! allay that gen'rous Flame,
 enough is giv'n to *England*, and to Fame.

Remember, Sir, you in the Center stand,

Europe's divided Int'rests you command,

All their Designs uniting in your Hand:

Down from your Throne descends the golden Chain,

Which does the Fabric of our World sustain;

That once dissolv'd by any fatal Stroke,

The Scheme of all our Happiness is broke.

Stop! stop! brave Prince! Fleets may repair again,

And routed Arms rally on the Plain;

But Ages are requir'd to raise so great a Man!

Fear, how the Waves of *French* Ambition roar,

Midst bounding Bounds, and breaking on the Shore,

Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild destructive Pow'r,

That Strength remov'd; again, again, they flow,

By *Europe* waste, nor Law, nor Limits know.

[faint?

Stop! stop! brave Prince!---What, does your Muse, Sir,

Proceed, pursue his Conquests----faith, I can't:

My Spirits sink, and will no longer bear;

Capture and Fury carry'd me thus far

Transported and amaz'd-----

That Rage once spent, I can no more sustain

Your Flights, your Energies, and tragic Strain,

But fall back to my nat'ral Pace again;

In humble Verse provoking you to Rhime;

I wish there were more *Dorsets* at this time.

Oh! if in *France* this Hero had been born,

What glittering Tinsel wou'd his Acts adorn!

There 'tis immortal Fame, and high Renown,

To steal a Country, and to buy a Town:

Their Triumphs are o'er Kings and Kingdoms sold,

And Captive Virtue led in Chains of Gold.

If Courage cou'd, like Courts, be kept in Pay,

What Sums wou'd *Lewis* give, that *France* might say

That Vict'ry follow'd where he led the Way?

He all his Conquests wou'd for this refund,

And take th' Equivalent, a glorious Wound.

Then,

Then, what Advice, to spread his real Fame,
 Wou'd pass between *Versailles* and *Nôtre-dame*?
 Their Plays, their Songs, wou'd dwell upon his Wound
 And Operas repeat no other Sound;
Boyne wou'd, for Ages, be the Painter's Theme,
 The *Gobelins* labour, and the Poets dream;
 The wounded Arm wou'd furnish all their Rooms,
 And bleed for ever Scarlet in the Looms:
Boileau with this wou'd plume his artful Pen:
 And can your Muse be silent? Think again.

Spare your Advice; and since you have begun,
 Finish your own Design; the Work is done.

Done! nothing's done! nor the dead Colours laid,
 And the most glorious Scenes stand undisplay'd;
 A thousand gen'rous Actions close the Rear;
 A thousand Virtues, still behind, stand crowding to appear.

The Queen herself, the charming Queen shou'd grace
 The noble Piece, and in an artful Place,
 Soften War's Horror with her lovely Face,
 Who can omit the Queen's auspicious Smile,
 The Pride of the Fair Sex, the Goddess of our Isle?
 Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
 Her Fears for him, her Prudence for the State?
 Disguising Cares, she smooch'd her Looks with Grace,
 Doubts in her Heart, and Pleasure in her Face.
 As danger did approach, her Spirits rose,
 And, putting on the King, dismay'd his Foes.
 Now, all in Joy, she gilds the chearful Court;
 In ev'ry Glance descending Angels sport.
 As on the Hills of *Cynthus*, or the Meads
 Of cool *Eurotas*, when *Diana* leads
 The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
 A thousand shining Maids, and form the Dance;
 The stately Goddess with a graceful Pride,
 Sweet and Majestic, does the Figure guide,
 Treading in just and easy Measures round;
 The silver Arrows on her Shoulder sound;

He walks above them all. Such is the Scene
 Of the bright Circle, and the brighter Queen.
 These Subjects do, my Lord, your Skill command,
 These none may touch with an unhallow'd Hand:
 Under the Strokes must be, and nicely writ,
 Disguis'd Encomiums must be hid in Wit,
 Which Modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
 Who made no other Steps to such a Throne,
 As to deserve, and to receive, the Crown.

}

*Written at Althorp, in a blank Leaf of
 WALLER's Poems, upon seeing Van-
 dyke's Picture of the old Lady Sun-
 derland.*

VANDYKE had Colours, Softness, Fire, and Art,
 When the fair *Sunderland* inflam'd his Heart,
 Waller had Numbers, Fancy, Wit, and Fire,
 And *Sacharissa* was his fond Desire.
 Why then at *Althorp* seems her Charms to faint,
 In these sweet Numbers, and that glowing Paint?
 This happy Seat a fairer Mistress warms;
 This shining Offspring has eclips'd her Charms:
 The different Beauties in one Face we find;
 Soft *Amoret* with brightest *Sacharissa* join'd.
 As high as Nature reach'd, their Art could soar,
 But she ne'er made a finish'd Piece before.

Exe

VERSES



VERSES written for the TOASTING
GLASSES of the Kit-cat Club, 1703

Dutcheſs of St. Albans.

THE Line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Luſtre in *St. Albans'* Charms.
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Dutcheſs of Beaufort.

Offspring of a tuneful Sire,
Bleſt with more than mortal Fire:
Likeneſs of a Mother's Race,
Bleſt with more than mortal Grace:
You with double Charms ſurpriſe,
With his Wit, and with her Eyes.

Lady Mary Churchill.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous Race,
Bleſt with your Parents Wit, and her firſt blooming Face
Born with our Liberties in *William's* Reign,
Your Eyes alone that Liberty reſtrain.

Dutcheſs of Richmond.

Of two fair *Richmonds* different Ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighteſt Toaſt;
Th' Adorers Offerings prove who's moſt divine,
They ſacrific'd in Water, we in Wine.

Lady Sunderland.

All Nature's Charms in *Sunderland* appear,
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their Force to Men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle

Mademoiselle Spanheime,

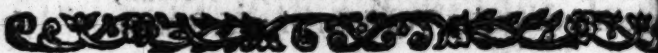
hir'd in *Germany*, ador'd in *France*,
 Charms to brighter Glory here advance;
 Stubborn *Britons* own your Beauty's Claim,
 with their native Toasts enrol your Name.

On the Countess Dowager of * * *

COURAGE, dear *Moll*, and drive away Despair,
Mopsa, who in her Youth, was scarce thought fair,
 of Age, Experience, and Decays,
 up for Charming, in her fading Days:
 As her dim Eyes to give one parting Blow,
 at the Heart of ev'ry ogling Beau!
 A goodly Goose, all feather'd like a Jay,
 gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
 Night, to adorn the Court, did overload
 bald buff Forehead with a high Commodee.
 Steps were manag'd with such tender Art,
 if each Board had been a Lover's Heart.
 All her Air, in ev'ry Glance was seen
 Mixture strange, 'twixt Fifty and Fifteen.
 Mirring Fops about her crowding press;
 And himself delivers their Address,
 which she, accepting with a nice Disdain,
 sends 'em her Subjects, and begins to reign:
 Queen of *Fopland* is her royal Stile;
 And! the greatest Part of this great Isle!
 Nature did ne'er so equally divide
 Female Heart, 'twixt Piety and Pride:
 Waiting-maids prevent the Peep of Day,
 And, all in Order, on her Toilet lay
 y'r-books, Patch-boxes, Sermon-notes and Paint,
 Once t' improve the Sinner and the Saint.

Farewel,

Farewel, Friend *Moll*, expect no more from me,
 But if you would a full Description see,
 You'll find her somewhere in the *Litany*,
 With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocrisy.



On ORPHEUS and SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITTA.

HAIL, tuneful Pair! say, by what wond'rous Charm
 One 'scap'd from Hell, and one from Greber's Arm
 When the soft *Tbracian* touch'd the trembling Strings,
 The Winds were hush'd, and curl'd their airy Wings;
 And when the tawny *Tuscan* rais'd her Strain,
Rook furls his Sails, and dares it on the Main.
 Treaties unfinish'd in the Office sleep,
 And *Shovel* yawns for Orders on the Deep.
 Thus equal Charms and equal Conquests claim;
 To him high Woods and bending Timber came,
 To her, *Strub-hedges*, and tall *Nottingham*.





RAN

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THE

HIND *and the* PANTHER

Transvers'd to the Story of the

Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.

Hind. Pan.

—Nec vult Panthera domari.

Quæ Genus.

Written in Conjunction with Mr. Prior.



H E

THE
HIND AND THE PANTHER

Translated from the story of the

Country-Magistrate and the Country-Doctor.

Translated from the story of the

Country-Magistrate and the Country-Doctor.

Written in Conjunction with Mr. P. W.



P R E F A C E.

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer been Burlesqu'd, and Virgil Travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be made an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Rallery: there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First, as to the general Design, Is it not as easy to imagine two Mice fighting Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining a Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you Son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs and Spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which, for their Aptness, were conforming to the most Judicious, and led the Vulgar into Understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and catching their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and entire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. I never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow, or his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a
Piece

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Piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Duke who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes look'd very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the feathers but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she took from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd the Faith to all Mankind.

What Relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what Notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he was in the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or run in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting Scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the Strain of a Hero, or a Countryman use the Language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther? bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Trappings of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Reader, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing herself on these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his Expressions, there is no need to wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the Terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge is not at all better Sense than Understanding; though 'tis confess'd the Author can play on Words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off on a slight Reading.

There are other Mistakes which could not be brought for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turkish Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, with

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Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis most impossible to think that any Man who had not received his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen: He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Amity; to which he wisely answers, That that magnificent Piece of Duncomb's was translated from the Spanish Rodriguez, and to set it beyond Dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few Mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, at least what he aim'd at; but what Likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as Rhime?

We may have this Comfort under the Severity of his Air, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion; and that he could not be a fit Companion against the Author till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we do not applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him, it seems, to sacrifice his darling Muse, and, to do it effectually, he published this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his Faults, tho' he takes care to inform us that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to rail at the Court, blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? we must now congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not offended.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels, look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and, like a Moor and Almanzor, change sides miserly to keep his Hand in ure.

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This heroic Temper of his, has created him some Enemies that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may object this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion a Subject of such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concerned but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.





THE
HIND *and the* PANTHER,
transvers'd to the Story of *The Country*
and the City Mouse.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky Chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Sword's Point, for if you are not *come over to the* loyal Party, *I expect neither fair War, nor fair Quarter* from you.

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my Conscience my Intentions are honourable.

Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the *Marks* of your Conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, gad I may be *knocks down* for all your Promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany thou been about, that thou'rt under these Apprehensions upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou look'st sneaking and frighted, as a Dog that has been worry'd Sheep.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, *The Nation is in too high a Ferment* me to expect any Mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who know never trouble our Heads with national Concerns till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this Prophaneness, I alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this talk now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a Man of Parts, I desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations of the Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant—*Good Life be now my Task.*

Johns. Nay faith, we won't part so; believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for a quarter of an Hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your Pallage you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *Senses* must be starved that the Soul may be gratified. Men of your Kind make the *Senses* the *supreme Judge*, and therefore bring 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both Sides? You make the Separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat rosy-colour'd
 fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect
 Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face
 of a Heretick as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I
 ere long I shall have drawn this pamper'd Paunch
 for the strait Gate.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill Hands, your Con-
 version gives you more severe Rules than he practises;
 not long ago a fat Friar was thought a true
 character.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess
 I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but
 as you have put me upon that Subject, I'll show you
 what I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or
 I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thyself again. Here's
 the King's Health to thee——Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold
 to lay, the exactest Piece the World ever saw, a *Non
 Grillo* I faith. But I must bespeak your Pardons if it
 reflects any thing upon your Persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no
 poets.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reforma-
 tion* on its Back, I'gad, and justify our Religion by way
 of Fable.

Johns. An apt Contrivance indeed! what do you
 make a Fable of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread
 no Man's Steps; and to show you how far I can out-
 do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have
 taken *Horace's* Design, but I'gad, have so out-done
 him, you shall be asham'd for your old Friend. You
 remember in him the Story of the Country-Mouse, and
 the City-Mouse; what a plain simple thing it is, it has

no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common sense so like mere *Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten* and *elevate* a *Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quelling *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Ass* a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to a dry naked Story, I have more Copiousness than that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for two Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't you do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not Great and Heroic but come, you'll understand it better when you hear and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

*A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without, unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for she knew no Ginn.*

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, soft Cheese is a too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there Necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Heaven* for some *Celestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by and could not readily find it in the *Original*.

Yet bad She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkins Paws
Him'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly,
Tho' She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to die.

Smith. How came She that fear'd no Danger in the
one before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it chas'd if you will;
I hope a Man may run away without being afraid;
Mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; How was she doom'd
Death, if she was fated not to die; are not doom and
fate, much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, Gentlemen, if you question my Skill in
the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the Rogues
the Criticks, that will allow me nothing else, give me
that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I
meant by it: I assure you, doom'd and fated, are quite
different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were doom'd to be
hang'd, whatever you were fated to, 'twould give you
but small comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your Head with that, Mr.
Smith, mind the Business in hand.

Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsey Line,
Was Hero's make, half Human, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly these Heroes, half Human, half Di-
vine, have very little of the Mouse their Mother.

Bayes. Gadsokers! Mr. Johnson, does your Friend
think I mean nothing but a Mouse, by all this? I tell
thee, Man, I mean a Church, and these young Gentle-
men her Sons, signify Priests, Martyrs, and Confessors,
that were hang'd in Oats's Plot. There's an excellent
Latin Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, San-
ctus Martyrum semen Ecclesiae, and I think I have not
wrong'd it in the Translation.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.*

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred Brood was creased?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the Mouse again; but I hope a Church may be alone, tho' the Members increased, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly, Mr. Bayes, a Church which a diffusive Body of Men, can much less be said to alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take from me, Mr. Johnson, you are wrong; however oblige you, I'll clap in some Simile or other, about Children of Israel, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more, Bayes? What could the Mouse (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than range in the Kingdoms, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why she reign'd; had a Diadem, Scepter and Ball, 'till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so increas'd, she may t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so she may before I have done with her; it has cost me some Pains to clear her Title. Well but Mum for that, Mr. Smith.

*The common Hunt, she timorously past by,
For they made tame, disdain'd her Company;
They grin'd, she in a fright tript o'er the Green,
For she was lov'd, wherever she was seen.*

Johns. Well said, little Bayes, I'faith the Critick may have a great deal of Leisure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him, who e'er he is, of solido; but I go on.

The Independent Beast——

Smith. Who is that Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why, a Bear: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

—— in Groans her Hate express.

Which I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, a Bull, for ought I know.

Bayes. A Bull! O Lord! A Bull! no, no, a Hare, a quaking Hare.—*Armarillis*, because she wears *Armour*, the same Figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no Man knows how to pun in *Heroicks* but myself. Well, you shall hear.

She thought, 'and Reason good, the quaking Hare:
Her cruel Foe, because she would not swear,
And had profess'd neutrality.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. Bayes; but what were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lion's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty Pages after, 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next her, the buffoon Ape his Body bent,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Compliment.

That galls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off;
I were cudgel'd every Day for it.

The bristl'd Baptist Boar, impure as he.

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the Courtier, let 'em e'en take it as they please, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Was whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity.
The Wolf with Belly gaunt his rough Crest rears,
And pricks up. — Now in one Word will I abuse
whole Party most damnably — and pricks up. — I gad
am sure you'll laugh — his predestinating Ears. *Pricks*
Mr. Johnson, remember little Bayes, when next you
a Presbyterian, and take notice if he has not Predesti-
tion in the shape of his Ear: I have studied Men so long
I'll undertake to know an Arminian, by the setting
his Wig.

His predestinating Ears. *I gad there's ne'er a P-*
byterian shall dare to show his Head without a Bonnet
I'll put 'em to that Expence.

Smith. Pray, *Mr. Bayes*, if any of 'em should come
over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, *I gad*, they would alter
their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd
as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman*
mine are much chang'd for the better within these
Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance to
you might lose 'em, for *what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind —

These fiery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred.

Smith. Those I suppose are some out-landish Beasts
Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they were
chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad Company
because they were Enemies to my *Mouse*, and as
when I am warm'd, *I gad* you shall hear me call
Doctors, Captains, Horses and Horsemen in the very
Breath. You shall hear how I go on now,

Or else reforming *Korab* spawn'd this *Class*,
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

Johns. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, They were all lost there, but some of
were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a
holick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and rose again
Queenhitb.

*The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.*

re I put a Query, Whether there were any *Socinians*
fore the *Flood*, which I'm not very well satisfied in ?
have been lately apt to believe that the World was
own'd for that *Heresy*; which among Friends made
leave it.

*Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed.*

ow to write something new and out of the way, to
vate and surprise, and all that, I fetch, you see this
ickning *Fire* from the Bottom of *Bogs* and *Rivers*.

Johns. Why, faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance
the *Virtuoso's* making a *Burning-Glass* of *Ice*.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing ? Let me
wish if ever I heard of it. The *Fancy* was sheer new
me ; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd those *Ele-*
ments but myself. Well Gentlemen ! Thus far I have
llowed *Antiquity*, and as *Homer* has number'd his
ips, so I have rang'd my *Beasts*. Here is my *Boar*
d my *Bear*, and my *Fox* and my *Wolf*, and the rest
'em all against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you
ink I do with all these ?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em
ht.

Bayes. Fight ! I'gad I'd as soon make 'em Dance.
o, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all,
gad : I think they have play'd their Parts sufficiently
eady ; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the
Company,

Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now when you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blows and Battles, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such Expence in setting forth their Characters, it has been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad so it had : And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first Part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that ; and then I'gad sink by degrees, 'till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep servilish after the old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers, I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em ; but I'gad, I won't.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes* ! there's no Body doubts that ; you have a most particular Genius that way.

Bayes. Oh ! dear Sir, you are mighty obliging : But I must needs say, at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little Thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot* ?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-House.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning ; I was the other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature ; and I'gad, the Hint was taken, and out came that Picture ; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket ; would you please to accept it, Mr. *Johnson* ?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord ! nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about

at me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go
to *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang
they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Inven-
tion. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Busi-
ness, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a
Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a
Wife, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an
Anvil to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I
was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Per-
secution*, and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occa-
sion to rail at the *French King*, and show that he was
not of the same Make with other Men, which thus I
saw.

The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,

Yawning and lolling *with a careless beat,*

Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

But he work'd hard to hammer out our Souls,

He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the Coals;

Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden

Knead up *with unskim'd Milk* this Reas'ning Pudding:

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay,

Confessing still the softness of its Clay,

And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day. }

'Till *Pride of Empire, Lust,* and hot Desire

Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,

And understanding grown, *misunderstood,*

Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and four'd his curdled Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little profane, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his God
 Vulcan working at the Anvil?

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hands the
 fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why, do you imagin Him an earthly dirty
 Blacksmith? 'Gad you make it profane indeed. I'll
 tell

tell you, there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I gues
as betwixt my Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen
the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouse, the
City Mouse.

A *spotted* Mouse, the prettiest next the White,
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread,
Crozier in Hand, and *Miter* on her Head.
Three Steeples Argent on her *Sable Shield*.
Liv'd in the City, and disdain'd the Field.

Johns. This is a glorious Mouse indeed! but, as you
have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be *Jesuit*
Papist or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for that
you take it right. She is a mere *Babel of Religions*, and
therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* here, and will be a *Mouse*
presently. But to go on.

This Princess —

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why this Mouse, for I forgot to tell you,
Old Lion made a *left-hand Marriage* with her Mother
and begot on her Body *Elizabeth Schism*, who was mar-
ried to *Timothy Sacrilege*, and had Issue *Grateless Heresy*.
Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, *Three*
Steeple Argent, as I told you before.

This *Princess*, tho' *estrang'd* from what was best,
Was least *Deform'd*, because *Reform'd* the least.

There's *De* and *Re* as good I gad as ever was.

She in a *Masquerade* of *Mirth* and *Lowe*,
Mistook the *Bliss* of *Heaven* for *Bacchanals* above,
And grub'd the *Thorns* beneath our tender Feet,
To make the *Paths* of *Paradise* more sweet.

There's a jolly Mouse for you, let me see any body else
that can shew you such another. Here now have I one
damna

the PANTHER Transvers'd. 255

unable severe, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime
it; can you help me, Mr. *Johnson*?

She——

Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,
Which is too narrow Infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of your
friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring
myself off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel
on a whole Party, sheer Point and Satire all through,
I gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I
could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that
must needs say. Now it happen'd before I could
finish this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and
those People were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge
now: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends?
'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this:
but what do me I, but write a smooth delicate Preface,
wherein I tell them that *the Satire was not intended to*
them, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against
whom it was writ, certainly it had no Meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools,
they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em
damnable I gad.

Smith. Why faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Con-
trivance in the *Preface to Dear Joys Jest*s.

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from
such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad,
I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr.
Smith, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound *Precepts*,
in

in the *delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Evening, when she went away from Court,
Levee's and Couches's past without resort.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a V
so fine a Turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couches's*
Mouse are too great, especially when she is walking
Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told y
that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the
Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose fearful Face
Beheld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durst approach——

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this Mouse is strange
alter'd, since she fear'd no Danger.

Bayes. Godsokers! Why no more she does not y
fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature, she
afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you
by this.

Nor durst approach, 'till with an awful Roar
The Sovereign Lion had her fear no more.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told y
she fear'd no Danger; and I'gad if you will have no v
riation of the Character, you must have the same thi
over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to stri
you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,

Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly Hew!

Now to show you I am Master of all Stiles, I let
 self down from the Majesty of Virgil, to the Sweetness
 of Ovid.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly Hew!

That more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for the
 Mice: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find
 me yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewn
 as Milton, that a Man must sweat to read him;
 and you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' immortal Mouse, who saw the Viceroy come
 so far to see her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the Spotted Mouse, the
 Mith. But pray why d'ye call her so?

Why! Because it sounds prettily: I'll call her
 Crown-General presently, if I've a mind to it. Well.

— — did invite her Home

To smoke a Pipe, and o'er a sober Pot

Discourse of Oates and Bedloe, and the Plot.

She made a Curt'sy, like a civil Dame,

And, being much a Gentlewoman, came.

All, Gentlemen, here's my first Part finish'd, and I

ask I have kept my Word with you, and given it the

stick Turn of Heroick Poetry. The rest being matter of

state, I had not such frequent occasion for the magni-

fice of Verse, tho' I gad they speak very well. And I

heard Men, and considerable Men too, talk the very

Things, a great deal worse.

Johns.

Johns. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no small Advantage from the smoothness of your Numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: though you may not think I have been so dull as to mind these things myself, but 'tis the Advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that for their Talk one may write a very good *polemical* Discourse, without ever troubling ones Head with the Bores of Controversy. For I can take the slightest of the Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed your knotty Reasonings, with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my Stile; but 'i gad I can flourish better with one of the twinkling Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I have brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm mistaken and pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the Delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouse, and in the other all the plain Simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Dame. said the Lady of the spotted Muff,
Methinks your Tiff is sour, your Cates mere Stuff.

There did not I tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoke:
And the Weed worse than e'er Tom I--s took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a spotted Muff before.

Bayes. Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a spotted Muff. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (* she's earnest you see) this hoary Shed
In lonely Hills,

And eat with me at Groleau's, smoke at Will's.

* *Poeta loquitur.*

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may regale himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Rbenish* go;
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the
anity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at
those good Houses, though perhaps he ne'er was in
m. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head ourselves we'll treat,
Champaign our Liquor, and *Ragoûs* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to Court, dear *Cuz*,
To visit *Bishop Martin* and *King Bux*.
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the Park,
Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors
Of *English Manufactures*—*Pimps*, and *Whores*.

Johns. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd sort
of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not
to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of
Trade at home.

With these Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Profelyte*.
Ob! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.

Now would not you think she's going? but I 'gad,
you're mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument about
Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

But here the *White*, by *Observation*, wise,
Who long on *Heav'n* had fix'd her prying Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.

Let

Left therefore we should stray, and not go right,
 Through the *brown Horror* of the starless Night.
 Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*?
Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
 That I deny, said the immortal Dame,
 There is a Guide——Gad I've forgot his Name,
 Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord knows where
 Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
 But hark you, Sister, this is but a Whim;
 For still we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Here you see I don't trouble myself to keep on
 Narration, but write *White speaks*, or *Dapple speaks*
 the side. But when I get any noble Thought which
 envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my
 Person with a *Poeta loquitur*; which, take notice, is
 surer sign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Ha
 in the Margin any where else. Well now says *White*,

What need we find him? we have certain Proof
 That he is somewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough:
 For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
 Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I 'gad: Well said, *White*. You see
 Adversary has nothing to say for herself, and therefore
 confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

Smith, Why then I find Similes are as good after
 Victory, as after a Surprise.

Bayes. Every Jot, I 'gad, or rather better. We
 she can do it two ways either about *Emission* or *Reception*
 of Light, or else about *Epsom-Waters*, but I think the
 last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the School,
 If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*.

the PANTHER Transfers'd. 261

Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
From this Dissension that they work by neither.

And I 'gad, she's in the right on't; but mind now,
comes upon her swop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I 'gad, if they had been never so good, this next
confutes 'em.

Hear and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.*

There's a Surprise for you now! How sneakingly
her looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her
for a *Guide* first, and then tell her she was one? Who
had thought that this little *Moufe* had the *Pope*
and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now *Dapple*
nothing to say to this; and therefore you'll see she
is peevish.

Come leave your cracking Tricks, and as they say,
Use not, that Barber that trims Time, Delay,

which, I 'gad, is new, and my own,

I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, *and since an Hour of Talk*

Might cut a Banter *on the tedious Walk*;

As I remember said the sober Moufe,

I've heard much Talk of the *Wits Coffee-House*.

Thither, said *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see

Priests sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;

Here rugged *Freeze*, there *Quality* well dress'd,

These baffling the *Grand-Seignior*; those the *Test*.

And hear shrewd *Guesses* made, and *Reasons* giv'n,

That humane *Laws* were never made in *Heav'n*.

But above all, what shall oblige thy Sight,

And fill thy *Eye-balls* with a vast Delight;

Is the *Poetic Judge* of sacred *Wit*,

Who does i'th' *Darkness* of his *Glory* sit.

And

*And as the Moon who first receives the Light,
With which she makes these nether Regions bright;
So does he shine, reflecting from afar,
The Rays he borrow'd from a better Star:*
For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does dispense,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd Offence,
To question his, or trust your private Sense.

Hah! is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? Gad for me he is fast asleep! Oh the damn'd Stupidity of Age! asleep! Well, Sir, since you're so drowsy, your humble Servant.

Johns. Nay, pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you the while. *The white Mouse*.

Bayes. The white Mouse! ay, ay, I thought how I heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

Johns. Nay, dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon was up late last Night; pr'ythee lend me a little Sleep and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, when I'll begin here; mind, now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Picadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back;
And slipping through the *Pallgrave*, bilkt poor *H*

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poets
Many a young *Templar* will save his Shilling by
Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any young *Templar* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I 'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the Devil, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of *Clergy kind*, or Counsellor *Chough* was there;

Mr. Dove, a Pigeon of Renown,
 By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known,
 Or Sister Partlet, with the hooded Head;
 No, Sir. She's hooded bente, said Will, and fled.
 Why so? Because she would not pray a-bed.

Johnson. Aside. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at such
 a time? Pray, Mr. Bayes, lend me your Box again.
 Bayes. Mr. Johnson, How d'ye like that Box? Pray
 take notice of it, 'twas given me by a Person of Honour
 looking over a Paper of Verses; and indeed I put
 all the Lines that were worth any thing in the whole
 in. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they
 were just going up Stairs into the Apollo; from whence
 White takes occasion to talk very well of Tradition.

Thus to the Place where Johnson sat we climb,
 Leaning on the same Rail that guided him;
 And whilst we thus on equal Helps rely,
 Our Wit must be as true, our Thoughts as high.
 For as an Author happily compares
 Tradition to a well-fix'd Pair of Stairs,
 So this the Scala Sancta we believe,
 By which his Traditive Genius we receive.
 Thus every Step I take my Spirirts soar,
 And I grow more a Wit, and more, and more.

There's Humour! Is not that the liveliest Image in
 the World of a Mouse's going up a Pair of Stairs.
 A Wit, and more and more?

Smith. Mr. Bayes, I beg your Pardon heartily, I
 must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this
 time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godsokers! Sure you won't serve me so;
 my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet to
 come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary
 concern I could not leave you.

Bayes.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more; here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, cept to make your's the longest *Fable* that ever told.

Bayes. Why, the Excellence of a *Fable* is in Length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry Matter at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble sign. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; after you are satisfied with Beasts in the first Cow serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second now I was at all this Pains to abuse one particular Person; for I'gad I'll tell you what a Trick he serv'd I was once translating a very good *French Author*, being something long about it, as you know a Man not always in the Humour; what does this *Jack* but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had finished the Translation: So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have Revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, lusty Fellow*, of a *brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a fluent Tongue, taking amongst the Women*; and to top it all, that he is much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in Name as will make you split. I call him — I'gad I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit*——

Bayes. Right; and his Name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha!

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly contrive him this, to beg

With the same Letter : There's a pretty Device, Mr. Johnson ; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's amiable ; and if you could but get a knot of merry fellows together, you should see how *little Bayes* would up 'em all at it, I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. Bayes, I must see you, I am half an Hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-Nest ; and here's three Hundred more, translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars* of *Moscow*, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it, for in it I have occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had any *Scripture* at all.

Where that *Gazette* was printed said the *White*,
Our *Robin* told another Story quite ;
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.
Words I confess bound by, and trip so light,
We have not time to take a steady Sight ;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
To long Examination they submit.

Hard things — Mr. Smith, if these two Lines don't
compense your Stay, ne'er trust *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,
God mends on *second Thoughts*, but Man grows dull.

I'gad I judge of all Men by myself, 'tis so with me, never strove to be very exact in any thing but I spoil'd

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general Reflections are daring, and favour most of a noble Genius that spares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

Johns. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for daring of your noble Genius?

Bayes. Afraid! Why, *Lord*, you make so much a Beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er balk my Fancy to save a Carcase. Well, but we must dispatch, *Mr. Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all Day,
And, like the gaudy Fly, their Wings display;
And sip the Sweets, and bask in great Apollo's Ray.

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and *Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But here follows a Dispute to recommend itself, I'll say nothing for it. For *Daphne*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Way upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that has not one Word to say for herself, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrah, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unline.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! says *Whit*,
What is approv'd by them, must needs be right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Deference, which
Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* Consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up to the
lips, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapple* resents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes?
Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?
And palms upon us *Catholic* Consent,
To give *sophisticated* Brewings vent.
Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can sway,
If you must argue thus and not obey?
Drawers must be trusted, through whose Hands con-
vey'd,

You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the Trade.
For sure those *honest* Fellows have no knack,
Of putting off *stum'd* *Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the poor Vintner last,
If all that drink must judge, and every Guest
Be allowed to have an understanding Taste?
Thus she: Nor could the Panther well enlarge,
With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted,
Which is such a Blot to the Reformation, as I warrant
they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a weary Yawn that shew'd her Pride,
Said, *Spotless* was a Villain, and she lied.
White saw her canker'd Malice at that Word,
And said her Prayers, and drew her *Delphic* Sword.
To other cry'd Murder, and her Rage restrain'd:
And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
But now alas—

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*, ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows is engaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad mischance these pretty things beset
These Birds of Beasts—

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: and a *Beast* is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning Mice,
 Were separated, banish'd in a trice.
 Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ah, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad, Gentleman, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you. But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarm'd by this Noise,
 Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
 And speaking to the *Watch*, with Head aside,
 Said, *desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd*.
 These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
 Can ne'er enjoy at once the *Butt and Peace*.
 When each have separate Interests of their own,
 Two Mice are one too many for a Town.
 By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore, Brother,
 Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.
 Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
 Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow,
 Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us to know.
 But the immortal *Matron*, spotless *White*,
 Forgetting *Dapple's* Rudeness, Malice, Spite,
 Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said, *Good Night*.

the PANTHER Transfers'd. 269

Smith, *Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this Mause,*
Wich Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Au-
thor, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*,
and she asleep too, I gad.—

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such haste? You han't
told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extremely well. Here, Drawer.



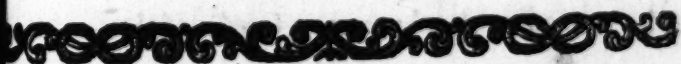
THE
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THE
WORKS
OF
Sir SAMUEL GARTH.



N 4

THE
DISPENSARY.
A
POEM
IN
SIX CANTO'S.

—*Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*
Hor. de Arte Poet.

N 5

TO



AN



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T O

ANTHONY HENLEY, *Esq;*



MAN of your Character can no more prevent a Dedication, than he would encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceal'd.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, shou'd be but Justice, and to tell you so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratify one good Quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The World generally measures our esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expression; but when they reflect on your Readiness to do good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your Pain to hear it own'd; they will conclude that

DEDICATION.

that Acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a Person, who even seems to receive the Obligations he confers.

But tho' I should persuade myself to be silent upon all Occasions; those more polite Arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Restorers; Insomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting speaks, Music ravishes; and as you help to refine our Taste you distinguish your own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself. But you are resolved to forget to be a Critic by remembering you are a Friend. To say more, wou'd be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble Servant.

T H E
P R E F A C E.



SINCE this following Poem in a manner stole into the World, I cou'd not be surpris'd to find it uncorrect: tho' I can no more say I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the Publisher's Precipitation in doing it: for the hurry in the Execution, generally produces a leisurely Reflexion; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofttest. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: and if I could but say the same of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Justification against the Cavills of some serious Critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

Their grand Objection is, that the fury *Disease* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of present Writers: but tho' I had the authority of some *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the Design; yet that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent, or hard, I started this Objection myself, to a Gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of Criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the Conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a *Fury* as well as *Envy*: she is imagin'd to be forced by an incantation from her Recess; and to be revenged on the Exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several Persons eminent in an Accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor

P R E F A C E.

Nor is the Compliment less to any great Genius mentioned there; since a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forced to confess how happy they've all succeeded.

Their next Objection is, that I have imitated the *Latin* of Monsieur *Boileau*. I must own I am proud of the Imputation; unless their Quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the complaint of *Mole* Canto II. and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which Line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material Objections I have heard of, and shall tell these Gentlemen, that for every Fault they pretend to find in this Poem, I'll undertake to shew them two. One of these curious Persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the Conclusion of it; but I suppose 'tis upon no other reason, but because 'tis the Conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an Amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its Pursuit is painful, and its Possession unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, 'till finding the Animosities among the Members of the College of Physicians increasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent Exhortations of our worthy President to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected Members into a sense of their Duty who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of Union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the observance of the Statutes by a Bond, which some of them would not comply with, tho' none of them had refused the Ceremony of the customary Oath; like some

P R E F A C E

that will trust their Wives with any body, but their Money with none. I was sorry to find there could be no Constitution that was not to be cur'd without Poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful Method than Reason and Persuasion.

The original of this Difference has been of some standing, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Excess, 'till the time of erecting the Dispensary, being an Apartment in the College, set up for the Relief of the sick Poor, and managed ever since with an Integrity and Disinterest, suitable to so charitable a Design.

If any Person would be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of so pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatise, set forth by the authority of the President and Censors, in the Year 97. 'Tis called, *A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the sick Poor.* The Reader may there not only be informed of the Rise and Progress of this so public an Undertaking, but also of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most ancient Members of the Society, notwithstanding the vigorous Opposition of a few Men, who thought it their Interest to defeat so laudable a Design.

The intention of this Preface is not to persuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censured of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the honour to be a Member of. If the Satire may appear directed at any particular Person, 'tis at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, against the Dignity of their own Profession. But if there be no such, then these Characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no body offence.

The description of the Battle is grounded upon a Feud that happened in the Dispensary, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and some of the Servants that attended there to dispense the Medicines; and is so far real, tho' the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope

no

P R E F A C E.

no body will think the Author too undecently reflected thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself ought to be less severe upon the Miscarriages of others. There is a Character in this trivial Performance, which the Town, I find, applies to a particular Person: 'tis Reflection which I should be sorry should give offence being no more than what may be said of any Physician remarkable for much Practice. The killing of numbers of Patients is so trite a piece of Rallery, that it ought not to make the least Impression, either upon the Reader, or the Person 'tis apply'd to; being one that I think in my Conscience a very able Physician, as well as a Gentleman of extraordinary Learning. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader: but some worthy Gentlemen, remarkable for their Humanity as their extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess, those ingenious Gentlemen have done me great honour; but while they design an imaginary Panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves; and by saying how much this small Performance exceeds some others, they convince the World how far it falls short of theirs.



Copy of an Instrument subscribed by the President, Censor, most of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Physicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

WHEREAS the several Orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing Medicines gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities of London and Westminster, and Parts adjacent, as also Proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of London in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been in full effect, for that no Method hath been taken to furnish the Poor with Medicines for their Cure at low and reasonable Rates; we therefore whose Names are here underwritten, Fellows and Members of the said College, being well knowing and effectually to promote so great a Charity, by the Counsel and good Liking of the President and College determined in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the Sum of Ten Pounds apiece of lawful Money of England, by such Proportions, and at such Times, as the Major Part of the Subscribers here shall seem most convenient: Which Money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicines to the Poor at their intrinsic Value, in such Manner, and at such Times, and by such Orders and Directions, as by the Major Part of the Subscribers hereto shall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose. In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this Twenty-second Day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Preses.

Sam. Collins, Elect.

Tho. Burwell, Elect. and
Censor.

Edw. Browne, Elect.

Rich.

Rich. Torlefs, <i>Elect. and</i>	Oliver Horseman.
<i>Censor.</i>	Rich. Morton, <i>Jur.</i>
Edw. Hulse, <i>Elect.</i>	David Hamilton.
Tho. Gill, <i>Censor.</i>	Hen. Morelli.
Will. Dawes, <i>Censor.</i>	Walter Harris.
Jn. Hutton.	William Briggs.
Rob. Brady.	Th. Colladon.
Hans Sloane.	Martin Lister.
Rich. Morton.	Jo. Colbatch.
John Hawys.	Bernard Connor.
Ch. Harel.	W. Cockburn.
Rich. Robinson;	J. le Feure.
John Bateman.	P. Sylvestre.
Walter Mills.	Cha. Morton.
Dan. Coxe.	Walter Charlton.
Henry Sampson.	Phineas Fowke.
Thomas Gibson.	Tho. Alvery.
Charles Goodall.	Rob. Gray.
Edm. King.	John Wright.
Sam. Garth.	James Drake.
Barnh. Soame.	Sam. Morris.
Denton Nicholas.	John Woodward.
Joseph Gaylard.	----- Norris.
John Woollaston.	George Colebrook.
Steph. Hunt.	Gideon Harvey.

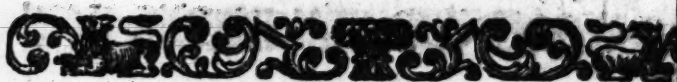
The Design of printing the Subscribers Names, is shew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by five or six Members, as those that oppose it would justly insinuate.



To Dr. G--T H, upon the *Dispensary*.

O H that some Genius, whose Poëtick Vein
 Like M---gue's cou'd a just Piece sustain,
 Shou'd search the Grecian and the Latin Store,
 And thence present thee with the purest Ore:
 Lasting Numbers praise thy whole Design,
 And manly Beauty of each nervous Line:
 How how your pointed Satire's Sterling Wit,
 Has only Knaves or formal Blockheads hit;
 Tho're gravely Dull, insipidly Serene,
 And carry all their Wisdom in their Mien,
 Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their Disguise,
 None will again admire, most will despise.
 How in what noble Verse Nassau you sing,
 How such a Poet's worthy such a King.
 When S---r's charming Eloquence you praise,
 How loftily your tuneful Voice you raise!
 But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
 To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
 Artists alone shou'd venture to commend
 What D---s can't condemn, nor D---n mend:
 What must, writ with that Fire and with that Ease,
 The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks please.

C. BOYLE.

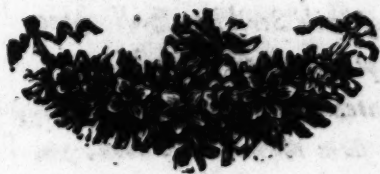


To my Friend the AUTHOR, desir
my Opinion of his POEM.

ASK me not, Friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a Lover's Eye;
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.
Critics and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules what they want Force to taste.
I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.
The Nymph has G----n's, C----p's, C----'s Charms,
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms,
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.
Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine,
Some secret Magic works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not but we feel the Pow'r Divine.
Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air.
Lost in our Pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, S-----d, M-----gue:
And yet 'tis thought, some Critics in this Town,
By Rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will damn thy Verse, and justify their own.
Why let them damn: Were it not wondrous hard
Facetious M----- and the City B-----
So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to judge, as well as kill?

let them write; Let them their Forces join,
 hope the motly Piece may rival thine.
 despise their Malice, and their Toil,
 vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile;
 thy gen'rous Pride to please the best,
 Judgment, and whose Friendship is a Test.
 learned H---- thy healing Cares be join'd.
 thoughtful R-----e to his inmost Mind:
 restore your Arts, and save Mankind.
 all the busy M-----ls of the Town
 our Health, and pine away their own.
 ne'er thou would'st a Tempting Muse engage,
 vicious W-----h can best direct her Rage.
 s, and to D-----t too submit,
 let their Stamp immortalize thy Wit.
 senting Phoebus bows, if they approve,
 ranks thee with the foremost Bards above:
 st these of Right the deathless Laurel send,
 my humble Business to Commend
 faithful, honest Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

Chr. Codrington.





To my Friend Dr. G--TH, the Author
of the *Dispensary*.

TO praise your healing Art would be in vain;
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling Rays of your poetic Fire:
Which its diffusive Virtue does dispense,
In flowing Verse, and elevated Sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse,
Which Poetasters every where rehearse;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taste,
And gather up th' Applause they threw in waste.
The Play-House shan't encourage false Sublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhyme.

The Satire of wile Scriblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe:
While yours condemns the Gall of vulgar Spite;
And when you seem to Smile the most, you Bite.

THO. CHIL



to my FRIEND, upon the *Dispensary*.

When the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
And and reviv'd, They see the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night.

Thus we, who lately, as of Summer's Heat,
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;
And fear'd, Apollo wou'd return no more
From warmer Climes to an ungrateful Shore.
But you, the Fav'rite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Lustre shine;
The Night have chang'd into a glorious Day;
And reach'd Perfection in your first Essay:
The young Eagle that his Force would try,
To reach the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.

Others proceed to Art by slow Degrees,
And upward at first, at length they faintly please.
And still whate'er their first Efforts produce,
Is an Abortive, or an Infant Muse.
But yours, like Pallas, from the Head of Jove,
Came out full grown, with noblest Pace to move.
What ancient Poets to their Subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
We found it Little, but have made it Great,
We could Describe, but you alone Create.

Now

*Now let your Muse rise with expanded Wings,
 To sing the Fate of Empires and of Kings;
 Great WILLIAM's Victories she'll next rehearse,
 And raise a Trophy of immortal Verse:
 Thus to your Art proportion the Design,
 And mighty Things with mighty Numbers join,
 A second Namure, or a future Boyne.*

H. BLOW



T H

Vo



THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.



PEAK, Goddess! since 'tis thou that best
canst tell,
How ancient Leagues to modern Dis-
cord fell;
And why Physicians were so cautious
grown
Of others Lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a Journey to the *Elysian* Plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that most celebrated Place,
Where angry ¹ Justice shews her awful Face;
Where little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State;
Where stands a ² Dome, majestick to the Sight,
And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the distant Sight, a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the pious Patron's Aim,
rais'd for a Use as noble as its Frame;

¹ Old Baily.

² College of Physicians.

Nor did the learn'd Society decline
 The Propagation of that great Design;
 In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
 And as she disappear'd, ³ their Search pursu'd.
 Wrapt in the Shade of Night the Goddess lies,
 Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Disguise,
 But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
 Of infant Atoms kindling into Life;
 How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
 And slender trains of twisting Fibres makes;
 And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,
 By just degrees to harden into Bone;
 While the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return;
 How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamps arise,
 And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;
 How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
 To stoke a sev'rish Heat with ambient Show'rs;
 Whence, their mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim;
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
 How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain.
 Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
 And floods of Chyle in silver Currents run;
 How the dim Speck of Entity began
 T'extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man;
 To how minute an Origin we owe
 Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*, and the great *Nassau*;
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame;
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes;
 All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronius*, Fire,
 Why *Southwell* rages to survive Desire.

3

they still pursu'd.

They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
 Here's she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

When

ence *Milo's* Vigour at th' Olympick's shown,
 ence Tropes to *Finch*, or Impudence to *Sloane* 4;
 Matter, by the vary'd shape of Pores,
 Idiots Frames, or solemn Senators.
 Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
 w Body acts upon impassive Mind:
 w Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
 Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:
 y our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
 d how the Passions in the Features are:
 w Touch and Harmony arise between
 poreal Figure, and a Form unseen:
 w quick their Faculties the Limbs fulfil,
 d act at ev'ry Summons of the Will.
 th mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,
 ich in the Womb of distant Causes lie.
 ut now no grand Enquiries are descry'd,
 an Faction reigns, where Knowledge shou'd preside, }
 ds are increas'd, and Learning laid aside.
 s Synods oft, Concern for Faith conceal,
 d for important Nothings show a Zeal:
 e drooping Sciences neglected pine,
 d *Pæan's* Beams with fading Lustre shine.
 Readers here with hectic Looks are found,
 w Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching, drown'd:
 e lonely Edifice in Sweats complains
 at nothing there but sullen Silence reigns.
 This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,
 e God of Sloth for his Asylum chose;
 on a Couch of Down in these Abodes,
 pine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods;
 ulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease,
 th murmurs of soft Rills, and whispering Trees;
 e Poppy and each numbing Plant dispense
 eir drowzy Virtue, and dull Indolence;

*W*hy Atticus polite, Brutus severe,

*W*hy Mothwin muddy, Montagu why clear.

No Passions interrupt his easy Reign,
 No Problems puzzle his lethargic Brain,
 But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
 And lazy Fogs hang ling'ring o'er his Head.

As at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay
 Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away :
 A spiteful Noise his downy Chains unties,
 Hastes forward, and increases at it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn Flint engage,
 'Till urg'd by Blows, it sparkles into Rage :
 Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move ;
 These Furnaces erect, and those approve.
 Here Phials in nice discipline are set,
 There Gallipots are rang'd in Alphabet.
 In this Place, magazines of Pills you spy ;
 In that, like Forage, Herbs in Bundles lie ;
 While lifted Pestles, brandish'd in the Air
 Descend in Peals, and civil Wars declare.
 Loud Strokes, with pounding Spice, the Fabric rend,
 And aromatic Clouds in Spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their Anvils sweat,
 And swelling Sinews echoing Blows repeat ;
 From the *Volcano's* gross Eruptions rise,
 And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

The slumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din,
 Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again.
 Little's he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
 Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

How impotent a Deity am I !
 With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die !
 Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly share
 A grateful Negligence, and ease from Care.
 Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I withheld
 The northern Monarchs from the dusty Field ?
 How have I kept the *British* Fleet at Ease,
 From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas ?

Ibernia owns the Mildness of my Reign,
 and my Divinity's ador'd in Spain.
 Swains to sylvan Solitudes convey,
 there stretch'd on mossy Beds, they waste away }
 gentle Joys the Night, in Vows the Day.
 That Marks of wond'rous Clemency, I've shown,
 how rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
 triumphant Plenty, with a cheerful Grace,
 gage, looks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face.
 how sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
 Then big thy strut behind a double Chin!
 Each Faculty in blandishments they lull,
 inspiring to be venerably dull;
 to learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
 to discompose their pompous Ignorance;
 not undisturb'd, they loiter Life away,
 to wither Green, and blossom in decay.
 deep sunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care, }
 avoid th' Inclemencies of morning Air,
 and leave to tatter'd⁶ Crape the drudgery of Pray'r.
 7 Urim was civil, and not void of Sense,
 and Humour, and a courteous Confidence;
 so spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
 the hallow'd Rose declares him Orthodox;
 he pass'd his easy Hours, instead of Pray'r,
 in Madrigals, and phillising the Fair;
 constant at Feasts, and each Decorum knew,
 and soon as the Desert appear'd, withdrew;
 always obliging, and without offence,
 and fancy'd for his gay Impertinence.
 not see how ill-mistaken Parts succeed;
 he threw off my Dominion, and would read;
 gag'd in Controversy, wrangled well;
 a Convocation-language cou'd excel;
 Volumes prov'd the Church without defence,
 nothing guarded, but by Providence:

⁶ See Boil. *lut.*

⁷ Dr. Atterbury afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

How Grace and Moderation disagree ;
And Violence advances Charity.

Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched Scribler, of a rare Buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I ask are Shades and silent Bow'rs,
To pass in soft Forgetfulness my Hours.
Oft have my Fears some distant Villa chose,
O'er their Quietus where fat Judges dose,
And lull their Cough and Conscience to repose :
Or if some Cloister's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore:
The Peals of *Nassau's* Arms these Eyes uncloft,
Mine he molests, to give the World Repose.
That Ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
Nor Climes nor Seasons his Resolves control,
Th' Æquator has no Heat, no Ice the Pole.
With Arms resistless o'er the Globe he flies,
And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o' the Skies.

But as the slothful God to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on ?

8 See Boil. *lut.*

9 Sometimes among the Caspian Cliffs I creep,
Where solitary Bats and Swallows sleep :
Or if some Cloister's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore,
Still *Nassau's* Arms a soft Repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has blest'd the weary World with Peace,
And with a Nod has bid Bellona cease ;
I sought the Caverns of some peaceful Cell,
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell ;
That Rest might past Tranquillity restore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more,

'Twas in this rev'rend Dome I sought Repose,
 These Walls were that Asylum I had chose¹.
 Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with Broils,
 And laugh'd at Heroes, and their glorious Toils,
 My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought,
 With easy Insignificance of Thought:
 But now some busy, enterprising Brain
 Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
 And labours to dissolve my easy Reign.
 With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
 And from his salt'ring Lips this Message falls:
 Since Mortals will dispute my Power, I'll try
 Who has the greatest Empire, they or I.
 And Envy out, some Prince's Court attend,
 Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend²;
 Or where dull Critics Authors Fate foretel;
 Or where stale Maids, or meagre Eunuchs dwell.
 Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
 Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*;
 And what th' Event, unless she straight inclines
 To blast their Hopes, and baffle their Designs.
 More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise,
 And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

}

CANTO II.

SOON as the Evening veil'd the Mountains Heads,
 And Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds;
 Whilst sick'ning Flow'rs drink up the silver Dew,
 And Beaus, for some Assembly, dress anew;

- ¹ Nought underneath this Roof but Damps are found,
 Nought heard but drowsy Beesles buzzing round.
 Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Dust the Floors,
 And midnight Silence guards the noiseless Doors.
- ² Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
 Or where ill Poets Pennyless confer,
 Or in the Senate-house at Westminster.

The City Saints to Pray'rs and Play-house haste ;
 The Rich to Dinner, and the Poor to Rest :
 Officious *Phantom* then prepar'd with care
 To slide on tender Pinions through the Air.
 Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
 And oft the hollow of some blasted Oak ;
 At length approaching where bleak Envy lay ;
 The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the Way.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,
 That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew ;
 No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
 But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite ;
 In a dark Grott the baleful Haggard lay,
 Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day.
 But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful Woes,
 When *Accius* has Applause, *Dorsennus* shows.
 The cheerful Blood her meager Cheeks forsook,
 And Basilisks sat brooding in her Look ;
 A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head ;
 The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed :
 From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents fall,
 And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcano's Labour thus with inward Pains,
 Whilst Seas of melted Ore lay waste the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous order sate
 Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate :
 Gruff Discontent, thro' Ignorance miss'd,
 And clam'rous Faction at her Party's head :
 Restless Sedition still dissembling Fear,
 And sly Hypocrisy with pious Leer ³.

Glouting with sullen Spite the Fury shook
 Her clotted Locks, and blasted with each Look,
 Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
 Where Fame the Acts of Demi-gods enrolls,
 And as the rent Records in Pieces fell,
 Each Scrap did some immortal Action tell.

3 See Dryd, *Fab.*

This show'd, how fix'd as fate *Torquatus* stood,
 That, the fam'd Passage of the *Granic* Flood ;
 The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings display,
 And there, like setting Stars, the *Decii* lay ;
 This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
 That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
 Now *Cocles* did the *Tiber's* Surges brave,
 Now *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
 Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Persians* join,
 And, there, th' immortal Battle of the *Boys*.
 As the light Messenger the Fury spy'd,
 While his curdling Blood forgot to glide :
 Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
 And falt'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue ;
 At length, assuming Courage, he convey'd
 His Errand, then he shrunk into a Shade.
 The Hag lay long revolving what might be
 The blest Event of such an Embassy :
 Then blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form ;
 Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm 4.

Thus

4 Then she : Alas ! how long in vain have I
 Aim'd at those noble Ills the Fates deny ?
 Within this Isle for ever must I find
 Disasters to distract my restless Mind ?
 Good *Tennison's* celestial Piety
 At last has rais'd him to the sacred See.
 Somers does sick'ning Equity restore,
 And helpless Orphans are oppress'd no more.
 Pembroke to Britain endless Blessings brings ;
 He speaks ; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant Wings :
 Great *Ormond* shines illustriously bright.
 With blazes of hereditary Right.
 The noble Ardour of a royal Fire
 Inspires the gen'rous Breast of *Devonshire*.
 And *Macclesfield* is active to defend
 His Country with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
 Like *Leda's* radiant Sons divinely clear,
Portland and *Jersey* deck'd in Rays appear,
 To gild by turns the Gallic Hemisphere,

}

Worth

Thus she—Mankind are blest, they riot still
 Unbounded in exorbitance of Ill.
 By Devastation the rough Warrior gains,
 And Farmers fatten most when Famine reigns ;
 For sickly Seasons the Physicians wait,
 And Politicians thrive in Broils of State ;
 The Lover's easy when the Fair-one sighs,
 And Gods subsist not but by Sacrifice.

Each other Being some Indulgence knows :
 Few are my Joys, but infinite my Woes.
 My present Pain *Britannia's* Genius wills,
 And thus the Fates record my future Ills.

A Heroine shall *Albion's* Scepter bear,
 With Arms shall vanquish Earth, and Heav'n with Pray
 She on the World her Clemency shall show'r,
 And only to preserve, exert her Pow'r.
 Tyrants shall then their impious Aims forbear,
 And *Blenheim's* Thunder more than *Ætna's* fear.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
 The happy Enterprises of the Great,
 I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
 And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

She said ; and straight shrill *6* *Colen's* Person took,
 In Morals loose, but most precise in Look.
Black-friers Annals lately pleas'd to call
 Him Warden of Apothecaries-Hall.
 And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
 That Operation which the Learn'd declare
 Gives Colics ease, and makes the Ladies fair.
 In trifling Show his tinsel Talent lies,
 And Form the want of Intellects supplies.

*Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague ;
 Augustus listens if Mæcenæ sue ;
 And Vernon's Vigilance no Slumber takes,
 Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.*

5 In *Ætna* were forged the Thunderbolts which Jove employ
 against the Ambition of the Giants,

6 Birch an Apothecary.

Aspect grand and goodly he appears,
 ever'd as Patriarchs in primæval Years.
 Courly his learn'd Impertinence affords
 barren superfluity of Words 7,
 The Patient's Ears remorseless he assails,
 Murders with Jargon where his Med'cine fails.
 The Fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
 slung her Arms, so shuff'd in her Pace.
 forward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,
 Where ⁸ *Horoscope* invokes th' infernal Gods;
 and reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run,
 for Ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
 This Visionary various Projects tries,
 and knows, that to be rich is to be wise.
 useful Observations he can tell
 the sacred Charms that in true Sterling dwell.
 Now Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave,
 Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Thersites* brave.
 cancels all Defects, and in their place
 inds Sense in *Brownlow*, Charms in Lady ⁹ *Grace*;
 guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
 o Bankrupt ever found a Fair-one kind.
 So truly *Horoscope* its Virtues knows,
 o this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
 and fancies such bright Heraldry can prove,
 he vile Plebeian but the third from *Jove*.
 Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
 old to prescribe, and busy to apply.
 his Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
 With foreign Trinkets, and domestic Toys.
 ere Mummies lay most reverently stale,
 and there, the Tortoise hung her Coat of Mail;
 ot far from some huge Shark's devouring Head
 the flying Fish their finny Pinions spread.

7 In haste he strides along to recompense

The want of Business with its vain Pretence.

8 Houghton an Apothecary.

9 Lady Grace Pierpoint.

Aloft

Aloft in Rows large Poppy-heads were strung,
 And near, a scaly Alligator hung.
 In this Place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd;
 In that, dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth were laid.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals,
 Of such as pay to be reputed Fools.
 Globes stand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
 And planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.

The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at ease,
 To promise future Health for present Fees.
 Then, as from Tripod, solemn Shams reveals,
 And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how soon *Panthea* may be won,
 And longs to feel the marriage Fetters on :
 Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
 Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.

Some by what Means they may redress their Wrong,
 When Fathers the Possession keep too long.
 And some would know the Issue of their Cause,
 And whether Gold can solder up its Flaws.
 Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
 To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave ;
 And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
 Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son..
 Whilst *Iris* his cosmetic Wash would try,
 To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers die.
 Some ask for Charms, and others Philters choose,
 To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose.
 Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
 In Cradle here renews his youthful Frame :
 Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
 A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia's* Arms.
 And old *Lucullus* would th' Arcanum prove,
 Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak Envy these dull Frauds with pleasure sees,
 And wonders at the senseless Mysteries.
 In *Colon's* Voice she thus calls out aloud
 On *Horoscope* environ'd by the Croud.

Forbear

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease,
 Lay Woodcocks from their Gins awhile release;
 And to that dire Misfortune listen well,
 Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell.
 'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
 The great *Alcides* of our Company.
 When we with noble Scorn resolv'd to ease
 Ourselves from all parochial Offices;
 And to our wealthier Patients left the Care,
 And draggled Dignity of Scavenger;
 Each Zeal in that Affair thou didst express,
 Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Success.
 Now call to mind thy gen'rous Prowess past,
 What thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou wast:
 The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* design,
 If not to storm, at least to undermine.
 Their Gates each Day Ten thousand Night-caps croud,
 And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.
 If they should once unmask our Mystery,
 Each Nurse, ere-long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;
 Our Art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar Eye,
 And none, in Complaisance to us, wou'd die.
 What if we claim their Right t' assassinate,
 Must they needs turn Apothecaries straight?
 Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
 To croud with new Inhabitants your Sky.
 'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command,
 To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land;
 And dare the College insolently aim
 To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
 Then let Crabs-Eyes with Pearl for Virtue try,
 Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie;
 So Glow-worms may compare with *Titan's* Beams,
 And *Hare-court* Pump with *Aganippe's* Streams.
 Our Manufactures now they meanly sell,
 And their true Value treacherously tell;

Nay,

Nay, they discover too, their Spite is such,
That Health, than Crowns more valu'd, cost not much
Whilst we must steer our Conduct by these Rules,
To cheat as Tradesmen, or to starve as Fools.

At this fam'd *Horoscope* turn'd pale, and straight
In silence tumbl'd from his Chair of State,
The Croud in great Confusion sought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilst in his Breast the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then sought her Cell, and re-assum'd her Form.
Thus from the Sore altho' the Insect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in disguise.

Officious *Squirt* in haste forsook his Shop,
To succour the expiring *Horoscope*.
Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,
By Salt of Succinum's prevailing Pow'r;
Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay
An Image of scarce animated Clay;
'Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,
By *Squirt*'s nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no sooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and bless'd the stale Restorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utenfil.

So when the great *Palides*, *Thetis* found,
He knew the sea-weed Scent, and th' azure Goddess own'd



C A N T O III.

ALL Night the Sage in pensive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of Day;

1 Whilst we, at our Expence, must persevere,
And for another World, be ruin'd here.

turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
 what shrill *Colin* said the Day before.
 Whips and Poppies o'er his Eyes he spread,
 and *Salmon's* Works he laid beneath his Head.
 those bless'd Opiats still in vain he tries,
 his gentle Image his Embraces flies:
 tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breast,
 and thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage express.
 Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun,
 to consult the Skies, I first begun:
 my Applause, so mighty my Success,
 he granted my Predictions more than Guess.
 doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
 his Faith, there can be no Mistake in Gain.
 the dull World most honour pay to those
 who on their Understanding most impose.
 Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
 he fears others cheat him not, but he himself;
 he loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show;
 he'll ne'er convince a Fool, himself is so:
 he hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
 and still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
 Meteors flatter with a dazzling Dye
 which no Existence has, but in the Eye.
 distant Prospects please us, but when near,
 we find but desert Rocks, and fleeting Air.
 from Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
 and he knows most, who latest is undone.
 Mankind one Day serene and free appear;
 the next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
 new Passions, new Opinions still excite,
 and what they like at Noon, they leave at Night.
 they gain with Labour what they quit with Ease,
 and Health, for want of Change, becomes Disease.
 Religion's bright Authority they dare,
 and yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear.
 they counsel others, but themselves deceive,
 and tho' they're cozen'd still, they still believe.

So false their Censure, sickle their Esteem,
This Hour they worship; and the next blaspheme.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight,
Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite:
Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Recesses of the Universe,
Be aw'd, if puny Emmets wou'd oppress;
Or fear their Fury, or their Name caress?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkness reign,
Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain,
That Project, the *2* Dispensary they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes
Shoots thro' the crystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home.
Drums, Trumpets, Hautboys wake the slumbring Pair
Whilst Bridegroom sighs, and thinks the Bride less fair
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' azure Waste are spread
And Mifs from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid,
The Sage transported at th' approaching Hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;
Officious *Squirt* that Moment had Access,
His Trust was great, his Vigilance no less.
To him thus *Horoscope*:

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a Share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When Clyster was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To summon all the Company to th' Hall.

Away the friendly Coadjutor flies,
Swift as from Phial Steams of Harts-horn rise.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to some infernal Pow'r,
And draws mysterious Circles on the Floor.

2 Medicines made up there, for the Use of the Poor.

from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright
 ends, to blast the tender Bloom of Light.
 mystic Sounds from Hell's detested Womb,
 husky Exhalations upwards come.
 now to raise an Altar he decrees,
 that devouring Harpy call'd *Disease*:
 en Flow'rs in Canisters he hastes to bring,
 e wither'd Product of a blighted Spring.
 ch cold Solanum from the *Pontic* Shore,
 e Roots of Mandrake and black Hellebore,
 e Griper Senna, and the Puker Rue,
 e Sweetner Sassafras are added too;
 d on the Structure next he heaps a Load
 Sulphur, Turpentine and mastic Wood:
 ms, Fossils too the Pyramid increas'd;
 Mummy next, once Monarch of the East.
 en from the Compter he takes down the File,
 d with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.
 Feebly the Flames on clumsy Wings aspire,
 d smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
 th Sorrow he beheld the sad Portent,
 en to the Hag these Orisons he sent.
 Disease! thou ever most propitious Pow'r,
 ose kind Indulgence we discern each Hour:
 ou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree,
 got by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
 gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,
 at flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
 ou such Might and Energy belong,
 ou nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong:
 e purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,
 d are to us your Vassals only kind.
 If, in return, all Diligence we pay
 o fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,

Thou that would'st lay whole States and Regions waste,
 Sooner than we thy Cormorants should fast.

Far as the Weekly-bills can reach around,
From *Kent-street* end to fam'd *St. Giles's-Pound*;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auspicious Light break through the Pile.

He spoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he said;
As these consume in this mysterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Dispensary* ⁴ expire.
And as those crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses fly.
But a sinister Cricket straight was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-ditch* descends in sable Streams,
To wash his sooty *Naiads* in the *Tbames*;
There stands a ⁵ Structure on a rising Hill,
Where *Tyros* take their Freedom out to kill.
Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,
How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;
And how *Medea* did the Philter brew,
That cou'd in *Æson's* Veins young Force renew;
How mournful ⁶ *Myrrha* for her Crimes appears,
And heals hysteric Matrons still with Tears;
How *Mentha* and *Althea*, Nymphs no more,
Revive in sacred Plants, and Health restore;
How sanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th' Assembly ⁷ *Diasenna* thus address'd.

My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,

⁴ See the Allusion. Theoc. Farm. ⁵ Apothecary's Hall.

⁶ See Ov. Met. ⁷ Giltstorp an Apothecary.

here had met on some more safe Design,
 on no other Bus'ness but to dine;
 Faculty had still maintain'd their Sway,
 Int'rest then had bid us but obey;
 the only Emulation we had known,
 who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.
 now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,
 which ruins with mad Rage our Halcyon Hours:
 from black Jealousies the Tempest form,
 till late Divisions reinforce the Storm.
 now, when these Feuds, like those at Law, were past,
 the Winners will be Losers at the last.
 the Heroes in Sea-fights we seek Renown,
 fire some hostile Ship, we burn our own.
 who'er throws Dust against the Wind, describes
 throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes,
 that Juggler which another's Slight will show,
 teaches how the World his own may know.
 Thrice happy were those golden Days of old,
 when dear as Burgundy, Potions were sold:
 when Patients chose to die with better Will,
 than breathe, and pay the Apothecary's Bill:
 and cheaper than for our Assistance call,
 might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, spring and fall.
 when Priests increas'd, and Piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd,
 their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheists made.
 the Laws were but the hireling Judge's Sense;
 they were sway'd by venal Evidence.
 who were promoted to the Council-board,
 who to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.

*But now late Fats or Practices detect,
 For Mines, when once discover'd, lose th' Effect.
 Dissensions, like small Streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
 So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
 More they advance, the more they still disjoin.*

Pensions in private were the Senate's Aim;
And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.

But now no influencing Art remains,
For *Somers* has the Seal, and *Nassau* reigns.
And we, in spite of our Resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a Reformation too.
For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once discover'd, lose Effect.
Diffensions, like small Streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend;
Send Swarms of Patients, and our Quarrels end.
So awful Beadles, if the Vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their Fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that Planet's Pow'r
Those Vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the Mischief to recite,
Keen ⁹ *Colocynthus* paus'd and foam'd with Spite.
Sour Ferments on his shining Surface swim,
Work up to Froth, and bubble o'er the Brim:
Not Beauties fret so much if Freckles come,
Or Nose shou'd redden in the Drawing-room;
Or Lovers that mistake th' appointed Hour,
Or in the lucky Minute want the Pow'r.

Thus he——thou Scandal of great *Pagan's* Art,
At thy Approach the Springs of Nature start,
The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leprosy.
Cou'dst thou propose, that we, the Friends of Fates,
Who fill Churchyards, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and dispose of Lives,
Whilst ¹ *Russel*, as we please, or starves, or thrives,

⁹ Dare an *Apothecary*.

¹ A celebrated Undertaker of Funerals.

'd e'er submit to their despotick Will,
 out o' Consultation scarce can kill ?
 tow'ring *Alps* shall sooner sink to Vales,
 Leeches, in our Glasses, swell to Whales;
Norwich trade in Instruments of Steel,
Bromingham in Stuffs and Druggets deal !
 at *Wapping* furnish us new Modes,
Monmouth-street, *Versailles* with Riding-hoods ;
 Sick to th' Hundreds in pale Throngs repair,
 change the *Gravel-pits* for *Kentish* Air.
 Properties must on our Arms depend ;
 next to conquer, bravely to defend.
 to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears ;
 Ill we feel is only in our Fears.
 to die, is Landing on some silent Shore,
 ere Billows never break, nor Tempests roar :
 well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.
 Wife thro' Thought th' Insults of Death defy ;
 Fools, thro' blest Insensibility.
 what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave ;
 hit by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave.
 sets Lovers, sets the Captive free ;
 tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.
 bound but to Arms, the Foe shall soon confess
 Force increaseth, as our Funds grow less ;
 what requir'd such Industry to raise,
 scatter into nothing as we please.
 they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
 is no less wond'rous Pow'r than to Create.
 raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose
 feeble Forces of our pygmy Foes ;
 ons of Quacks shall join us on the Place,
 a great *Kirlens* down to Doctor *Cass*.
 such vile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise ;
 ctors still secure the greatest Prize.
 poor Supports serve only like a Stay ;
 Tree once fix'd, its Rest is torn away.

So Patriots, in time of Peace and Ease,
 Forget the Fury of the late Disease:
 On Dangers past, serenely think no more,
 And curse the Hand that heal'd the Wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call
 Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall.

To this the Session seem'd to give Consent,
 Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
 At length the growing Diff'rence to compose,
 Two Brothers, nam'd ^a *Ascarides*, arose.
 Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
 In Meaning faint, but in Opinion strong.
 To speak they both assum'd a like Pretence;
 The Elder gain'd his just Preeminence.

Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
 Are once invaded, Honour bids us fight.
 But ere we once engage in Honour's Cause,
 First know what Honour is, and whence it was.

Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave,
 The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
 Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air,
 And both exists by Hope and by Despair.
 Angry whene'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
 And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
 It lives, when in Death's Arms the Hero lies:
 But when his Safety he consults, it dies.
 Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim
 Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
 Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
 Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unveil
 What, we, thro' wiser Conduct, would conceal:
 Is't Reason we should quarrel with the Glass
 That shews the monstrous Features of our Face?
 Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late
 Thought fit an Innovation to create;

they'll repent what rashly they begun:
 Projects please, Projectors are undone.
 Novelties must this Success expect,
 good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect; 1
 reason cou'd direct, ere now each Gate
 borne some Trophy of triumphal State.
 Gales had told how Greece and Belgia owe
 and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.
 When since no Veneration is allow'd,
 the real, or th' appearing Good;
 Project that we vainly apprehend,
 as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
 Members of the Faculty there are,
 Int'rest prudently to Oaths prefer.
 Friendship with feign'd Airs they poorly court,
 boast, their Politics are our Support.
 we'll consult about this Enterprize,
 boldly execute what they advise.
 from below, while such Resolves they took,
Aurum Fulminans the 4 Fabric shook.
 Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
 and their Safety, and their Rage forget.
 when at *Bathos* Earth's big Offspring strove
 to scale the Skies, and wage a War with Jove;
 as the As of old *Silenus* bray'd,
 trembling Rebels in Confusion fled.

things of Use were valu'd, there had been
 the Workhouse where the Monument is seen.
 the Room the Apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.





C A N T O IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theatre,
 Where wand'ring Punks each Night at five rep
 Where purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
 And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
 Where *Bentley*, by old Writers, wealthy grew,
 And *Briscoe* lately was undone by new:
 There triumphs a Physician of Renown,
 To none, but such as rust in Health, unknown.
 None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
 His known Experience, and his healing Art.
 When *Burges* deafens all the list'ning Prefs
 With Peals of most seraphic Emptiness;
 Or when mysterious *Freeman* mounts on high,
 To preach his Parish to a Lethargy;
 This *Æsculapius* waits hard by, to ease
 The Martyrs of such Christian Cruelties.

Long has this darling Quarter of the Town,
 For Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
 All sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
 To blend and jumble into Harmony.
 The Critics each advent'rous Author scan,
 And praise or censure as they like the Man.
 The Weeds of Writings for the Flow'rs they cull:
 So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
 The Politicians of *Parnassus* prate,
 And Poets canvass the Affairs of State;
 The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
 How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.
 The Country-dames drive to *Hippolito's*,
 First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.
 The Lawyer for lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
 He grows a Madman, and then turns a Wit.

}

in the Cloister pensive *Strephon* waits,
Chloe's Hackney comes, and then retreats ;
 if th' ungen'rous Nymph a Shaft lets fly,
 more fatally than from a sparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.
 The trading Tribe oft thither throng to dine,
 and want of Elbow-room supply in Wine.
 They'd with Variety, they surfeit there,
 whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
 was here the Champions of the Party met,
 their heroic Enterprize to treat.
 Each Hero a tremendous Air put on,
 and stern *Mirmillo* in these Words begun :
 'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here ;
 Grievance you can know, but I must share.
 As plain, my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,
 Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
 And, in return, tho' I have strove to rend
 those Statutes, which on Oath I should defend ;
 Each Arts are Trifles to a gen'rous Mind :
 Great Services, as great Returns shou'd find.
 And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
 brandish Arms as well as Urinals.
Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,
 this right Arm what mighty Numbers fell.
 whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,
 I dispatch'd the Patient in a Day :
 Each Pen in Hand I push'd to that degree,
 scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
 Some fell by Laudanum, and some by Steel,
 and Death in Ambush lay in ev'ry Pill.
 To save or slay, this Privilege we claim,
 tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.
 What tho' the Art of healing we pretend,
 that designs it least, is most a Friend.
 To the right we err, and must confess
 Oversights we often owe Success.

5 Dr. Guibbons.

VOL. I.

P

Tha

Thus *Bessus* got the Battle in the Play ;
 His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day.
 So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its Desert
 To Chance, and not the labour'd Strokes of Art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
 Of any Arms but such as Pen and Ink :
 But th' Enemy, at their Expençe, shall find
 When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said ; and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,
 Which was return'd by younger *Astasis* ;
 Who thus advanc'd : Each Word, Sir, you impart,
 Has something killing in it, like your Art.
 How much we to your boundless Friendship owe,
 Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show.
 Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs,
 'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
 Whilst poor Pretenders puzzle o'er a Case,
 You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
 O that near ' *Xanthus*' Banks you had but dwelt,
 When *Ilium* first *Achaian* Fury felt,
 The horned River then had curs'd in vain
 Young *Peleus*' Arm, that chok'd his Stream with slain.
 No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise ;
 Their ten Years toil, you'd finish'd in ten Days.
 Fate smiles on your Attempts, and when you list,
 In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.
 Then let us arm, we need not fear Success ;
 No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
 Our military Ensigns we'll display ;
 Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the Way.

To this Design shrill ' *Querpo* did agree,
 A zealous Member of the Faculty ;
 His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
 And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.
 A Conventicle flesh'd his greener Years,
 And his full Age the righteous Rancour shares.

Boys hatch Game-eggs under Birds of Prey,
 To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.
 Slow ⁸ *Carus* next discover'd his Intent,
 With painful Pauses mutt'ring what he meant.
 His Sparks of Life, in spite of Drugs, retreat,
 So cold, that only Calentures can heat.
 His chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,
 And loads with lazy Fogs his sable Brows.
 Regions of Lunaticks about him press,
 His Province is, lost Reason to redress.
 When Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er,
 Thought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.
 When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
 With Lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.
 The gazing Throng acknowledge their Surprise,
 And, deaf to Reason, still consult their Eyes.
 Well he perceives the World will often find,
 To catch the Eye is to convince the Mind.
 Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust inclines
 To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
 Fools are always most profuse of Words,
 And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.
 Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
 And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat.
 Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
 Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-lane*.
 And up these Walls much *Gothic* Lumber climbs,
 With *Swiss* Philosophy, and *Runic* Rhymes.
 Hither, retriev'd from Cooks and Grocers, come
Madé's Works entire, and endless Reams of *Brome*.
 Where would the long-neglected *Collins* fly,
 If bounteous *Carus* shou'd refuse to buy?
 But each vile Scribler's happy on this Score,
 He'll find some *Carus* still to read him o'er.
 Nor must we the obsequious ⁹ *Umbra* spare,
 Who soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.

⁸ Dr. Tyfon.

⁹ Dr. Gould.

But when some rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.

¹ With him, the Present still some Virtues have,
The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave;
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppish, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, discreet.
A Wren an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;

² *Colt* a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, ³ *Rowe*.

Heroic Ardor now th' Assembly warms,
Each Combatant breathes nothing but Alarms.
For future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
Fam'd *Horoscope* thus offers to dissuade;

Since of each Enterprize th' Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword and hearken to the Gown.
Nigh lives ⁴ *Vagellius*, one reputed long
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
For Fees, to any Form he moulds a Cause,
The Worst has Merits, and the best has Flaws.
Five Guineas make a Criminal to day,
And ten to morrow wipe the Stain away.

Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.

Cato pernicious, *Catiline* a Saint,

Orford suspected, *Duncomb* innocent.

To Law then, Friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Money, shall succeed.

Know, when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms

To prove propitious to our future Arms,

Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,

Nor wou'd the *Sibyl* from her Grott ascend.

As *Horoscope* urg'd farther to be heard,

He thus was interrupted by a ⁵ *Bard*.

¹ See the *Imitation*, Hor. Sat. 3.

² Sir H. Dutton Colt.

³ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

⁴ Sir T. Powis.

⁵ Sir Richard Blackmore.

In vain your magic Mysteries you use,
 Whose Sounds the Sibyl's sacred Ears abuse.
 These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise,
 Which is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.
 As Arms meet with Arms, Factions with Factions clash,
 And Sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.
 Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriors raise,
 And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.
 Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs,
 Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs
 Of Cinders bore.—
 Naked and half-burnt Hills with hideous Wreck
 Fright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.
 As he went rumbling on, the Fury straight
 Awl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight.
 Unlucky Rag her meagre Forehead bound,
 And faintly her furr'd Lips these Accents sound.
 Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address
 My awful Seat, and trouble my Recess?
 Essex marshy Hundreds is a Cell,
 Where lazy Fogs and drizzling Vapours dwell:
 Neither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
 Nor shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air.
 Here, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,
 And substitute Physicians in my Place.
 Men dare not, for the future, once rehearse
 The Dissonance of such untuneful Verse.
 But in your Lines let Energy be found,
 And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound.
 With Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
 And please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
 Sense and Numbers if you would excel,
 And Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
 Come, what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine!
 With other, Sirens warble in each Line.

6 King Arthur, p. 307.

7 King Arthur, p. 327.

8 Prince Arthur, p. 130.

If *Dorset's* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
 The Smiles and Graces melt in soft Desire,
 And little Loves confess their am'rous Fire ⁹.
 The gentle *Isis* claims the ivy Crown,
 To bind th' immortal Brows of *Addison*.
 As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains;
 And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
 And *Britain*, since ¹ *Pausanias* was writ,
 Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
 When *Stepney* paints the godlike Acts of Kings,
 Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *Prior* sings,
 The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
 And silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such just Examples carefully read o'er,
 Slide without falling, without Straining, soar.
 Oft tho' your Strokes surprise, you should not choose
 A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse.
 Long did ² *Apelles* his fam'd Piece decline,
 His *Alexander* was his last Design.

'Tis *Montague's* rich Vein alone must prove,
 None but a *Pbidias* should attempt a *Jove* ³.

The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful Sound
 A rising Whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd Ground.
 Then she — The Deity we Fortune call,
 Tho' distant, rules and influences all.
 Straight for her Favour to her Court repair;
 Important Embassies ask Wings of Air.

Each wond'ring stood, but *Horoscope's* great Soul,
 That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts control,

9 *The Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.*

1 *Pausanias written by Mr. Norton.*

2 *See Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1. Plin. Plaut. Cic. Ep. Val. Max.*

3 *The Fury said; and vanishing from Sight,
 Cry'd out, To Arms; so left the Realms of Light,
 The Combatants to th' Enterprise consent,
 And the next Day smil'd on the great Event.*

rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
 out-flew the Rack, and left the Hours behind.
 The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air,
 The Steer resigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care.
 The Clouds above with golden Edgings glow,
 and falling Dews refresh the Earth below.
 The Bat with sooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,
 The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspines move.
 and all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love. }
 Thro' the transparent Region of the Skies,
 swift as a Wisp the Missionary flies,
 With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
 and the gay gilded Meteors sporting there.
 How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night,
 shoot thro' the *Aether* in a Trail of Light;
 How rising Steams in th' azure Fluid blend,
 Or fleet in Clouds, or soft in Show'rs descend;
 Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
 in Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
 How Honey-dews embalm the fragrant Morn,
 And the fair Oak with luscious Sweats adorn.
 How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
 Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.
 Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
 And bold Tornado's bluster in the Sky.
 Why a prolific *Aura* upwards tends,
 ferments, and in a living Show'r descends.
 How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
 in Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills:
 Whence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
 And River-gods their thirsty Urns supply.
 The wond'ring Sage pursues his airy Flight,
 And braves the chill unwholsom Damps of Night;
 He views the Tracts where Luminaries rove,
 To settle Seasons here, and Fates above.
 The bleak *Arcturus* still forbid the Seas,
 The stormy *Kids*, the weeping *Hyades*:

The shining ⁴ *Lyre* with Strains attracting more
 Heav'n's glitt'ring Mansions now than ⁵ Hell's before;
 Glad *Cassiopeia* circling in the Sky,
 And each fair *Churchil* of the Galaxy.

Aurora on *Etesian* Breezes borne,
 With blushing Lips breathes out the sprightly Morn:
 Each Flow'r in Dew their short-liv'd Empire weeps,
 And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* sleeps.
 As through the Gloom the *Magus* cuts his way,
 Imperfect Objects tell the doubtful Day.
 Dim he discerns majestic *Atlas* rise,
 And bend beneath the Burden of the Skies.
 His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempests know,
 Whilst Light'ning flies, and Thunder rolls below.

Distant from hence beyond a Waste of Plains,
 Proud *Teneriff* his giant Brother reigns;
 With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
 As from his Sides he shakes the fleecy Snow.
 Around this hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
 His subject Islands raise their verdant Heads;
 The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill,
 The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still.

Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here
 Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
 From crystal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow;
 The Tub'rose ever breathes, and Violets blow.
 The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears,
 The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olive cheers;
 Blossoms and Fruit at once the ⁶ Citron shows,
 And as she pays, discovers still she owes.
 The Orange to her Sun her Pride displays,
 And gilds her fragrant Apples with his Rays.
 No Blasts e'er discompose the peaceful Sky,
 The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but sigh.
 The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
 And, warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note.

⁴ *Orpheus's Harp made a Constellation.*

⁵ See *Manil.*

⁶ *Wall.*

Where *Flora* treads, her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
 and scatters Odours from his purple Wings;
 Whilst Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jasmine Groves
 chant their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
 Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,
 Cool Grottos, silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
 Groves fill'd with balmy Shrubs in Pomp appear,
 and scent with Gales of Sweets the circling Year.
 These happy Isles, where endless Pleasures wait,
 are fill'd by tuneful Bards——The *Fortunate*.
 In high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,
 the hoodwink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court.
 Upon a Wheel of 7 Amethyst she sits,
 moves and resumes, and smiles and frowns by Fits.
 In this still Labyrinth, around her lie
 Cells, Philters, Globes, and Schemes of Palmistry:
 A Sigil in this Hand the Gypsy bears,
 with other a prophetic Sieve and Sheers.
 The Dame, by Divination, knew that soon
 the *Magus* would appear——and then begun:
 O sacred Seer! thy Embassy I know,
 wars must ensue, the Fates will have it so.
 Great Feats shall follow, and Disasters great,
 Pills charge on Pills, and Bolus Bolus meet:
 Both Sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
 the Mortar now, and then the Urinal.
 To thee alone my Influence I owe;
 where Nature has deny'd, my Favours flow.
 As I that give, so mighty is my Pow'r,
 with to the *Jew*, Complexion to the *Moor*.
 From the Wretch's Wish, the Rook's Pretence,
 the Sluggard's Ease, the Coxcomb's Providence,
 the *Scrape-quill*, once a supple smiling Slave,
 looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
 buys, settles, purchases, and has each Hour
 from the Rich, and Curses from the Poor.

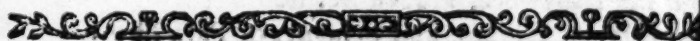
This Stone reckoned fortunate; see the Hist. of Nat. Magic.
 See the *Allusion*, Lucan.

Spadillio, that at Table serv'd o' late,
Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in Plate;
Has Levees, Villas, Mistresses in store,
And owns the Racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heav'nly born, my faithless Boons defy;
The Brave is to himself a Deity.

Tho' blest *Astrea*'s gone, some Soil remains
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.

The *Tiber* boasts his *Julian* Progeny,
Thames his *Nassau*, the *Nile* his *Ptolomy*.
Iberia, yet for future Sway design'd,
Shall, for a *Hesse*, a greater *Mordaunt* find.
Thus ⁹ *Ariadne* in proud Triumph rode;
She lost a ¹ *Hero*, and she found a ² *God*.



C A N T O V.

WHEN the still Night, with peaceful Popp
crown'd,

Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground;
And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme
The Surges gently dash against the Shore,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar;
Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it flies:

He finds no Respite from his anxious Grief;
Then seeks from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Oppress'd with Fees and deafen'd with Renown.

None e'er cou'd die with due Solemnity,
Unless his Passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;
I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.

⁹ See Steph.

¹ Theseus.

² Bacchus.

None cou'd the tedious nuptial State support,

But I to make it easy, make it short.

Set the discontented Matrons free,

And ransom Husbands from Captivity.

Shall one of such Importance then engage

In noisy Riot, and in civil Rage?

No: I'll endeavour straight a Peace, and so

Preserve my Character, and Person too.

But *Discord*, that still haunts with hideous Mien

Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once hath been,

Overheard *Mirmillo's* Anguish, then begun

In peevish Accents to express her own.

Have I so often banish'd lazy Peace

From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recess?

Have I made *South* and *Sherlock* disagree

And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity?

And does the faithful *Ferguson* profess

His Ardour still for Animosities?

Have I, *Britannia's* Safety to ensure,

Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?

Have I made Parties opposite, unite,

The monstrous Leagues of amicable Spite,

To curse their Country, whilst the common Cry

For Freedom, but their Aim, the Ministry?

And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent

The War, so long I've labour'd to foment?

No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,

Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the Hag approach'd *Mirmillo's* Bed,

And taking *Querpo's* meager Shape, she said;

At noon of Night I hasten, to dispel

Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.

I dreamt but now I heard your heaving Sighs,

And saw the Tears debating in your Eyes.

That 'twere but a Dream! But Threats I find

Now in your Looks, and rankle in your Mind.

Speak, whence it is this late Disorder flows,

That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.

Mistakes

Mistakes in Practice scarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,
Wou'd be a fruitless Industry to hide.

My Safety first I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suff'ring Party with my Pen.

All shou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn;
The most attempting oft the least discern.

Let *Peterborough* speak, and *Vanbrugh* write,
Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cacinna* fight:
Such must succeed; but when th' Enervate aim
Beyond their Force, they still contend for Shame.

Had *Colbatch* printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the *Saffold* o' the Town.

Asses and Owls, unseen, their Kind betray,
If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.

Had *Westley* never aim'd in Verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.

Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall,

A *Codrus* shou'd expect a *Juvenal*.

Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To set off, and to recommend the Good.

So Diamonds take a Lustre from their Foyle;
And to a *Bentley* 'tis, we owe a *Boyle*.

Consider well the Talent you possess,
To strive to make it more would make it less;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To those whose Party you abandon now.

To them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your Magazine of Sense.

Hast in a Tombril, aukward have you shin'd,
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.³

3 But soon what they've exalted they'll discard,
And set up *Carus* or the *City Bard*.

Alarm'd at this the Hero Courage took,
And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Look.

My dread Resolves, he cry'd, I'll straight pursue;
The Fury satisfy'd, in Smiles withdrew.

Then

Then haste and join your true intrepid Friends,
 Success on Vigour and Dispatch depends.
 Lab'ring in Doubts *Mirmillo* stood, then said,
 'Tis hard to undertake, if Gain dissuade;
 What Fool for noisy Feuds large Fees wou'd leave?
 Ten Harvests more, wou'd all I wish for give.
 True Man, reply'd the Elf; by Choice diseas'd,
 Ever contriving Pain, and never pleas'd.
 Present Good they slight, an absent choose,
 And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
 False Prospects all their true Delights destroy,
 Resolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.
 In restless Hurries thoughtlessly they live,
 At Substance oft unmov'd, for Shadows grieve.
 Children at Toys, as Men at Titles aim;
 And in effect both covet but the same.
 This *Philip's* Son prov'd in revolving Years;
 And first for Rattles, then for Worlds shed Tears.
 The Fury spoke, then in a Moment fir'd
 The Hero's Breast with Tempests, and retir'd.
 In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* spent the Night,
 And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight,
 Till the pale *Pleiads* clos'd their Eyes of Light.
 At length gay Morn glows in the eastern Skies,
 The Larks in Raptures thro' the Æther rise,
 The azure Mists scud o'er the dewy Lawns,
 The Chaunter at his early Matins yawns,
 The Am'ranth opes its Leaves, the Lys its Bells,
 And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.
 As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn descries,
 Arm'd Cap-a-pe, where Honour calls, he flies,
 And finds the Legions planted at their Post;
 There mighty *Querpo* fill'd the Eye the most.
 His Arms were made, if we may credit Fame,
 By *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.

}

* See the Allusion Hom. *Iliad*. B. 18. Virg. *Æn.* B. 3.

Of temper'd Stibium the bright Shield was cast,
 5 And yet the Work the Metal far surpass'd.
 A Foliage of the vulnerary Leaves,
 Grav'd round the Brim, the won'dring Sight deceives
 Around the Center Fate's bright Trophies lay,
 Probes, Saws, Incision Knives, and Tools to slay.
 Embost upon the Field, a Battle stood
 Of Leeches spouting hemorrhoidal Blood.
 The Artist too express'd the solemn State
 Of grave Physicians at a Consult met;
 About each Symptom how they disagree,
 But how unanimous in case of Fee.
 Whilst each Assassin his learn'd Colleague tires
 With learn'd Impertinence, the Sick expires.

Beneath this blazing Orb bright *Querpo* shone,
 Himself an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.
 A Pestle for his Truncheon led the Van,
 And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan.
 His Crest an ⁶ Ibis, brandishing her Beak,
 And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.
 This, when the young ⁷ *Querpoïdes* beheld,
 His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd;
 Then peept, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,
 And as the Monster gap'd wou'd shrink away.
 Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear;
 And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

As *Querpo* tow'ring stood in martial Might,
 Pacific *Carus* sparkled on the Right.
 An ⁸ *Oran Outang* o'er his Shoulders hung,
 His Plume confess'd the Capon whence it sprung.
 His motly Mail scarce cou'd the Hero bear,
 Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

⁵ See Ovid Met. B. 2.

⁶ This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives itself a Clysma with its Beak.

⁷ Alluding to Aftyanax. See Hom. II.

⁸ The Skin of a dissected Baboon called fox.

Fam'd Chiefs,

For present Triumphs born, design'd for more,
Your Virtue I admire, your Value more.

Battle be resolv'd, you'll find this Hand

Can deal out Destiny, and Fate command.

Your Foes in Throngs shall hide the crimson Plain,

And their *Apollo* interpose in vain.

Tho' Gods themselves engage, a ⁹ *Diomed*

With Ease cou'd show a Deity can bleed.

But War's rough Trade shou'd be by Fools profess,

The truest Rubbish fills a Trench the best.

Let Quinsies throttle, and the Quartan shake,

Let Dropsies drown, and Gout and Colics rack;

Let Sword and Pestilence lay waste, while we

Wage bloodless Wars, and fight in Theory.

Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame;

The Dead I raise, my Chivalry proclaim,

Diseases baffled, and lost Health restor'd,

The Fame's bright List my Victories record.

More Lives from me their Preservation own,

Than Lovers lose if fair *Cornelia* frown.

Your Cures, shrill *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,

But wisely your Miscarriages conceal.

Now, a Priest, in *Samothrace* of old,

Thus reason'd with *Philopidas* the bold;

Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind

To what concerns the State of human Kind.

Whether they hear not, or regard not Pray'r,

That argues want of Pow'r, and this of Care.

Allow that Wisdom infinite must know;

But Pow'r infinite must act. *I grant it so.*

Lead straight to *Neptune's* Fane, survey with Zeal

The Walls. *What then?* reply'd the Infidel.

Observe those num'rous Throngs in Effigy,

The Gods have sav'd from the devouring Sea.

Is true, their Pictures that escap'd you keep,

But where are theirs that perish'd in the Deep?

⁹ See Hom. II. B. 3

Vaunt now no more the Triumph of your Skill,
But, tho' unfee'd, exert your Arm, and kill.
Our Scouts have learn'd the Posture of the Foe ;
In War, Surprises surest Conduct show.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That *Pembroke's* Worth, and *Ormond's* Valour tells;
How Truth in *Burnet*, how in *Cav'ndish* reigns,
Varro's Magnificence with *Maro's* Strains;
But how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch
If *Winnington* plead, or *South* or *Only* preach ;
On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.
Confusion in each Countenance appear'd,
A Council's call'd, and ² *Stentor* first was heard ³ ;
His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd *Prætorium* rent,
Addressing thus the passive President.

³ *Macbaon*, whose Experience we adore,
Great as your matchless Merit, is your Pow'r.
At your approach, the baffled Tyrant Death
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth.
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day ;
What you command, your Vassals must obey.
If this dread Enterprise you wou'd decline,
We'll send to treat, and stifle the Design.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious Foes, or die ⁴.

¹ *Dr. Goodall*.

² True to Extremes, yet to dull Forms a Slave,
He's always dully Gay, or vainly Grave.
With Indignation, and a daring Air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the Chair.

³ *Sir Thomas Millington*.

⁴ What *Stentor* offer'd was by most approv'd :
But sev'ral Voices sev'ral Methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous Heroes all agree
T' expect the Foe, and act defensively.
Into the Shop their bold Battalions move,
And what their chief Commands, the rest approve.

In Spite, they'll find, to their Advantage leans ;
 The End is good, no matter for the Means.
 The modern Casuists their Talents try,
 Sprightly for the sake of Truth to lye.
 He had not finish'd, 'till th' Out-guards descry'd
 Eight Columns move in formidable Pride ;
 The passing Pomp so dazzled from afar,
 Seem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.
 Tho' wide the Front, tho' gross the Phalanx grew,
 Look'd less dreadful, as it nearer drew.
 The adverse Host for Action straight prepare ;
 All eager to unveil the Face of War.
 Their Chiefs lace on their Helms, and take the Field,
 And to their trusty Squire resign the Shield :
 To paint each Knight, their Ardor and Alarms,
 You'd ask the Muse that sung the Frogs in Arms.
 And now the Signal summons to the Fray ;
 Mock Falchions flash, and paltry Ensigns play.
 Their Patron God his silver Bow-strings twangs ;
 Tough Harness rustles, and bold Armour clangs,
 The piercing Caustics ply their spiteful Pow'r ;
 Emetics ranch, and keen Cathartics scour.
 The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly ;
 And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.
 Now from their levell'd Syringes they pour
 The liquid Volley of a missive Show'r.
 Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
 Rush'd on by northern Gusts, such Horror give.
 Like Spouts in southern Seas the Deluge broke,
 And Numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

*Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haste,
 Which on their Flank for Palisades are plac'd ;
 And then, behind the Compter rang'd they stand,
 Their Front so well secur'd, t' obey Command.*

*And now the Scouts the adverse Host descry,
 Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly :
 With unresisted Force they urge their Way,
 And find the Foe embattled in Array.*

So when *Leviathans* dispute the Reign
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
And Isles of Sea-weed on the Waves are borne:
Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the stagg'ring Braves, led by Despair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.
Each seizes for his Shield a spacious Scale,
And the brass Weights fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
With Gally-pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
Whilst empty Jars the dire Defeat resound.

Thus when some Storm its crystal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in-rattling Show'rs of Ice descends;
Mount *Athos* shakes the Forests on his Brow,
Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the Val
below.

But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battle grows.
From ⁵ *Stentor's* Arm a massy Opiat flies,
And straight a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus's* Eyes.
At ⁶ *Colon* great *Sertorius* Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like those of Death, was stung
But with a dauntless and disdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills; and hit him on the Spleen.
⁷ *Chiron* attack'd *Talibius* with such Might,
One Pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic Knight,
Who straight retreated to evade the Wound,
But in a Flood of *Apozem* was drown'd.
This ⁸ *Pfyllas* saw, and to the Victor said,
Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy Dead,

⁵ *Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.*

⁶ *Dr. Birch.*

⁷ *Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.*

⁸ *Dr. Chamberlain.*

my Fate shall follow ; to confirm it, swore
 with Image of *Priapus*, which he bore :
 and rais'd an ⁹ Eagle-stone, invoking loud
Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver Cloud.
 Great Queen of Night, and Empress of the Seas,
 faithful to thy midnight Mysteries,
 still observant of my early Vows,
 these Hands have eas'd the mourning Matron's Throws,
 direct this rais'd avenging Arm aright ;
 may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.
 he said, and let the pond'rous Fragment fly
Chiron, but learn'd *Hermes* put it by.
 Tho' the haranguing God survey'd the War,
 that Day the Muses Sons were not his Care.
 two Friends, Adepts, the *Trismegists* by Name,
 like their Features, and alike their Flame.
 a Simpling near fair *Tweed* each sung by Turn,
 The list'ning River would neglect his Urn.
 those Lives they fail'd to rescue by their Skill,
 their ¹ Muse could make immortal with her Quill ;
 but learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State
 Dissolv'd the League, and kindled a Debate.
 The one for lofty Labours fruitful known,
 fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own.
 At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw
 That from its Birth had slept unseen 'till now ;
 smann'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd,
 sunk down, and in a Simile expir'd.
 And now the Cohorts shake, the Legions ply,
 The yielding Flanks confess the Victory.
 Stentor undaunted still, with noble Rage
 Sprung thro' the Battle, *Querpo* to engage.
 Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,
 Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat ;
 Each Combatant his Adversary mauls,
 With batter'd Bed-pans, and stav'd Urinals.

9 See Plin.

1 See Tass.

On *Stentor's* Crest the useful Crystal breaks,
 And Tears of Amber gutter'd down his Cheeks:
 But whilst the Champion, as late Rumours tell,
 Design'd a sure decisive Stroke, he fell:
 And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood,
 With Arms extended, thus the Suppliant su'd.

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die;
 Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.
 But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,
 Reflect on young *Querpoides* thy Son;
 Then pity mine, for such an Infant-grace
 Smiles in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
 If he was near, Compassion he'd create,
 Or else lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
 Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
 To thee the lov'd ² *Dispens'ry* I resign.

At this the Victors own such Ecstasies,
 As *Mempbian* Priests if their *Ofris* sneeze:
 Or Champions with *Olympic* Clangor fir'd;
 Or simpr'ing Prudes with sprightly *Nantæ* inspir'd;
 Or Sultans rais'd from Dungeons to a Crown;
 Or fasting Zealots when the Sermon's done.

Awhile the chief the deadly Stroke declin'd,
 And found Compassion pleading in his Mind.
 But whilst he view'd with Pity the Distress'd,
 He spy'd ³ *Signetur* writ upon his Breast.
 Then tow'rd the Skies he toss'd his threatening Head,
 And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, said,

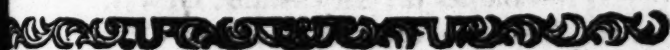
Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desist,
 His Holiness shall turn a *Quietist*,
Jansenius and the *Jesuits* agree,
 The Inquisition wink at Heresy ⁴,

² See the Allusion, Virg. *Æn.*

³ Those Members of the College that observe a late Statute, called by the Apothecaries *Signetur Men*.

⁴ Faith stand unmov'd thro' Stillingfleet's Defence,
 And Locke for *Mystery* abandon Sense.

arm Convocations own the Church secure,
 and more consult her Doctrine than her Pow'r.
 With that he drew a Lancet in his Rage,
 and puncture the still supplicating Sage.
 while his Thoughts that fatal Stroke decree,
 and interpos'd in form of Fee.
 the Chief great *Pæan's* golden Tresses knew,
 and own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.
 Thus often at the *Temple-stairs* we've seen
 the Tritons of a rough athletic Mien,
 and dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,
 with Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood ;
 at the first Appearance of a Fare,
 and quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.
 The Hero so his Enterprize recalls,
 his Fist unclinch'es, and the Weapon falls.



C A N T O VI.

WHILE the shrill Clangor of the Battle rings,
 Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephyr's* Wings;
 seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,
 more soft than Air, more gay than morning Light.
 Charm she takes from each excelling Fair,
 and borrows *Carlisle's* Shape, and *Grafton's* Air.
 Eyes like *Ranelagh's* their Beams dispense,
 and *Churbil's* Bloom, and *Berkley's* Innocence ;
 thus thus the differing ' Beams bestow
 the Dye, that paints the Wonders of her Bow ;
 and the fair Nymph a vocal Music falls,
 and *Machaon* thus the Goddess calls.
 though th' Achievement of your Arms you've shown,
 seek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own.

5 Set Newt. of Col.

Haste

Haste to th' *Elysian-fields*, those blest'd Abodes,
 Where *Harvey* sits among the Demi-gods.
 Consult that sacred Sage, he'll soon disclose
 The Method that must mollify these Woes.
 Let ⁶ *Celsus* for that Enterprize prepare,
 His Conduct to the Shades shall be my Care.

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in Fear,
 A Form so heav'nly bright they cou'd not bear ;
Celsus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
 The rest in pale Confusion left the Field.

So when the Pygmies, marshall'd on the Plains,
 Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes ;
 The Poppets to their bodkin Spears repair,
 And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air ;
 But when the bold imperial Bird of *Jove*
 Stoops on his sounding Pinions from above,
 Among the Brakes the fairy Nation crowds,
 And the *Strimonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
 And view the Wonders of the Realms below ;
 Then takes *Anomum* for the golden Bough.
 Thrice did the Goddess with her sacred Wand
 The Pavement strike ; and straight at her Command
 The willing Surface opens, and descries
 A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.

⁷ *Hygeia* to the silent Region tends ;
 And with his heav'nly Guide the Charge descends.
 Thus *Nama*, when to hallow'd Caves retir'd,
 Was by ⁸ *Egeria* guarded and inspir'd.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
 The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie,
 'Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray
 Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
 Hence *Pancies* trick themselves in various Hew,
 And hence *Jonquils* derive their fragrant Dew ;

⁶ Dr. Bateman.

⁷ Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddess.

⁸ See Ov. Met,

hence the *Carnation* and the bashful *Rose*
 their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose ;
 hence the chaste *Lilly* rises to the Light,
 reveals her snowy Breasts, and charms the Sight ;
 hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
 oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade ;
 and hence on *Daphne's* laurel'd Forehead grow
 immortal Wreaths for *Phæbus* and *Nassau*.
 The Insects here their lingring Trance survive :
 numb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
 from Winter's Fury hither they repair,
 and stay for milder Skies and softer Air.
 down to these Cells obscurer Reptiles creep,
 where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizards* sleep.
 where shiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solstice wait ;
 uncurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.
 here their new Form the numb'd *Erace* hide,
 their num'rous Feet in slender Bandage ty'd :
 as the kindling Ear begins to rise,
 the upstart Race their native Clod despise,
 proud of painted Wings attempt the Skies. }
 Now those profounder Regions they explore,
 where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Ore.
 here, fullen to the sight, at large is spread
 the dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.
 here, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen
 the light aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
 Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks ;
 in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
 Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace,
 and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
 with Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
 in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
 those they cling, so stubbornly retire ;
 for Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

9 See Godort of Caterpillars and Butterflies.

1 See Yald. on Mines.

Near these the Delegate with Wonder spies
 Where Floods of living Silver serpentine:
 Where richest Metals their bright Looks put on,
 And golden Streams through Amber Channels run,
 Where Light's gay God descends to ripen Gems,
 And lend a Lustre brighter than his Beams.

Here he observes the subterranean Cells,
 Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells.
 Some helicoeids, some conical appear:
 These, Miters emulate, those Turbans are.
 Here Marcasites in various Figure wait,
 To ripen to a true metallic State:
 Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend
 Their Substance petrify, and Progress end.
 Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow,
 And, whilst enrag'd, their fiery Surges glow,
 Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise,
 And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noisy Cave,
 Where with hoarse Dins imprison'd Tempests rave;
 Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
 Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.
 The warring Winds unmov'd *Hygia* heard,
 Brav'd their loud Jars, but much for *Celsus* fear'd.
Andromeda, so whilst her Hero fought,
 Shook for his Danger, but her own forgot.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
 Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps beside;
 Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
 And undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps.
 A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye,
 An aukward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.
 With sordid Age his Features are defac'd;
 His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waste.
 To these dark Realms much learned Lumber creeps,
 There copious *Morton* safe in Silence sleeps.
 Where Mushroom Libels in Oblivion lie,
 And, soon as born, like other Monsters die.

on a Couch of Jet in these Abodes,
 Night, his melancholy Consort, nods.
 Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
 their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.
 Nigh this Recess, with Terror they survey
 There *Death* maintains his dread tyrannic Sway;
 the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
 There Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove,
 owns a dark Cave, with awful Horror wide,
 and there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd.
 fus'd, and wildly huddled to the Eye,
 the Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lie.
 Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow;
 his heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'erflow.
 tleless *Anxiety*, forlorn *Despair*,
 and all the faded Family of *Care*.
 d mouldring Urns, Racks, Daggers and Distress
 take up the frightful Horror of the Place.
 Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
 which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.
 Febris is first: The Hag relentless hears
 the Virgin's Sighs, and sees the Infant's Tears.
 her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign;
 and restless Ferments revel in each Vein.
 Then *Hydrops* next appears amongst the Throng;
 ated, and big, she slowly sails along.
 like a Miser, in Excess she's poor,
 and pines for Thirst amidst her watry Store.
 Now loathsome *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,
 with foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight;
 all deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Pow'r;
 nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.
 Whilst meager *Pthisis* gives a silent Blow,
 her Strokes are sure, but her Advances slow.
 loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shown:
 she starves the Fortress first, then takes the Town.

a Fever.

3 Dropsy.

4 Leprosy.

5 Consumption.

Vol. I.

Q

Behind

Behind flood Crowds of much inferior Names,
 Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name,
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,
 Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celsus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
 The silent Region of the fleeting Shades;
 Where Rocks and rueful Desarts are desery'd,
 And sullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide;
 Then shews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
 And claims his Passage to the further Shore.
 To whom the *Stygian* Pilot smiling, said,
 You need no Passport to demand our Aid.
 Physicians never linger on this Strand:
 Old *Charon's* present still at their Command.
 Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe
 To them the Peopling of their Realms below.
 Then in his swarthy Hand he grasp'd the Oar,
 Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shore.

Now, as the Goddess and her Charge prepare
 To breathe the Sweets of soft *Elysian* Air,
 Upon the Left they spy a pensive ⁶ Shade,
 Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
 Pale Grief sat heavy on his mournful Look;
 To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celsus* spoke:

Tell me, thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
 Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your Eyes:
 And who those mangled *Manes* are, which show
 A sullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

Since, said the Ghost, with Pity you'll attend.
 Know, I'm ⁷ *Guaićum*, once your firmest Friend,
 And on this barren Beach in Discontent
 Am doom'd to stay, 'till th' angry Pow'rs relent.
 Those Spectres, seam'd with Scars that threaten there,
 The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
 They vex with endless Clamours my Repose:
 This wants his Palate; that demands his Nose:

⁶ See the Allusion, Virg. *Æn.* 6.

⁷ Dr. Morton.

And here they execute stern *Pluto's* Will,
 And ply me ev'ry Moment with a Pill.
 Then *Celsus* thus; O much-lamented State!
 How rigid is the Sentence you relate?
 Methinks I recollect your former Air,
 But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
 Aspid as your late Prisoners you lie,
 That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.
 At the sad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,
 And mourn their vegetable Souls asleep;
 The unctuous Larix, and the healing Pine
 Mourn your Fate in Tears of Turpentine;
 But still the Offspring of your Brain shall prove
 The Grocer's Care, and brave the Rage of *Jove*.
 Then Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works shall rise
 In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.
 If Mortals e'er the *Strygian* Pow'rs could bend,
 Treaties to their awful Seats I'd send.
 But since no human Arts the Fates dissuade;
 Direct me how to find blest'd *Harvey's* Shade.
 In vain th' unhappy Ghost still urg'd his Stay;
 When rising from the Ground, he shew'd the Way.
 Though the dull Shore a shapeless Mountain stood,
 That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.
 His fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
 No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
 To gain the Summit the bright Goddess try'd,
 And *Celsus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.
 Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
 And taste th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.
 Those Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
 The infant Blossoms their chaste Odours pay,
 And Roses blush their fragrant Lives away.
 The Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
 And as they pass, their painted Banks they chide.
 These blissful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
 The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
 Ere Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head:
 Rob'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,
 And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.
 So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,
 Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd;
 The *Tritons* gaze, and tune each vocal Shell,
 And ev'ry Grace unsung, the Waves conceal.

The *Delegat*e observes, with wond'ring Eyes,
 Ambrosial Dews descend, and Incense rise;
 Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,
 The silent ⁸ Mansion of disastrous Love.
 Here *Jealousy* with Jaundice Looks appears,
 And broken Slumbers, and fantastic Fears.
 The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
 And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs sings.
 No Winds but Sighs there are, no Floods but Tears;
 Each conscious Tree a tragic Signal bears.
 Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
 And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

Olivia here in Solitude he found,
 Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground:
 Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
 She seem'd the dying Image of Despair.
 How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
 Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring!
 'Till the Green-sickness and Love's Force betray'd
 To Death's remorseless Arms th' unhappy Maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover stood,
 The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
 An icy Horror shiver'd in his Look,
 As to the cold-complexion'd Nymph he spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence such anxious Care
 Your Looks disorder'd, and your Bosom bare?
 Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r,
 Crush'd by the weight of some relentless Show'r?

Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell;
 That instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!
 Stabb'd with th' unkind Reproach, the conscious Maid
 Thus to her late insulting Lover said;
 When Ladies listen not to loose Desire,
 You stile our Modesty, our want of Fire:
 Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
 You still find Reasons to believe we love:
 Fairly you think a Liking we betray,
 And never mean the peevish Things we say.
 Few are the Fair ones of *Rufilla's* Make,
 Whisk'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake:
 But sev'ral *Celia's*, sev'ral Ages boast,
 That like, where Reason recommends the most.
 Where heav'nly Truth and Tenderness conspire,
 Chaste Passion may persuade us to desire.
 Your Sex, he cry'd, as Custom bids, behaves;
 In Forms the Tyrant ties such haughty Slaves.
 To do nice Conduct right, you Nature wrong;
 Impulses are but weak, where Reason's strong.
 Some want the Courage, but how few the Flame;
 They like the Thing, that startle at the Name.
 The lonely *Phoenix*, tho' profess'd a Nun,
 Arms into Love, and kindles at the Sun.
 Those Tales of spicy Urns and fragrant Fires,
 Are but the Emblems of her scorch'd Desires.
 Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting Fair,
 His empty Arms confess'd th' impassive Air.
 From his Embrace th' unbody'd Spectre flies,
 And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.
 They hasten now to that delightful Plain,
 Where the glad *Manes* of the Bless'd remain:
 Where *Harvey* gathers Simples, to bestow
 Immortal Youth on Heroes Shades below.
 When as the bright *Hygiea* was in View,
 The venerable Sage her Presence knew;
 Thus he ———

Hail, blooming Goddess! thou propitious Pow'r,
 Whose Blessings Mortals more than Life implore!
 With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,
 That Cottages are Courts where those appear.
 Mankind, as you vouchsafe to Smile or Frown,
 Finds Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.

With just Resentments and Contempt you see
 The foul Diffensions of the Faculty;
 How your sad sick'ning Art now hangs her Head,
 And once a Science, is become a Trade.
 Her Sons ne'er rifle her mysterious Store,
 But study Nature less, and Lucre more.
 Not so when *Rome* to th' *Epidaurian* rais'd
 A ⁹ Temple, where devoted Incense blaz'd.
 Oft Father *Tiber* views the lofty Fire,
 As the learn'd Son is worship'd like the Sire;
 The Sage with *Romulus* like Honours claim;
 The Gift of Life and Laws were then the same.

I shew'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
 And the Meanders of their reflux Tide.
 Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,
 And whence involuntary Motions there:
 And how the Spirits by mechanic Laws,
 In wild Careers tumultuous Riots cause.
 Nor wou'd our *Whartons*, *Bates*, and *Giffens* lie
 In the Abyss of blind Obscurity.
 But now such wond'rous Searches are forborn,
 And *Paan's* Art is by Divisions torn.
 Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
 How her lost Health your Science may regain.
 Haste, and the matchless ¹ *Atticus* address,
 From Heav'n and great *Nassau* he has the Message.
 Th' Oppress'd to his Asylum still repair;
 Arts he supports, and Learning is his Care.

⁹ A Temple built at Rome, in the Island of Tiber, to Esculapius, Son of Apollo.

¹ Lord Somers.

He softens the harsh Rigor of the Laws,
 Blunts their keen Edge, and grinds their harpy Claws;
 And graciously he casts a pitying Eye
 On the sad State of virtuous Poverty.
 Whene'er he speaks, Heaven! how the list'ning Throng
 Dwells on the melting Music of his Tongue.
 His Arguments are Emblems of his Mien,
 Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' serene;
 And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,
 Here, Light'ning strikes you; there, soft Breezes sigh.
 To him you must your sickly State refer,
 Your Charter claims him as your Visitor.
 Your Wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore
 Your Science to the Height it had before.
 Then *Nassau's* Health shall be your glorious Aim;
 His Life should be as lasting as his Fame.
 Some Princes Claims from Devastations spring;
 He condescends in Pity to be King:
 And when, amidst his Olives plac'd, he stands,
 And governs more by Candor than Commands:
 Ev'n then not less a Hero he appears,
 Than when his Laurel Diadem he wears.
 Wou'd *Phœbus*, or his *Granville*, but inspire
 Their sacred Veh'mence of poetic Fire;
 To celebrate in Song that god-like Pow'r,
 Which did the lab'ring Universe restore:
 Fair *Albion's* Cliffs wou'd echo to the Strain,
 And praise the Arm that conquer'd, to regain
 The Earth's Repose, and Empire o'er the Main.
 Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
 To make his Blessings endless as they're great:
 Whilst Malice and Ingratitude confess
 They've strove for Ruin long without Success.
 When late, *Jove's*^a Eagle from the Pile shall rise
 To bear the Victor to the boundless Skies,
 While the God puts off paternal Care,
 Neglects the Earth, to give the Heav'ns a Star.

^a Read the Ceremony of the Apotheosis.

Near thee, ³ *Alcides*, shall the Hero shine;
His Rays resembling, as his Labours, thine.

Had some fam'd Patriot, of the *Latin* Blood,
Like *Julius* great, and like *Octavius* good,
But thus preserv'd the *Latin* Liberties,
Aspiring Columns soon had reach'd the Skies:
Loud *Io's* the proud Capitol had shook,
And all the Statues of the Gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd pursue:
He paus'd; and *Celsus* with his Guide withdrew.

3 *Hercules, a Constellation near Ariadne's Crown.*



CLARE



CLAREMONT.

Address'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of CLARE,

NOW

DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

— *Dryadum silvas, saltusque sequamur*

Intactos, tua, Mæcenæ, haud mollia jussa. Virg.





P R E F A C E.

THEY that have seen those two excellent Poems Cooper's Hill and Windsor-Forest; the one by S^r J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will show a great deal of Candor if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the Name of Claremont to a Villa, now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The Situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think, some Place of the Nature put Ovid at first upon the Story of Narcissus and Echo. 'Tis probable he had observ'd some Spring arising amongst Woods and Rocks, where Echoes were heard; and some Flower bending over the Stream, and by Consequence reflected from it. After reading the Story in the Third Book of the Metamorphosis, 'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which Ovid had dispos'd her,

— vox tantum atque ossa supersunt,

is too great a Violation of poetical Authority. I dare say the Gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors who can say the same of: Experience shows us every Day that there are Writers who cannot bear a Brother should succeed, and the only Refuge from their Indignation is by being considerable; upon which Reflection, this Thing ought to have a Pretence to their Favour.

They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their Priests, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.



CLARE



CLAREMONT.

WHAT Frenzy has of late possess'd the Brain?
Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our Soil; our Bards rise in such Store,
Their rich retaining Patrons scarce are more.

The last indulge the Fault, the first commit;
And take off still the Offal of their Wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd are their Ways;
They poche *Parnassus*, and lay Snares for Praise.

None ever can without Admirers live,
Who have a Pension or a Place to give.
Great Ministers ne'er fail of great Deserts;
The Herald gives them Blood; the Poet, Parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to Wealth and Pow'r;
No Muse is Proof against a golden Show'r.
Let but his Lordship write some poor Lampoon,
He's *Horac'd* up in *Doggrel* like his own.
Or, if to rant in tragic Rage he yields,
False Fame cries --- *Athen*; honest Truth --- *Moorfields*.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' Floods of Ink;
Flags with full Sail; and rises but to sink.

Some venal Pens so prostitute the Bays,
Their Panegyrics lash; their Satires praise.
So nauseously, and so unlike they paint,
N----'s an *Adonis*; M----r a Saint.
Metius with those fam'd Heroes is compar'd,
That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.
But such a shameless Muse must Laughter move,
That aims to make *Salmonus* vye with *Jove*.

To form great Works puts Fate itself to Pain,
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.

And

And to perpetuate her Hero's Fame,
 She strains no less a Poet next to frame.
 Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's Rage;
Churchils and *Drydens* rise but once an Age.
 With Earthquakes tow'ring *Pindar's* Birth begun;
 And an Eclipse produc'd ¹ *Alcmena's* Son:
 The Sire of Gods o'er *Phæbus* cast a Shade;
 But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.

No Bard for Bribes shou'd prostitute his Vein;
 Nor dare to Flatter where he should Arraign.
 To grant big *Thraso* Valour, *Phormio*, Sense,
 Shou'd Indignation give, at least Offence.

I hate such Mercenaries, and wou'd try
 From this Reproach to rescue Poetry.
Apollo's Sons shou'd scorn the servile Art,
 And to Court-Preachers leave the fulsom Part.

What then----You'll say, Must no true Sterling pass
 Because impure Allays some Coin debase?
 Yes, Praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
 And, when I meet with Merit, scribble too.

The Man who's honest, open, and a Friend,
 Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend:
 Forgiving others, to himself severe;
 Tho' earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
 Who seldom but through great Good-nature errs;
 Detesting Fraud as much as Flatterers;
 'Tis he my Muse's Homage shou'd receive;
 If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.

But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline
 A Name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
 When *Pelham* you resign'd, what cou'd repair
 A Loss so great, unless *Newcastle's* Heir?
Hydaspes that the *Asian* Plains divides,
 From his bright Urn in purest Crystal glides.
 But when new-gath'ring Streams enlarge his Course;
 He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force.

in fabled Floods of Gold his Current flows,
 And Wealth on Nations as he runs, bestows.
 Direct me, *Clara*, to name some nobler Muse,
 That for her Theme thy late *Recess* may choose,
 Each bright Descriptions shall the Subject dress;
 Each vary'd Scenes, such pleasing Images;
 That Swains shall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their
 Bow'rs,

And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours.

But say, who shall attempt th' advent'rous Part
 Where Nature borrows Dress from *Vanbrook's* Art.

By *Apollo* taught, he touch the Lyre,
 Stones mount in Columns, Palaces aspire,
 And Rocks are animated with his Fire.

}

'Tis he can paint in Verse those rising Hills,
 Their gentle Vallies, and their silver Rills:

Close Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure spread,
 Flow'rs fighting Sweets, and Shrubs that Balsam bleed.

With gay Variety the Prospect crown'd,
 And all the bright *Horizon* smiling round.

Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
 Records from whence the *Villa* took its Name.

In Times of old, when *British* Nymphs were known
 To love no foreign Fashions like their own;

Then Dress was monstrous, and Fig-leaves the Mode,
 And Quality put on no Paint but ^a Woode.

Of *Spanish* Red unheard was then the Name;

For Cheeks were only taught to blush by Shame.

To Beauty, to increase her Crowd of Slaves;

Close out of Wash, as *Venus* out of Waves.

Not yet Lead-Comb was on the Toilet plac'd;

Not yet broad Eye-brows were reduc'd by Paste:

To Shape-smith set up Shop, and drove a Trade

To mend the Work wise Providence had made.

Fires were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,

And thrifty Silkworms spun for Times to come.

^a Glastrum. See Pliny. *Isatis*. See Dioscorides.

Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modesty;
All like *Diana* were below the Knee.

The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,
Surly in Show, unfashion'd in Address;
Upright in Actions, and in Thought sincere;
And strictly where the same they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in Probity alone;
For Villains had no Titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely Mad;
But still what Fancy wanted, Reason had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their Hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in Feasts, they only eat to live.
No Cook with Art increas'd Physicians' Fees;
Nor serv'd up Death in Soups and Fricaseys.
Their Taste was, like their Temper, unrefin'd;
For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.

Ere Right and Wrong, by turns, set Prices bore;
And Conscience had its Rate like common Whore;
Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence;
Or Merit was made out by Impudence;
Or Coxcombs look'd assuming in Affairs;
And humble Friends grew haughty Ministers.

In those good Days of Innocence, here stood
Of Oaks, with Heads unshorn, a solemn Wood,
Frequented by the 4 *Druids*; to bestow
Religious Honours on the 5 *Mistleto*.

The Naturalists are puzzled to explain
How Trees did first this Stranger entertain:
Whether the busy Birds ingraft it there;
Or else some Deity's mysterious Care,
As *Druids* thought; for when the blasted Oak
By Lightning falls, this Plant escapes the Stroke.

3 *Mores eis simplices, à versutis & improbitate nostra temporis hominum longe remoti.* See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hist. Lib. 4. Vers. 14.

4 *Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. Lib. 16.

5 *Et nihil habent Druidæ visco, & arbore in quâ gignatur, modo sit robur, sacratius.* Plin. ibid. Et *Viscum Druidæ.* Ovid.

when the Gauls the Tow'rs of Rome defac'd,
 and Flames drove forward with outrageous Waste;
 Rome's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd stood:
 sacred was the Mansion of a God.
 Shades honour'd by this Plant the *Draids* chose,
 ere, for the bleeding Victims, Altars rose.
 To *Hermes* oft they paid their Sacrifice;
 Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wife.
 Good Rules in mild Persuasions they convey'd;
 their Lives confirming what their Lectures said.
 None violated Truth, invaded Right;
 yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.
 The People's Peace they study'd, and profess'd
 to 7 Politicks but Public Interest.
 Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food;
 for all their Luxury was doing Good.
 No mitcr'd *Priest* did then with *Princes* vie,
 nor, o'er his Master, claim Supremacy;
 nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,
 nor being several Centuries obscure.
 None lost their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,
 nor not believing what none understood.
 Nor Simony, nor *Sing-Cure* were known;
 nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drones.
 Nor was the Way invented, to dismiss
Abigail with fat *Pluralities*.
 But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*
 taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land:
 cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,
 and how the 8 Seasons travell'd with the Sun:
 When his dim Orb seem'd wading through the Air:
 They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near;

6 Deum maxime Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem ar-
 tum ferunt: Post hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c. Cæf.

7 De republicâ, nisi per conciliû, loqui non conceditur. Cæf. Lib. 6.

8 Multa præterea de fideribus, & eorum motu, de eorum na-
 turâ, &c. Cæf.

And

And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try
When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-shot Eye.
All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require
More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin's* Readers tire.

This Sect in sacred Veneration held
Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd;
That Matter no Annihilation knows,
But wanders from these Tenements to those.
For when the *Plastic* Particles are gone,
They rally in some Species like their own.
The self-same Atoms, if new jumbled, will
In Seas be restless, and in Earth be still;
Can, in the Truffle, furnish out a Feast;
And nauseate, in the scaly Squill, the Taste.
Those falling Leaves that wither with the Year,
Will, in the next, on other Stems appear.
The Sap that now forsakes the bursting Bud,
In some new Shoot will circulate green Blood.
The Breath to-day that from the Jasmin blows,
Will, when the Season offers, scent the Rose;
And those bright Flames that in Carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the Lily with a Snow.

They hold that Matter must be still the same;
And varies but in Figure and in Name.
And that the ^o Soul not dies, but shifts her Seat;
New Rounds of Life to run; or past, repeat.
Thus when the Brave and Virtuous cease to Live;
In Beings brave and virtuous they ^l revive.
Again shall *Romulus* in *Nassau* reign;
Great *Numa*, in a *Brunswick* Prince, ordain
Good Laws; and *Haleyon* Years shall hush the World
again.

The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;
Or Gods descending in a Morning Dream.

9 *Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios. Cæf.*

1 *Et vos Barbaricos ritus----Sacrorum Druidæ----reditura percipere vitam,----regit idem spiritus artus. Lucan Lib. 1.*

sh'd Acts they cited ; and to come, foretold ;
 and cou'd Events not ripe for Fate, unfold.
 beneath the shady Covert of an Oak,
 Rhymes uncouth, prophetic Truths they spoke.
 attend then, *Clare* ; nor is the Legend long ;
 The Story of thy *Villa* is their ³ Song.
 The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,
 Was with each Beauty bless'd, and ev'ry Grace.
 His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood ;
 His Mother, a swift *Naiad* of the Flood.
 Her silver Urn supply'd the neighb'ring Streams,
 A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.
 Not lovelier seem'd *Narcissus* to the Eye ;
 Nor, when a Flower, cou'd boast more Fragrancy.
 His Skin might with the Down of Swans compare,
 More smooth than Pearl ; than Mountain Snow more fair.
 In Shape so Poplars or the Cedars please :
 But those are not so straight ; nor graceful these.
 His flowing Hair in unforc'd Ringlets hung ;
 Tuneless his Voice, persuasive was his Tongue.
 The haughtiest Fair scarce heard without a Wound,
 But sunk to Softness at the melting Sound,
 The fourth bright *Lustre* had but just begun
 To shade his blushing Cheeks with doubtful Down.
 All Day he rang'd the Woods, and spread the Toils,
 And knew no Pleasures but in *Sylvan* Spoils.
 In vain the Nymphs put on each pleasing Grace ;
 Too cheap the Quarry seem'd, too short the Chace.
 For tho' Possession be th' undoubted View ;
 To seize, is far less Pleasure than pursue.
 Those Nymphs that yield too soon, their Charms impair,
 And prove at last but despicably Fair.
 His own Undoing Glutton *Love* decrees ;
 And palls the Appetite, he meant to please.

² Et magnum numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur. Cæf.

³ Superstitione vanâ Druidæ canebant, &c. Tacit. Lib. 4.

His slender Wants too largely he supplies;
Thrives on short Meals, but by Indulgence dies.

A Grot there was with hoary Moss o'ergrown,
Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mould'ring Stone;
Sad Silence reigns within the lonesom Wall;
And weeping Rills but whisper as they fall.
The clasping Ivys up the Ruin creep;
And there the Bat and drowsy Beetle sleep.

This Cell sad *Ecbo* chose, by Love betray'd,
A fit Retirement for a mourning Maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with Toil, the *Sylvan* flies,
To shun the Calenture of sultry Skies:
But feels a fiercer Flame, Love's keenest Dart
Finds through his Eyes a Passage to his Heart.
Pensive the Virgin sat with folded Arms,
Her Tears but lending Lustre to her Charms.
With Pity he beholds her wounding Woes;
But wants himself the Pity he bestows.

Oh whether of a Mortal born! he grieves
Or some fair Daughter of the distant Skies:
That, in Compassion leave your Crystal Sphere,
To guard some favour'd Charge, and wander here,
Slight not my Suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a Novice yet in Love.
If Words avail not; see my suppliant Tears;
Nor disregard those dumb Petitioners.

From his Complaint the Tyrant Virgin flies,
Asserting all the Empire of her Eyes.

Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,
Nor seeks from Sleep, or Sustenance, Relief.
The Lamp of Life now casts a glimm'ring Light;
The meeting Lids his setting Eyes benight.
What Force remains, the hapless Lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred Deities.

Haste, Parents of the Flood, your Race to mourn;
With Tears replenish each exhausted Urn.
Retake the Life you gave, but let the Maid
Fall a just Victim to an injur'd Shade.

ere he endeavour'd; but the Accents hung
 half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his Tongue.
 For him the *Graces* their sad Vigils keep;
 he broke his Bow, and with'd for Eyes to weep.
 That Gods can do, the mournful *Faunus* tries;
 Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lies.
 The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile survey,
 and piously their diff'rent Honours pay.
 The Ascent, with verdant Herbage *Pales* spread;
 and Nymphs transform'd to Laurels, lent their Shade.
 The Stream a *Naiad* from the Basis pours;
 and *Flora* strows the Summit with her Flowers.
 Lone Mount *Latmus* claims Preeminence,
 Then Silver *Cynthia* lights the World from thence.
 Sad *Echo* now laments her Rigor, more
 than for *Narcissus* her loose Flame before.
 Her Flesh to Sinew shrinks, her Charms are fled;
 All Day in rifted Rocks she hides her Head.
 When as the Ev'ning shows a Sky serene,
 broad she strays, but never to be seen.
 And ever as the weeping *Naiads* name
 her Cruelty, the Nymph repeats the same.
 With them she joins, her Lover to deplore,
 and haunts the lonely Dales, he rang'd before;
 Her Sex's Privilege she yet retains;
 And tho' to Nothing wasted, Voice remains.
 So sung the *Druids*—then with Rapture fir'd,
 thus utter what the *Delphick* God inspir'd.
 Ere twice ten Centuries shall fleet away,
Brunswick Prince shall *Britain's* Scepter sway.
 No more fair *Liberty* shall mourn her Chains;
 The Maid is rescu'd, her lov'd *Perseus* reigns.
 When *Jove* he comes, the Captive to restore;
 nor can the Thunder of his Sire do more.

4 Et partim auguriis, partim conjectura, quæ essent futura, &c.
 de Divinatione.

5 Son of Jupiter and Danae.

Religion shall dread nothing but Disguise;
 And Justice need no Bandage for her Eyes.
Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign Lord;
 Her Safety to secure, two Powers accord,
 Her *Neptune's* Trident, and her *Monarch's* Sword.
 Like him, shall his *Augustus* shine in Arms,
 Tho' Captive to his *Carolina's* Charms.
 Ages with future Heroes She shall bless;
 And *Venus* once more found an *Alban* Race.

Then shall a *Clare* in Honour's Cause engage:
 Example must reclaim a graceless Age.
 Where Guides themselves for Guilty Views mis-lead
 And Laws ev'n by the Legislators bleed,
 His brave Contempt of State shall teach the Proud,
 None but the Virtuous are of noble Blood.
 For *Tyrants* are but *Princes* in Disguise,
 Tho' sprung by long Descents from *Ptolemies*.
 Right he shall Vindicate, good Laws defend;
 The firmest Patriot, and the warmest Friend.
 Great *Edward's* 6 Order early he shall wear;
 New Light restoring to the sully'd Star.
 Oft will his Leisure this *Retirement* chuse,
 Still finding future Subjects for the Muse,
 And to record the *Sylvan's* fatal Flame,
 The Place shall live in Song, and *Claremont* be the Name.

6 *Theologi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipsi vocant,
 & victimarum extis de futuris divinant. Diod. Sic. Lat. Vet.*





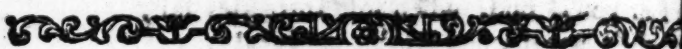
to the Lady LOUISA LENOS: With
OVID's *Epistles*.

N moving Lines these few Epistles tell
 What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well :
 How faintly the successful Lovers burn ;
 And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
 The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,
 Assert their uncontested Right, and rail.
 Too soon they listen, and repent too late ;
 Too sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate.
 Their Sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves ;
 Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.
 In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow !
 Some kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
 The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,
 And breaks but out, as Appetite returns :
 Yours, like Incense, mounts by soft degrees,
 And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.
 Your Sex, in all that can engage, excel ;
 And ours in Patience, and persuading well.
 Partial Nature equally decrees :
 We have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.
 You form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
 Giving nothing, or by granting all.
 But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years
 Languish at the Tale of Lover's Hopes and Fears.
 Your infant Graces sooth your gentle Hours,
 More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing Flow'rs ;
 Your rash Admirers your keen Light'ning fear ;
 Bright at distance, but destroys if near.
 The Time e'er long, if Verse presage, will come,
 Your Charms shall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.
 Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,
 Not a Lover Languish but for you.

The

The Muse shall string her Lyre, with Garlands crown
And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* first salutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red she warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Musicians rise:
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty shines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire resigns.



To RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON
with OVID's Art of Love.

MY LORD,

OUR Poet's Rules, in easy Numbers tell;
He felt the Passion he describes so well.
In that soft Art successfully refin'd,
Tho' angry *Cæsar* frown'd, the Fair were kind.
More Ills from Love, than Tyrants Malice flow;
Jove's Thunder strikes less sure than *Cupid's* Bow.

Ovid both felt the Pain, and found the Ease:
Physicians study most their own Disease:
The Practice of that Age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd listen then, and Lovers lye.
Who flatter'd most the Fair were most Polite,
Each thought her own Admirer in the right:
To be but faintly Rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so, aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the Fair-one's sake;
The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours shou'd take.

Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.
Tho' you possess all Nature's Gifts, take care;
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Share.

On all that Goddess her false Smiles bestows,
 On the Seas she reigns, from whence she rose.
 Zephyrs sigh with fragrant Breath, soft Gales
 Ride her gay Barge, and swell the silken Sails:
 The silver Wave in beauteous Order moves,
 As her Bosom, gentle as her Doves;
 He that once embarks, too surely finds
 The fallen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds;
 Fears, and Anguish, hov'ring on the Coast,
 Wrecks of Wretches by their Folly lost.
 When coming Time shall bless you with a Bride,
 Passion not persuade, but Reason guide:
 Lead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear;
 She has most Charms who is the most sincere.
 In vain Variety, 'tis but Disease;
 All Appetites are ever hard to please:
 The Nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
 For the Sex's Quiet to believe.
 Her Air an easy Confidence must show,
 To shun to find what she won'd dread to know?
 Charming with all Arts that can engage,
 Be the *Juliana* of the Age.



*the Dutchess of BOLTON on her staying
 all the Winter in the Country.*

EASE rural Conquests, and set free your Swains,
 To Dryads leave the Groves, to Nymphs the Plains.
 Inensive Dales alone let Echo dwell,
 Each sad Sigh she hears with Sorrow tell.
 Let your Eyes at *Kent's* Pavilion shine,
 Gaze but Stars, and then the Work's divine.
 Fate, Fame only tells of yielding Towns,
 Captive Gen'als, and protected Crowns:

A Gallery the Earl of Kent has built at St. James's.

OF

Of purchas'd Laurels, and of Battles won,
Lines forc'd, States vanquish'd, Provinces o'er-run,
And all *Alcides's* Labour summ'd in one.

The Brave must to the Fair now yield the Prize,
And *English* Arms submit to *English* Eyes :
In which bright List among the first you stand;
Tho' each a Goddess, or a *Sunderland*.



To the Duke of MARLBOROUGH
his voluntary Banishment.

GO, mighty Prince, and those great Nations see,
Which thy victorious Arms before made free;
View that fam'd Column, where thy Name engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their Empire sav'd,
Point out that Marble where thy Worth is shown,
To every grateful Country but thy own :
O Censure undeserv'd ! Unequal Fate !
Which strove to lessen Him who made her Great :
Which pamper'd with Success and rich in Fame,
Extoll'd his Conquests, but condemn'd his Name.
But Virtue is a Crime when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye ;
Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
Flies from no Danger but Domestick Jars,
Smiles at the Dart which angry Envy shakes,
And only fears for *Her* whom he forsakes :
He grieves to find the Course of Virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our Blood no better lost ;
Disdains in factious Parties to contend,
And proves in Absence most *Britannia's* Friend.
So the great *Scipio* of old, to shun
That Glorious Envy which his Arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,
Prepar'd, when e'er his Country's Cause requir'd,
To shine in Peace or War, and be again admir'd.



To the Earl of GODOLPHIN.

Whilst weeping *Europe* bends beneath her Ills,
 And where the Sword destroys not, Famine kills;
 Her Isle enjoys, by your successful Care,
 The Pomp of Peace, amidst the Woes of War.
 So much the Public to your Prudence owes,
 You think no Labour's long for our Repose:
 Such Conduct, such Integrity are shown,
 There are no Coffers empty, but your own.
 From mean Dependence, Merit you retrieve,
 Whisk'd you offer, and unseen you give:
 Your Favour, like the Nile, Increase bestows,
 And yet conceals the Source from whence it flows.
 No Pomp, or grand Appearance you approve:
 The People at their Ease is what you love:
 To lessen Taxes, and a Nation save,
 Ere all the Grants your Services wou'd have.
 Thus far the State-Machine wants no Repair,
 It moves in matchless Order by your Care;
 Free from Confusion, settled and serene;
 And like the Universe, by Springs unseen.
 But now some Star sinister to our Pray'rs,
 Contrives new Schemes, and calls you from Affairs:
 No Anguish in your Looks, or Cares appear,
 How to teach th' unpractis'd Crew to steer.
 Thus like a Victim, no Constraint you need,
 To expiate their Offence by whom you bleed.
 Ingratitude's a Weed of every Clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
 The God of Day, and your own Lot's the same;
 The Vapours you have rais'd, obscure your Flame:
 Tho' you suffer, and awhile retreat,
 Your Globe of Light looks larger as you set.



On her M A J E S T Y's Statue in St. Paul
Churchyard.

N E A R the vast Bulk of that stupendous Frame,
Known by the *Gentiles* great Apostle's Name ;
With Grace divine, great *Anna's* seen to rise,
An awful Form that glads a Nation's Eyes :
Beneath her Feet four mighty Realms appear,
And with due Reverence pay their Homage there.
Britain.and *Ireland*, seem to own her Grace,
And ev'n wild *India* wears a smiling Face.

But *France* alone with downcast Eyes is seen
The sad Attendant of so good a Queen :
Ungrateful Country ! to forget so soon,
All that great *Anna* for thy sake has done :
When sworn the kind Defender of thy Cause,
Spite of her dear Religion, spite of Laws ;
For thee she sheath'd the Terrors of her Sword,
For thee she broke her Gen'ral—and her Word :
For thee her Mind in doubtful Terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like Oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what cou'd she more ?
She lost the Honour she had gain'd before ;
Lost all the Trophies, which her Arms had won,
(Such *Cæsar* never knew, nor *Philip's* Son)
Resign'd the Glories of a ten Year's Reign,
And such as none but *Marlborough's* Arm cou'd gain.
For thee in Annals she's content to shine,
Like other Monarchs of the *Stuart* Line.



On the New Conspiracy, 1716.

Where, where, degen'rate Countrymen—how high
 Will your fond Folly and your Madness fly
 Scenes of Death, and servile Chains so dear,
 sue for Blood and Bondage every Year,
 like Rebel *Jews*, with too much Freedom curst,
 court a Change—tho' certain of the *Worst*?
 There is no Climate which you have not sought,
 There Tools of War, and Vagrant Kings are bought;
 Noble Passion, to your Country kind,
 crown Her with—the Refuse of Mankind.
 if the *New Rome*, which your Schemes unfold,
 are to be built on Rapine, like the *Old*,
 While her Asylum openly provides
 ev'ry Russian ev'ry Nation hides.
 Will you still tempt the great Avenger's Blow,
 and force the Bolt—which He is loth to throw?
 are there too Few already bit the Plains,
 to make you seek *New Prestons* and *Dumblains*?
 Vengeance loses its Effects so fast,
 that those of Mercy sure—should longer last.
 Say, Is it Rashness or Despair provokes
 your harden'd Hearts to these repeated Strokes?
 ply:—Behold, their Looks, their Souls declare,
 pale with Guilt, and dumb with deep Despair.
 Hear then, you Sons of Blood, your destin'd Fate,
 for, e'er you Sin too soon—Repent *too late*.
 Hadly you try to weaken GEORGE's Reign,
 and stem the Stream of Providence in vain.
 Right, by Worth, by Wonders made our Own,
 the Hand that gave it, shall preserve his Throne.
 vain your Hopes to distant Times remove,
 try the Second, or the Third from *Jove*,
 'tis the Nature of that Sacred Line,
 to conquer Monsters, and to grow Divine.

On the KING of SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the *Trojan* Line,
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built by *Heaven*
divine:

But Love's bright Goddess, with propitious Grace,
Preserv'd a Hero, and restor'd the Race.
Thus the fam'd Empire where the *Iber* flows,
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.

VERSES written for the TOASTING
GLASSES of the KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1793

Lady CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a Name can ev'ry Muse inspire,
To *Carlisle* fill the Glass, and tune the Lyre.
With his lov'd Bays the God of Day shall crown
A Wit and Lustre equal to his own.

The SAME.

At once the Sun and *Carlisle* took their way,
To warm the frozen North, and kindle Day;
The Flow'rs to both their glad Creation ow'd,
Their Virtues he, their Beauties she bestow'd.

Lady ESSEX.

The bravest Hero, and the brightest Dame
From *Belgia*'s happy Clime *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame
The awful Thunder, and the gentle Dew.

The SAME.

Essex fill the sprightly Wine,
 Health's engaging and divine:
 purest Odours scent the Air,
 and Wreaths of Roses bind our Hair.
 her chaste Lips these blushing lie,
 and those her gentle Sighs supply.

Lady HYDE.

God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,
 only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.
 Queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see
 Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

On Lady HYDE in Child-bed.

tho' in Agonies, her Graces keeps,
 A thousand Charms the Nymph's Complaints adorn;
 Tears of Dew so mild *Aurora* weeps,
 But her bright Offspring is the cheerful Morn.

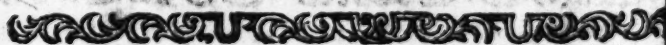
Lady WHARTON.

When *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,
 in immortal Toasting pass'd the Night,
 with more than Nectar he the Banquet bless'd,
 Wharton was the *Venus* of the Feast.

PROLOGUE designed for TAMERLANE.

To-day a mighty Hero comes to warm
 Your curdling Blood, and bid you, *Britons*, arm.
 Valour much he owes, to Virtue more;
 fights to save, and conquers to restore.
 strains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons persuade;
 likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.

Born for Mankind, they by his Labour live;
 Their Property is his Prerogative.
 His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
 And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.
 Such, *Britons*, is the Prince that you possess,
 In Council greatest, and in Camps no less:
 Brave, but not Cruel; Wise without Deceit;
 Born for an Age curs'd with a *Bajazet*.
 But you, disdaining to be too secure,
 Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Pow'r.
 With you a Monarch's Right is in dispute;
 Who give Supplies, are only absolute.
Britons, for shame your factious Feuds decline,
 Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line:
 Assert lost Rights, an *Austrian* Prince alone
 Is born to nod upon a *Spanish* Throne.
 A Cause no less could on great *Eugene* call;
 Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal*:
 He shows you your lost Honour to retrieve;
 Our Troops will fight, when once the Senate give.
 Quit your Cabals and Factions, and in spite
 Of Whig and Tory in this Cause unite.
 One Vote will then send *Anjou* back to *France*;
 There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
 Else to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
 E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium's* Care,
 At worst, he'll find some *Cornish* Borough here.



PROLOGUE to the Musick-meeting
 York-Buildings.

WHERE Music and more pow'rful Beauties re
 Who can support the Pleasure, and the Pain
 Here their soft Magic those two Sirens try,
 And if we listen, or but look, we die.

Why should we then the wond'rous Tales admire,
 Of *Orpheus*' Numbers, or *Amphion*'s Lyre ?
 Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess
 The Wonder greater, and the Fiction less.
 Like human Victims here we are decreed
 To worship those bright Altars where we bleed.
 Who braves his Fate in Fields, must tremble here ;
 Triumphant Love more Vassals makes than Fear.
 No Faction, Homage to the Fair denies ;
 The Right divine's apparent in their Eyes.
 That Empire's fix'd, that's founded in Desire ;
 Those Fires the Vestals guard, can ne'er expire.



PROLOGUE to the Cornish Squire,
 a COMEDY.

WHO dares not Plot in this good-natur'd Age,
 Each Place is privileg'd except the Stage ;
 There the dread Phalanx of Reformers come,
 Sworn Foes to Wit, as *Carthage* was to *Rome* ;
 Their Ears so sanctify'd no Scenes can please,
 But heavy Hymns, or penfive Homilies :
 Truths, plainly told, their tender Nature wound,
 Young Rakes must, like old Patriarchs, expound ;
 The painted Punk the Proselyte must play,
 And Bawds, like Fille-Devotes, procure and pray.
 How Nature is inverted ! Soon you'll see
 Senates unanimous, and Sects agree,
 Jews at Extortion rail, and *Monks* at Mystery.
 Let Characters be represented true,
 An airy Sinner makes an aukward Prue.
 With Force and fitting Freedom Vice arraign ;
 Tho' Pulpits flatter, let the Stage speak plain.
 If *Verres* gripes the Poor, or *Nænius* write,
 Call that the Robber, this the Parasite.

Ne'er aim to make an Eagle of an Owl,
Cinna's a Statesman, *Sydropbil* a Tool.
 Our Censurers with want of Thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous Sin of Sense.
 Who wou'd not such hard Fate as ours bemoan?
 Indicted for some Wit, and damn'd for none.
 But if, to day, some Scandal shou'd appear,
 Let those precise *Tartuffs* bind o'er *Moliere*.
 Poet, and Papist too, they'll surely maul,
 There's no Indulgences at *Hicks's-Hall*.
 Gold only can their pious Spite allay,
 They call none Criminals that can but pay:
 The heedless Shrines, with Victims they invoke,
 They take the Fat, and give the Gods the Smoke.

PROLOGUE *spoken at the Opening of the*
QUEEN'S Theatre in the Hay-Market.

SUCH was our Builder's Art, that soon as nam'd,
 This Fabrick, like the Infant-World, was fram'd.
 The Architect must on dull Order wait,
 But 'tis the Poet only can create.
 None else, at Pleasure, can Duration give,
 When Marble fails, the Muses Structures live.
 The *Cyprian* Fane is new no longer seen,
 Tho' sacred to the Name of Love's fair Queen.
 Ev'n *Athens* scarce in pompous Ruin stands,
 Tho' finish'd by the learn'd *Minerva's* Hands.
 More sure Presages from these Walls we find,
 By Beauty founded, and by Wit design'd.

In the good Age of ghostly Ignorance,
 How did Cathedrals rise, and Zeal advance?
 The merry Monks said Orisons at Ease,
 Large were their Meals, and light their Penances:

1 *My Lady Sunderland was pleas'd to lay the first Stone.*

Pardon

Pardon for Sins was purchas'd with Estates,
 And none but Rogues in Rags dy'd Reprobates.
 But now that pious Pageantry's no more,
 And Stages thrive, as Churches did before.
 Your own Magnificence you here survey,
 Majestick Columns stand, where Dunghills lay,
 And Carrs Triumphal rise from Carts of Hay.
 Swains here are taught to hope, and Nymphs to fear,
 And big *Almanzor's* Fight mock *Blenbeim's* here:
 Descending Goddesses adorn our Scenes,
 And quit their bright Abodes for gilt Machines.
 Shou'd *Jove*, for this fair Circle, leave his Throne,
 He'd meet a Lightning fiercer than his own.
 Tho' to the Sun, his tow'ring Eagles rise,
 They scarce cou'd bear the Lustre of these Eyes.

PILOGUE to the Tragedy of CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we Women do!
 Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woo?
 What! die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
 Ladies are often cruel to their Cost:
 To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of Virginity shou'd well be weigh'd;
 Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
 Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves—you may
 Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
 We hate you, when you're easily said nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?
 Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears,
 Our Hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would choose,
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
 We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;
 He sighs with most Success that settles well.
 The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
 'Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you:
 Your Breasts no more the fire of Beauty warms,
 But wicked Wealth usurps the Pow'r of Charms.
 What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,
 To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
 At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
 Ev'n Churches are no Sanctuaries now;
 There golden Idols all your Vows receive;
 She is no Goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy Age appear,
 When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere;
 When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
 And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains;
 Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
 And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal:
 Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
 And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time:
 The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
 And every *Lucia* find a *Cato's* Son.

P R E F A C E *to the Translation of OVID*
 M E T A M O R P H O S E S, *published*
by the AUTHOR.

THE Method I propose in writing this Preface, to take notice of some of the Beauties of *Metamorphoses*, and also of the Faults, and particular Affectations. After which I shall proceed to hint some Rules for Translation in general; and shall give a short Account of the following Version.

I shall not pretend to impose my Opinion on others with the magisterial Authority of a Critic; but on

take the Liberty of discovering my own Taste. I shall endeavour to show our Poet's Redundance of Wit, Justness of Comparisons, Elegance of Descriptions, and peculiar Delicacy in touching every Circumstance relating to the Passions, and Affections; and with the same Impartiality, and Frankness, I shall confess the too frequent Puerilities of his luxuriant Fancy, and the too great Negligence of his sometimes unlabour'd Versification.

I am not of an Opinion, too common to Translators, to think that One is under an Obligation to extol every thing he finds in the Author he undertakes: I am sure one is no more oblig'd to do so, than a Painter is to make every Face, that sits to him, handsome. 'Tis enough if he sets the best Features he finds, in their full and most advantageous Light. But if the Poet has private Deformities, tho' Good-breeding will not allow to expose him naked, yet surely there can be no Reason to recommend him, as the most finish'd Model of Harmony and Proportion.

Whoever has this undistinguishing Complaisance, will not fail to vitiate the Taste of the Readers, and misguide many of them in their Judgment, where to Approve, and where to Censure.

It must be granted, that where there appears an infinite Variety of inimitable Excellencies, it would be too harsh, and disingenuous to be severe on such Faults, as have escap'd rather thro' want of Leisure, and Opportunity to correct, than thro' the erroneous Turn of a deprav'd Judgment. How sensible Ovid himself was of the Uncorrectness of the *Metamorphoses*, appears from these Lines prefix'd before some of the Editions by the Care of his Commentators.

Orba parente suo quicunque Volumina tangis,

His saltem vestrâ detur in urbe locus.

Quoque magis farveas; non sunt hæc edita ab Illo,

Sed quasi de domini funere rapta sui.

Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit

Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.

Trist. El. vi.

Since

Since therefore the Readers are not solemnly invited to an Entertainment, but come accidentally; they ought to be contented with what they find: And pray what have they to complain of, but too great Variety? where tho' some of the Dishes be not served in the exact Order and Politeness, but hash'd up in haste; there are a great many accommodated to every particular Palate.

To like every thing, shows too little Delicacy; and to like nothing, too much Difficulty. So great is the Variety of this Poem, that the Reader, who is never pleas'd, will appear as monstrous, as he that is always so. Here are the Hurries of Battles for the Hero, tender Emotions of Soul for the Lover, a Search and Penetration into Nature for the Philosopher; Fluency of Numbers and most expressive Figures for the Poet; Morals for the Serious, and Plaisantries for Admirers of Points of Wit.

'Tis certain a Poet is more to be suspected for saying too much, than too little. To add is often hazardous; but to retrench, commonly judicious. In our Author, instead of saying all he could, had only said all he should; *Daphne* had done well to fly from the God of Wit, in order to crown his Poet: That *Ovid* had been more honour'd and ador'd in his Exile, than *Augustus* in his Triumphs.

I shall now attempt to give some Instances of the Happiness and vast Extent of our Author's Imagination. I shall not proceed according to the Order of the Poem, but rather transcribe some Lines here and there, as my Reflection shall suggest.

*Nec circumfuso pendebat in æere tellus
Ponderibus librata suis*——

Thus was the State of Nature before the Creation: And here it is obvious, that *Ovid* had a discerning Notion of the Gravitation of Bodies. 'Tis now demonstrated, that every Part of Matter tends to every Part of Matter with a Force, which is always in a direct
simple

ample Proportion of the Quantity of the Matter, and an inverse duplicate Proportion of the Distance; which Tendency or Gravitating is constant and universal. This Power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the solid Content of Bodies, and never in any proportion to their Superficies, cannot be explain'd by any material Impulse. For the Laws of Impulse are physically necessary: There can be no *αὐτεξέσσιον*, or arbitrary Principle, in meer Matter; its Parts cannot move, unless they be mov'd; and cannot do otherwise, when press'd on by other Parts in Motion; and therefore 'tis evident from the following Lines, that Ovid strictly adher'd to the Opinion of the discerning Philosophers, who taught that all things were form'd by a wise and intelligent Mind.

*Jussit & extendi campos, subsidere valles,
Fronde tegi sylvas——*

The *Fiat* of the Hebrew Lawgiver is not more sublime than the *Jussit* of the Latin Poet, who goes on in the same Elevated and Philosophical Style.

*His super imposuit liquidum & gravitate carentem
Æthera——*

Here the Author spreads a thin Veil of *Æther* over his Infant Creation; and tho' his asserting the upper Region to be void of Gravitation, may not, in a Mathematical Rigor, be true; yet 'tis found from the Natural Enquiries made since, and especially from the learned Dr. Halley's Discourse on the *Barometer*, that if, on the Surface of the Earth, an Inch of Quicksilver in the Tube be equal to a Cylinder of Air of 300 Feet, it will be at a Mile's height equal to a Cylinder of Air of 2700000: and therefore the Air at so great a Distance from the Earth, must be rarify'd to so great a Degree, that the Space it fills must bear a very small Proportion to that which is intirely void of Matter.

I think, we may be confident from what already appears, as well as from what our Author has writ of the *Roman Feasts*, that he cou'd not be totally ignorant of Astronomy. Some of the Criticks wou'd insinuate from the following Lines, that he mistook the Annual Motion of the Sun for the Diurnal.

Seetus in obliquum——

Met. B. 2.

Though the Sun be always in one or other of the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and never goes by either Motion more Northward, or Southward, than is here describ'd yet *Phaeton* being design'd to drive the Chariot but one Day, ought to have been directed in the *Æquator*, or Circle Parallel to it, and not round the other Oblique one of the *Ecliptick*: a Degree of which, and that by a Motion contrary to the Diurnal, he was oblig'd to go in that length of Time.

I am inclin'd to think, that *Ovid* had so great an Attention to Poetical Embellishments, that he voluntarily declin'd a strict Observance of any Astronomical System. For tho' that Science was far from being neglected in former Ages; yet the Progress which was made in it, by no means equal'd that of our present Time.

Lucretius, tho' in other things most penetrating, describes the Sun scarce bigger, than he appears to the Eye.

*Nec nimio solis major rota, nec minor ardor
Esse potest, nostris quàm sensibus esse videtur.*

And *Homer*, imagining the Seats of the Gods above the fix'd Stars, represents the falling of *Vulcan* from thence to the Isle of *Lemnos*, to continue during a whole Day.

Πᾶν δ' ἡμᾶρ φεζόμεν, αἶψα δ' ἡελίῳ καταδύνει
Κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ——

Il. B. 1.

The Greek Poet aims here to give a surprizing Idea of the height of the Celestial Mansions: but if the Computation

putation of a modern Astronomer be true, they are at
so much a greater Distance, that *Vulcan* wou'd have
been more Years in falling, than he was Minutes.

But lest I shou'd exceed the usual Length of a Pre-
face, I shall now give some Instances of the Propriety of
our Author's Similes, and Epithets; the Perspicuity of
his Allegories: the Instructive Excellence of the Morals;
the peculiar happy Turn of his Fancy; and shall begin
with the Elegance of his Descriptions.

— — *Madidis Notus evolat alis,
Terribilem piceâ testus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaeque, sinusque.*

*Sternuntur segetes, & deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.*

Met. B. 1.

These Lines introduce those of the Deluge, which
are also very Poetical, and worthy to be compar'd with
the next, concerning the Golden Age.

— *Sive militis usu
Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.
Ipsa quoque immunis rostroque intacta, nec ullis
Sautia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus.
Contentique cibus, nullo cogente, creatis,
Arbuteos fætus, montanaque fraga legebant,
Et quæ deciderant patulâ Jovis arbore glandes.
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris.
Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.*

Virgil has also touch'd upon the same Subject in the
end of the Second *Georgick*.

*Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,
Nec dum etiam audierant inflari classica, nec dum
Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.*

And

And again,

Primus ab æthere venit Saturnus Olympo

*Aurea, quæ perhibens illo sub rege fuerunt
Sæcula: sic placida populos in pace regibat.*

Æn. B. 8. l. 319.

Some of the Lines, a little foreign to the present Subject are omitted; but I shall make the most admirable Author amends by transcribing at length his next Description. 'Tis of a Stag, which gave the first Occasion to the War betwixt the Trojans and the Rutulians: I choose this, because my Design is to have these two great Poets seen together, where the Subject happens to be almost the same, tho' the Nature of the Poems be very different.

*Cervus erat formâ præstanti, & cornibus ingens,
Tyrrhæidæ pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
Nutribant, Tyrrheusque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, & lute custodia credita campi.
Assuetum imperiis soror omni Sylaxia curâ
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua fœtis:
Pectebatque serum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manum patiens, mensæque affectus herili
Errabat sylvis*

Æn. B. 7. l. 483.

The Image which Ovid gives of the Favourite Stag slain accidentally by Cyparissus, seems not of less Dignity.

*Ingens cervus erat, latæque patemibus altis
Ipse suo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
Pendeant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
Bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta mœdebatur: pariliq; ex ære nitabant
Auribus in geminis circum cæva tempora batæ.
Isque metu vacuus, naturalique pavore
Deposito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla*

Quamlibet

*Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere solebat.
Gratus erat Cyparisse tibi, Tu pabula ceruorum
Ad nova, tu liquidi ducibus fontis ad undam.*

*Tu modo texchas varios per cornua flores:
Nunc, eques in tergo residens, huc latus & illuc
Mellia purpureis frænabas ora capistris.*

In the following Lines, Ovid describes the watry Court of the River Peneus, which the Reader may compare with Virgil's Subterranean Grott of Cyrene the Maid, Mother to Aristæus.

*Est nemus Hæmonie, prærupta quod undique claudis
Silva: vocant Tempe, per quæ Peneus ab und
Effusus Pindo spumosis voluitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumus
Nubila conduit, summasque aspergine sylvas
Impluit, & sonitu plus quam vicinæ fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæc sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc residens factio de cautibus antro
Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas,
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
Nescia gratentur, consolenturve parentem,
Populifer Spercheos, & irrequietus Enipeus,
Eridanusque pater, lenisque Amphrysos, & Æolis
Moxque amnes alii, qui, quæ tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.*

Met. B. 2.

*Tristis Aristæus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans*

*Jamque domum mirans genitricis, & hauriunda regna,
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,
Ibat; & ingenti motu stupescillus aquarum,
Omnia sub magnâ labentia flumine terrâ
Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, & unde Aniena fluenta,*

Et

*Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguis culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Georg. B. 4.

The Divine Poet goes on in Pomp of Numbers and easy Magnificence of Words, 'till he introduces the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*; in the Narration of which, he is as much superior to *Ovid*, as the Reeds of his own *Mantuan* Shepherds are less Musical, than the Lyre of *Orpheus*.

That I may not be too long on this Article, I shall recommend to the Reader *Ovid's* admirable Description of Sleep.

————— *Est prope Cimmerios* —————

Met. B. 11.

That of Hunger

————— *Est locus extremis Scythia* ————— B. 8.

That of the Plague

————— *Dira lues* ————— B. 7.

That of Fame

————— *Orbe locus medio est* ————— B. 12.

Virgil has also touch'd on the two last; in the one he had *Lucretius* in View; in the other *Homer*; and I think it will not be to the Disadvantage of our Author to appear at the same time.

There are many other Descriptions scatter'd in the *Metamorphoses*, which for just Expression of Nature, and majestick Modulation of Words, are only Inferior to those already transcrib'd, as they are shorter; which makes the Objection, that his Diction is commonly loitering into Prose, a great deal too severe.

The *Metamorphoses* must be consider'd, as is observ'd before, very uncorrect; and *Virgil's* Works as finish'd, tho' his own Modesty would not allow the *Æneids* to be so. It seems it was harder for him to please himself

than his Readers. His Judgment was certainly great, nor was his Vivacity of Imagination less; for the first without the last is too heavy, and like a Dress without Fancy; and the last without the first is too gay, and but all Trimming.

Our Author's Similitudes are next to be consider'd, which are always remarkably short, and convey some pleasing Idea to the Imagination. 'Tis in this Branch of the Poem, that he has discover'd as just a Judgment, as any of the Classicks whatever. Poets to give a Loose to a warm Fancy, are generally too apt, not only to expatiate in their Similes, but introduce them too frequently; by doing the first, they detain the Attention too long from the principal Narration; and by the latter, they make too frequent Breaches in the Unity of the Poem.

These two Errors *Ovid* has most discerningly avoided. How short, and significant are generally his Comparisons! he fails not, in these, to keep a stiff Rein on a high-mettled *Pegasus*; and takes care not to surfeit here, as he had done on other Heads, by an erroneous Abundance.

His Similes are thicker sown by much in the Fable of *Salmacis* and *Hermaphroditus*, than in any other Book, but always short.

The Nymph clasps the Youth close to her Breast, and both insensibly grow one.

— *Velut si quis conducto cortice ramos
Crescendo jungi, pariterque adolescere cernat.*

Met. B. 4.

Again, as *Atalanta* reddens in the Race with *Hippomenes*.

*Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum super atria velum
Candida purpureum simulatas inscit umbras.*

Met. B. 10.

Philomela's

Philomela's Tongue seem'd to move after it was cut by Tereus.

*Utque salire solet mutilata cauda colubra,
Pulsitat* ————— Met. B. 6.

Cadmus sows the Dragon's Teeth, and the Sons of the Earth rise gradually.

*Inde fide majus glebae cepere moveri;
Primaque de sulcis arces apparuit hastae;
Tegmina mox caputum picto nutantia citho,
Mox humeri, pectusque —————
Sic ubi tolluntur fessis nuclea theatris
Surgere signa solent, primumque ostendere vultum,
Cetera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
Tota patent, imoque pedes in margine ponunt.*

Met. B. 5.

The Objection to Ovid, that he never knows when to give over, is too manifest. Tho' he frequently expatiates on the same Thought in different Words; yet in his Similes, that Exuberance is avoided. There is in them all, a Simplicity, and a Confinement to the present Object; always a Fecundity of Fancy, but rarely an Intemperance: nor do I remember he has err'd above once by an ill-judg'd Superfluity. After he has describ'd the Labyrinth built by *Dædalus*, he compares it thus,

*Non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis Maeandros in arvis
Ludit, Et ambiguo lapsu resiliatque, stuitque;
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum
Incertus exercet aquas* ————— Met. B. 8.

He should have ended at the close of the second Line, as *Virgil* should have done at the End of the Fourth in his noble Simile, where *Dido* proceeds to the Temple with her Court about her.

*Quælit in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutæ*

Hinc,

*Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Orïades, illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque Deas ſupereminet omnes;
Latona tacitum perſentiant gaudia poſſus.*

Æn. B. 4.

I ſee no Reaſon for the laſt Line: Tho' the Poet be juſtly celebrated for a moſt conſummate Judgment, yet by an Endeavour to imitate Homer's Similes, he is not only very long, but by introducing ſeveral Circumſtances, he fails of an applicable Relation betwixt the principal Subject and his new Ideas. He ſometimes thinks fit to work into the Piece ſome differing Embroidery, which, tho' very rich, yet makes at beſt but glorious Patch-work. I really believe his excellent Poem had not been the leſs ſo, if, in this Article, he had thought fit to have walk'd on in his own regular and Majeſtick Grace, rather than have been hurry'd forward through broken Ways by his blind Guide.

I ſhall tranſcribe one of his Similes which is not cull'd out, but exactly of the ſame Texture with all the reſt in the four laſt Books of the *Æneids*.

Turnus leaps in Fury from his Chariot.

*Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avuſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus æſtu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum*

Æn. B. 12. l. 684.

It does not ſeem to be at all Material, whether the Rock was blown or waſh'd down by Wind or Rain, or undetermin'd by Time.

But to return to *Ovid*: the Reader may take notice how unforc'd his Compliments, and how natural his Tranſitions generally are. With how much Eaſe does he ſlide into ſome new Circumſtance, without any Violation of the Unity of the Story! The Texture is ſo artful, that it may be compar'd to the Work of his own

Arachne,

Arachne, where the Shade dies so gradually, and the Light revives so imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceases, and the other begins.

When he is going off from the Story of *Apollo* and *Daphne*; how happily does he introduce a Compliment to the Roman Conquerors!

——— *Et conjux quoniam mea non potes esse,*

Arbor eris certè ———

Tu Ducibus lætis aderis, cum læta triumphum

Vox canet, & longæ visent Capitolia pompæ.

Postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos

Ante fores stabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.

Met. B. 1.

He compliments *Augustus* upon the Assignment of *Julius*; and, by way of Simile, takes the Opportunity from the Horror that the Barbarity of *Lycaon* gave.

——— *Sic cum manus impia sævit*

Sanguine Casareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deify'd, and looks down on his adopted Son.

——— *Natique videns benefacta, fatetur*
Esse suis majora, & vinci gaudet ab illo.

Met. B. 15.

And immediately follows,

Hic sua præferri quamquam vetat. acta paternis,

Libera fama tamen, nullisque obnoxia jussis

Invitum præfert ———

The Author in the two first Lines shows the affectionate Condescension of the Father; in the three last, the pious Gratitude of the Son.

The Compliments to *Augustus* are very frequent in the last Book of the *Metamorphoses*; as those to the same Emperor are in the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, which also strike the Imagination by their agreeable Flattery.

Hæc

*Hæc super arborum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
Et super arboribus; Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affeſat Olympo.*

Georg. 1.

Again on Julius,

*Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet aſtris
Julius—————*

Æn. B. 1.

The Compliments have a great Sublimity and are worthy of the Grandeur of the Heroes, and the Wit of a Poet.

Ovid as much deserves Praise for saying a great deal a little, as Censure for saying a little in a great deal. One of the Claſſick Poets had the Talent of expreſſing himſelf with more Force and Perſpicuity.

Phaeton deſires ſome Pledge of his Father's Tenderneſs, and aſks to be truſted with his Chariot. He ſays,

Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo.

Met. B. 2.

However, the latter complies with his Importunity; the Conſequence is fatal, the World is ſet on Fire, even the Rivers feel the force of the Conflagration. The ſeas boil,

—————Fluit ignibus Aurum.

The Nile retreats,

Oculiſque caput, quod adhuc latet————

Xanthus is parch'd up,

Aſurusque iterum Xanthus————

The Poet's Fancy is here full of Energy, as well as in the following Lines. Apollo courts Daphne, and promiſes her ſelf Succeſs, but is diſappointed.

Quodque cupit, ſperat; ſuaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And

And again,

The River *Achelous* combats *Hercules*, and assumes several Shapes in vain, then puts on at last that of a Snake; the Hero smiles in contempt.

Cunorum labor est angues superare meorum.

Ovid never excels himself so much, as when he takes Occasion to touch upon the Passion of Love; all Heroes are in a manner sensible of the same Emotions; and like Instruments tun'd Unisons; if a String of any one of them be struck, the rest by consent vibrate.

Procris is jealous of *Cephalus*; she endeavours to confirm'd in her Fears, but hopes the contrary,

— *Speratque miserrima falli.*

The next is not less Natural,

— *Sed cuncta timeamus amantes.*

Byblis is in love with *Caunus*. The Struggle is betwixt her unlawful Flame and her Honour.

She's all Confusion at the Thoughts of discovering her Passion——

— *miserere fatentis amorem.*

She attempts to write,

*Incipit & dubitat: scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet: mutat, culpatusque probatque.*

In the End, Inclination, as it does always, gets the better of Discretion.

This last Fable shows how teachingly the Poet argues in Love Affairs, as well as those of *Medea* and *Scylla*. The two last are left by their Heroes, and their Reflections are very Natural and Affecting. *Ovid* seem'd to have had *Virgil's* Passion of *Dido* in his Eye, but with this Difference; the one had convers'd much with Ladies, and knew they lov'd to talk a great deal; The

whether consider'd no less, what was natural for them to say, than what became them to say.

Virgil has, through the whole Management of this Encounter, discover'd a most finish'd Judgment. *Aeneas*, like other Men, likes for Convenience, and leaves for greater. *Dido*, like other Ladies,resents the Neglect, enumerates the Obligations the Lover is under, upbraids him with Ingratitude, threatens him with Revenge, then yields and by submits, begs for Compassion, and has recourse to Tears.

It appears from this Piece, that *Virgil* was a discerning Master in the Passion of Love: And they that consider the Spirit and Turn of that inimitable Line——*Qui Bavium non odit*——cannot doubt but he had an equal Talent for Satyr.

Nor does the Genius of *Ovid* more exert on the Subject of Love, than on all others. In the Contention of *Jax*, *Ulysses* his Elocution is most nervous, and persuading. Where he endeavours to dissuade Mankind from indulging carnivorous Appetites in his Pythagorean Philosophy, how emphatical is his Reasoning!

*Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude, dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare laborem?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus
Qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare suum*——

Met. B. 15.

I think *Agricolam* had been stronger, but the Authority of Manuscripts does not warrant that Emendation.

Through the whole Texture of this Work, *Ovid* discovers the highest Humanity, and a most exceeding good nature. The Virtuous in Distress are always his Consideration; and his Wit contrives to give them an Immortality with himself.

He seems to have taken the most Pains in the First and Second Book of the *Metamorphoses*, though the thirteenth abounds with Sentiments most moving.

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and with calamitous Incidents, introduced with great Art. The Poet had here in View the Tragedy *Hecuba* in *Euripides*; and 'tis a wonder, it has never been attempted in our own Tongue. The House of *Priam* is destroy'd, his Royal Daughter a Sacrifice to the *Manes* of him that occasion'd it. She is forc'd from the Arms of her unhappy Friends, and hurry'd to the Altar, where she behaves herself with a Decency becoming her Sex, and a Magnanimity equal to her Blood and so very affecting, that even the Priest wept.

———— *Ipse etiam flens, invitatusque sacerdos, &c.*

She shows no Concern at approaching Death, but the Account of her old, unfortunate Mother.

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere possit.

Mater obest, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis

Non mea mors illi, verum sua vita gemenda est.

Then begs her Body may be deliver'd to her without Ransom,

———— *Genetrici corpus inemptum*

Reddite; neve auro redimat jus triste sepulchri,

Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat & auro.

The unhappy Queen laments she is not able to give her Daughter royal Burial,

Non hæc est fortuna domus ———

Then takes the Body in her decrepid Arms, and hies to the Sea to wash off the Blood,

———— *Ad littus passu processit anili*

Albentes laniata comas. ———

The animated Thoughts and lively Images of this Poem, are numerous. None ever painted more to Life, than our Author, tho' several Grotesque Figures are now and then seen in the same Groupe. The plentiful Season that gives Birth to the finest Flowers produces also the rankest Weeds. *Ovid* has shewn

the Line, the brightest Fancy, sometimes; and in the
next, the poorest Affectation.

Venus makes Court to Adonis,

——— *Et ecce!*

Opportuna suâ blanditur Populus umbrâ;

Et requievit humo; pressitque & gramen & ipsum.

Met. B. 10. l. 556.

Phæbus requests Phaeton to desist from his Request.

——— *Consilii, non curribus utere nostris.*

*Cæneus in the Battle of the Centaurs wounds Latreus
several Places.*

——— *Vulnusque in vulnere fecit.*

These are some of our Poet's Boyisms. There is another Affectation, call'd by *Quintilian* *Ὀξύμωρον*, or a witty Folly, which would not have appear'd quite so trifling, had it been less frequent.

Medea persuades the Daughters of Pelias to kill their Father, in order to have his Youth renew'd. She, that loves him best, gives the first Wound,

Et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus ——— Met. B. 7.

Althea is enrag'd at her Son Meleager, and to do Justice to the Manes of his Brothers destroys him,

Impietate pia est ———

Envy enters Athens, and beholds the flourishing Condition of the City,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of such Witticisms, which are more to be wonder'd at, because they were not the Fashion of that Age, as Punns and Quibbles are of this. *Virgil*, as I remember, is not found trifling in this manner above once or twice.

*Dencalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
Unde homines nati, durum genus——*

Georg. 1. l. 65

Juno is in Indignation at *Aeneas* upon his Arrival in Italy.

*Num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremavit
Troja viros?——*

Æn. 7. l. 295

The Poet is so far from affecting this sort of Wit that he rarely ventures on so spirited a Turn of Fancy as in these following Instances.

Juno upbraids *Venus* and *Cupid*, Ironically, that two Deities cou'd be able to get the better of one weak Woman.

*—— Memorabile nomen,
Una dolo Divum si fœmina victa duorum est.*

Æn. 4. l. 95

Euryalus, going upon an Enterprize, expresses his Concern for his surviving Mother, if he should fall, and recommends her to the Care of *Ascanius*, who answers,

*Namque erit ista mihi genitrix, nomenque Creusa
Solum defuerit——*

Venus is importunate in her Solicitations to *Vulcan*, to make Armour for her Son: He answers,

*—— Absiste precando
Viribus indubitare tuis——*

Æn. 7

At the first Kindling of *Dido's* Passion, he has the most natural Thought,

—— Illum absens absentem auditque videtque.

But to return to *Ovid*; tho' I cannot vindicate him for his Points, I shall endeavour to mollify his Criticks when they give him no quarter for his Diction, and attack him so inflexibly for ending his Lines with Monosyllables.

syllables, as — *si quis* — *si non*, &c. and as I think he cannot be excus'd more advantageously, than by affirming, that where he has done it once, *Virgil* has twenty times.

— <i>Et cum</i>	G. 1.
— <i>si quis</i>	G. 2.
— <i>nec dum</i>	G. 3.
— <i>si quam</i>	Æn. 1.
— <i>si quis</i>	Æn. 7.
— <i>jam bos</i>	Æn. 12.
— <i>nunc nunc</i> — &c.	

There are a great many Endings of Lines in this manner, and more indeed than seems consistent with the Majesty of Heroick Verse. When Lines are design'd to be *Harmoni propiores*, this Liberty may be allowable, but not so when the Subject requires more sonorous Numbers. *Virgil* seems to endeavour to keep up his Versification to an Harmonious Dignity; and therefore, when Words do not offer with some Ease, he'll rather break off in an Hemistich, than that the Line shou'd be lazy and languid. He well knew, how essential it was in Poetry to flatter the Ear; and at the same time was sensible, that this Organ grows tir'd by a constant Attention to the same Harmony; and therefore he endeavour'd now and then to relieve it by a Cadence of Pauses, and Variation of Measures.

Ambion Dirceus in Alæo Aracinto. Ecl. 2.

This Line seems not tuneful at the first hearing; but by Repetition, it reconciles itself, and has the same effect with some Compositions of Musick, which are at the first Performance tiresome, and afterward entertaining.

The Commentators and Criticks are of Opinion, that whenever *Virgil* is less Musical, it is where he endeavours

deavours at an Agreement of the Sound with the Sense, as,

——— *Procumbit humi bos.*

It would show as much Singularity to deny this, as does a fanciful Facility to affirm it, because it is obvious in many Places he had no such view.

——— *Inventa sub ilicibus sus.* *Æn.* 3. l. 390

——— *Dentesque Sabellicus axacuit sus.* *Georg.* 3. l. 255

——— *Jam setis obsita, jam bos.* *Æn.* 7. l. 790

——— *Furor additus, inde lupi ceu, &c.*

Æn. 11. l. 355

The Places, which favour most the first Opinion are

Saxa per & scopulos, & depressas convalles.

Georg. 3. l. 275

——— *Sæpe exigunt mus.*

Omnia sub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ. *Georg.* 4.

The last Line is the only Instance, I remember (except one in *Ecl.* 2.) where the Words terminate in the same Vowel, and seem to represent the constant and uniform Sound of a sliding Stream.

Those, that are most conversant in Classick Poetry must be sensible, that *Virgil* has been much more solicitous, than *Ovid*, to keep up his Lines to an easy and a Musical Flow; but tho' the Criticks charge the latter with breaking through *Prosody* and *Grammar*, and allowing himself too often the Licence of *Græcisms*; take this Censure to be only an arrogant Pedantry of the Grammarians, and groundless in itself; but tho' were true, I dare be confident it is full as just upon *Virgil*,

——— *Curru subjungere Tigres,* *Ecl.* 5. l. 29

For *Curru*, according to the Grammarians.

Often Adjectives for Adverbs; and the contrary.

G. 1. — *Pinguia culta*; an Adjective for a Substantive

——— *Denso distinguere pingui*; the same.

Æn. 11.

Æn. 11. l. 69. — *Seu languentis Hyacinthi* ;
first Foot of the Dactyl short,

Æn. 4. — *Tulerunt fastidia menses* ; the penultima of
the Verb short,

Obsupui steteruntque comæ — the same.

So *Lucretius*, *prodiderunt*, *reciderunt*, &c.

G. 2. l. 5. — *Pampineo gravidus autumnus* ; an
Iambick for a Spondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridannus camposque per omnes ; an
Anapest for a Dactyl, or a Spondee.

Æn. 10. l. 29. *Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre
Mnestheo* ; a Trochee, unless the two Consonants
MN of the following Word be allow'd,

G. 1. l. 456. *Fervere, non illâ quisquam* —

The Penultima commonly short with *Virgil*, so *fulgere*,
ridere, &c.

Æn. 12. l. 680. — *Sine me furere ante furorem* ; a
Græcism.

G. 1. l. 281. — *Imponere Pelio Ossam* ; a Græcism,
where there is no Elision, but the long Vowel
before another made short.

The Learned and Reverend Dr. *Clark* has observ'd,
(as he tells me) that tho' there be several short Vowels
made long in *Homer*, yet there is no Instance on the con-
trary, of any long Vowel (such as the first Syllable of
τιμήν, *Ψυχὴν*, *ῥιχόν*, and the like) ever made short,
where no Vowel follows. Which shows that there is no
such thing as a *Poetica licentia*, properly so call'd.

Certainly no body can imagine but these two cele-
brated Authors understood their own Tongue, better
than the scrupulous Grammarians of After-ages, who
are too Dogmatical and Self-sufficient, when they pre-
sume to censure Either of them for not attending strictly

enough to Syntax, and the Measure of Verse. The Latin Tongue is a dead Language, and none can decide with Confidence on the Harmony, or Dissonance of the Numbers of these Times, unless they were thoroughly acquainted with their Pauses, and Cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more Assurance on the Diction; and distinguish where they have been negligent and where more finish'd. There are certainly many Lines in *Ovid*, where he has been downright Lazy, and where he might have avoided the Appearance of being obviously so, by a very little Application. In recording the Succession of the *Alban* Kings, thus,

*Epitus ex illo est, post hunc Capetusque, Capysque,
Sed Capys ante fuit*—

There are also several Lines in *Virgil*, which are not altogether tunable to a modern Ear, and which appear unfinish'd.

*Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, & omnes
Cogendæ in sulcum*— G. 2. l. 61.

*Præsertim si tempestas à vertice sylvis
Incubuit*— G. 2. l. 310.

*Quasve referre parem? sed nunc, est omnia quæ
Iste animus supra*— Æn. 11. l. 509.

*Ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
Jupiter*— Æn. 12. l. 108.

But the Sun has its Spots; and if amongst Thousand of inimitable Lines, there shou'd be some found of an unequal Dignity with the rest, nothing can be said for their Vindication more, than, if they be Faults, they are the Faults of *Virgil*.

As I ought to be on this Occasion an Advocate for *Ovid*, who I think is too much run down at present by the critical Spirit of this Nation; I dare say, I cannot be more effectually so, than by comparing him in many Places with his admir'd Contemporary *Virgil*, and tho' the last certainly deserves the Palm, I shall make

make use of *Ovid's* own Lines, in the trial of Strength betwixt *Achelous* and *Hercules*, to show how much he is honour'd by the Contention.

Non tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum.

Met. B. 9.

I shall finish my Remarks on our Author, by taking Notice of the Justness and Perspicuity of his Allegories; which are either Physical or Natural, Moral, or Historical. Of the first Kind is the Fable of *Apollo* and *Pytho*; in the Explanation of this all the *Mythologists* agree; Exhalations and Mists, being the constant Effects of Inundations, are here dissipated by the Rays of the Sun.

Of the second Kind, are *Atæon* torn to Pieces by his own Pack of Dogs, and *Erisichon* starv'd by the Disease of Hunger. These two Allegories seem to signify, that Extravagance and Luxury end in Want.

Of the Third, is the Story of the Rape of *Europa*. History says, she was Daughter to *Agenor*, and carry'd by the *Candians* in a Galley, bearing a Bull in the Stern, in order to be marry'd to one of their Kings nam'd *Jupiter*.

This Explanation gives an Occasion for a Digression which is not altogether foreign to the present Purpose, because it will be of Use to justify *Ovid* on some other Occasions, where he is censured for being too free with the Characters of the Gods. I was once representing the *Metamorphoses*, as an excellent System of Morality; but an illustrious Lady, whose least Advantage above her Sex, is that of being one of the greatest Princesses in *Europe*, objected, that the loose and immodest Sallies of *Jupiter* did by no means confirm my Assertion.

One must consider, that what appear'd an Absurdity in *Ovid*, is not so much his own Fault, as that of the Times before him. The Characters of the Gods of the Heroick Age represented them unjust in their Actions;

mutable in their Designs; partial in their Favours; ignorant of Events; scurrilous in their Language. Some of the superior Hierarchy treating one another with injurious Brutalities, and are often guilty of such Indelicacies and Misbehaviour as the lowest Mortals would blush to own. *Juno* calls *Diana*, the Goddess of Chastity, *κύν αἰδέει*, Brazen-fac'd Bitch; Hom. Il. B. 21. l. 481. *Jupiter* insults his Daughter, the Goddess of Wisdom, for Rashness and Folly; bids *Iris* tell her he'll maul her Coach-Horses for her like a surly Bitch as she is; *ἀνοτάτη κύν*: Il. B. 8. from l. 400. to l. 425. then threatens in another Place to beat his Wife, that divine Vixen, the immortal Partner of the Empyrean Throne, *καὶ σε πληγῇσιν ἰμάσσω*. Il. B. 15. l. 17.

The Commentators may endeavour to hide those Absurdities under the Veil of Allegories; but the Reader that considers the whole Texture of the *Iliad*, will find that the Author's Meaning, and their Interpretations are often as unlike, as the imaginary Heroes of his Time, are to the real ones of Ours.

Allegories should be obvious, and not like Meteors in the Air, which represent a different Figure to every different Eye. Now they are Armies of Soldiers; now Flocks of Sheep; and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the Criticks of a more exalted Taste, may discover such Beauties in the antient Poetry, as may escape the Comprehension of us Pygmies of a more limited Genius. They may be able to fathom the divine Sense of the Pagan Theology; whilst we aim at no more, than to judge of a little common Sense.

It is, and ever will be a Rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general Vogue, tho' never so ill-grounded. The most are afraid of being Particular; and rather than strive against the Stream, are proud of being in the wrong with the Many, rather than desirous of being in the right with the Few: and tho' they be convinc'd of the Reasonableness of dissent-

ing

ing from the common Cry, yet out of a poor fear of Censure, they contribute to establish it, and thus become an Authority against others, who in reality are but of their own Opinion.

Ovid was so far from paying a blind Deference to the venerable Name of his *Grecian* Predecessor, in the Character of his Gods; that when *Jupiter* punishes *Andromeda* for the Crimes of her Mother, he calls him *injustus Ammon*, Met. B. 4. and takes commonly an honourable Care of the Decorum of the Godhead, when their Actions are consistent with the Divinity of their Character. His Allegories include some religious or instructive Moral, wrap'd up in a peculiar Perspicuity. The Fable of *Proserpina*, being sometimes in Hell, and sometimes with *Ceres* her Mother, can scarce mean any thing else than the sowing and coming up of Corn. The various Dresses that *Vertumnus*, the God of Seasons, puts on in his Courtship of *Pomona* the Garden Goddess, seem plainly to express the different and most proper times for Digging, Planting, Pruning, and gathering the Increase. I shall be shorter on this Head, because our Countryman Mr. *Sands* has, by a laborious Search amongst the Mythologists, been very full. He has annex'd his Explanations to the End of each Book, which deserve to be recommended to those that are Curious in this figurative Learning.

The Reader cannot fail of observing, how many excellent Lessons of Morality *Ovid* has given us in the course of his Fables.

The Story of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* teaches, that Piety and Innocence cannot miss of the divine Protection, and that the only Loss irreparable is that of our Probity and Justice.

That of *Phaeton*; how the too great Tenderness of the Parent proves a Cruelty to the Child; and that he, who wou'd climb to the Seat of *Jupiter*, generally meets with his Bolt by the way.

The

The Tale of *Baucis* and *Philemon* is most inimitably told. He omits not the minutest Circumstance of a Cottage Life; and is much fuller than *Virgil*, where he brings in his contented old Man *Corycius*, Georg. 4. *Ovid* represents a good old Couple; happy, and satisfy'd in a cleanly Poverty; hospitable, and free of the few things that Fortune had given them; moderate in Desires; affectionate in their conjugal Relations; so religious in Life, that when they observ'd their homely Cabbin rising to a Temple, all the Bounty they ask'd of the Gods they had entertain'd, was, that they might do the Office of Priesthood there; and at their Death, not survive one another.

The Stories of *Lycaon* and *Pentheus*, not only deter from Infidelity and Irreverence to the Gods; but the last also shows, that too great Zeal produces the same Effects, as none at all; and that Enthusiasm is often more cruel, than Atheism.

The Story of *Minos* and *Scylla* represents the Infamy of selling our Country; and teaches, that even they who love the Crime, abhor the Criminal.

In *Cippus* we find a noble Magnanimity and heavenly Self-denial; he preferr'd the Good of the Republick to his own private Grandeur; and chose with an exemplary Generosity, rather to live a private Free-man out of *Rome*, than to command Numbers of Slaves in it.

From the Story of *Hercules* we learn, that Glory is a Lady, who, like many others, loves to have her Admirers suffer a great deal for her. The Poet enumerates the Labours of the Hero; shows how he conquer'd every thing for Others, but nothing for himself: Then does him the poetical Justice of an Apotheosis; thinking it most fit that one, who had born the Celestial Orbs on his Shoulders, shou'd have a Mansion amongst them.

From the Assumption of *Romulus*; that when War is at an End, the chief Business of Peace should be the enacting good Laws; that after a People are preserv'd from the Enemy, the next Care shou'd be, to preserve them

them from themselves; and therefore the best Legislators deserve a Place amongst Heroes and Deities.

From *Ariadne* being inhumanly deserted by *Theseus*; and generously receiv'd by *Bacchus*; we find, that as there is nothing we can be sure of, so there is nothing we ought to despair of.

From *Althea* burning the Brand; that we shou'd take care lest under the Notion of Justice we should do a Cruelty; for they that are set upon Revenge, only endeavour to imitate the Injury.

From *Polyphemus* making Love to *Galatea* one may observe, that the most deform'd can find something to like in their own Person. He examines his Face in the Stream, combs his rueful Locks with a Rake, grows more exact, and studious of his Dress, and discovers the first sign of being in Love, by endeavouring at a more than usual Care to please.

The Fable of *Cephalus* and *Procris* confirms, that every Trifle contributes to heighten the Disease of Jealousy; and that the most convincing Proofs can scarce cure it.

From that of *Hippomenes* and *Atalanta* we may discover, that a generous Present helps to persuade, as well as an agreeable Person.

From *Medea's* flying from *Pelias's* Court; that the offer'd Favours of the Impious should be always suspected; and that they, who design to make every one fear them, are afraid of every one.

From *Myrrha*; that Shame is sometimes hard to be overcome, but if the Sex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more Trouble.

From *Cenis*; that Effeminacy in Youth may change to Valour in Manhood, and that as Fame perishes, so does Censure.

From *Tereus*; that one Crime lays the Foundation of many; and that the same Person, who begins with Lust, may conclude with Murder.

From

From *Midas*; that no Body can punish a covetous Man worse than he punishes himself; that scarce any thing wou'd sometimes prove more fatal to us, than the Completion of our own Wishes; and that he who has the most Desires, will certainly meet with the most Disappointments.

From the *Pythagorean* Philosophy, it may be observ'd, that Man is the only Animal who kills his Fellow-Creature without being angry.

From *Proteus* we have this Lesson, that a Statesman can put on any Shape; can be a Spaniel to the Lion, and a Lion to the Spaniel; and that he knows not to be an Enemy, who knows not how to seem a Friend; that if all Crowns shou'd change their Ministry, as often as they please, tho' they may be called other Ministers, they are still the same Men.

The Legend of *Æsculapius's* Voyage to *Rome* in form of a Snake, seems to express the necessary Sagacity requir'd in Professors of that Art, for the readier insight into Distempers: This Reptile being celebrated by the ancient Naturalists for a quick Sight.

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum

Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? ———

Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1.

The venerable *Epidaurian* assum'd the Figure of an Animal without Hands to take Fees; and therefore grateful Posterity honour'd him with a Temple. In this manner shou'd wealthy Physicians, upon proper Occasions, practise; and thus their surviving Patients reward.

If the *Metamorphoses* be attended to with a just Application, and without Prepossession; one will be the less surpris'd at the Author's prophetic Spirit, relating to the Duration and Success of the Work.

Jamque opus exegi, &c. ———

This Prediction has so far prov'd true, that this Poem has been ever since the Magazine, which has furnish'd the

the greatest Poets of the following Ages with Fancy and Allusions; and the most celebrated Painters with Subjects and Design. Nor have his Poetical Predecessors and Contemporaries paid less Regard to their own Performances.

*Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora Musa.* Lucr. B. 1.

*Nemo me lacrumis deoet, nec funera fletu
Facit; quor volito vivu' per ora virum.* Enn. Frag.

— *Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*
Virg. G. 3.

*Me doctarum Ederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis* ——— Hor. Od. 1.

Again,

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar.* ——— Hor. B. 3. Od. 30.

The whole Ode is in a manner a continu'd Compliment to his own Writings; nor, in Imitation of this celebrated Author, want we Poets of our present Age, who have been pleas'd to rank themselves amongst their own Admirers.

I have done with the Original, and shall make no Excuse for the Length of the Preface, because it is in the power of the Reader to make it as short as he pleases. I shall now conclude with a Word or two about the Version.

Translation is commonly either Verbal, or Paraphrase, or Imitation; of the first is Mr. Sands's, which I think the *Metamorphoses* can by no means allow of. It is agreed, the Author left it unfinish'd; if it had undergone his

his last Hand, it is more than probable, that many Superfluities had been retrench'd. Where a Poem is perfectly finish'd, the Translation, with regard to particular Idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this, the Sense of the Author is more entirely his own, and the Cast of the Periods more faithfully preserv'd: But where a Poem is tedious through Exuberance, or dark through a hasty Brevity, I think the Translator may be excus'd for doing what the Author upon revising would have done himself.

If Mr. *Sands* had been of this Opinion, perhaps other Translations of the *Metamorphoses* had not been attempted.

A Critic has observ'd, that in his Version of this Book, he has scrupulously confin'd the Number of his Lines to those of the Original. 'Tis fit I should take the Sum upon Content, and be better bred, than to count after him.

The Manner that seems most suited for this present Undertaking, is, neither to follow the Author too close out of a critical Timorousness; nor abandon him too wantonly through a poetic Boldness. The Original should always be kept in View, without too apparent a Deviation from the Sense. Where it is otherwise, it is not a Version, but an Imitation. The Translator ought to be as intent to keep up the Gracefulness of the Poem, as artful to hide its Imperfections; to copy its Beauties, and to throw a Shade over its Blemishes; to be faithful to an Idolatry, where the Author excels; and to take the Licence of a little Paraphrase, where Penury of Fancy or Dryness of Expression seem to ask for it.

The ingenious Gentlemen concern'd in this Undertaking seem to be of this Opinion; and therefore they have not only consulted the Reputation of the Author, but their own also. There is one of them has no other Share in this Compliment, than by being the Occasion of engaging them that have, in obliging the Public. He has also been so just to the Memory and Reputation of

Mr.

Mr. *Dryden*, as to give his incomparable Lines the Advantage of appearing so near his own.

I cannot pass by that admirable *English* Poet, without endeavouring to make his Country sensible of the Obligations they have to his Muse. Whether they consider the flowing Grace of his Versification; the vigorous Sallies of his Fancy; or the peculiar Delicacy of his Periods; they'll discover Excellencies never to be enough admir'd. If they trace him from the first Productions of his Youth to the last Performances of his Age, they'll find, that as the Tyranny of Rhime never impos'd on the Perspicuity of the Sense; so a languid Sense never wanted to be set off by the Harmony of Rhyme. And as his earlier Works wanted no Maturity; so his latter wanted no Force or Spirit. The falling off of his Hair had no other Consequence, than to make his Laurels to be seen the more.

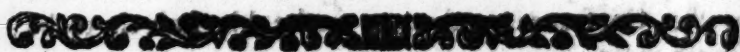
As a Translator he was just; as an Inventor he was rich. His Versions of some parts of *Lucretius*, *Horace*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* throughout, gave him a just Pretence to that Compliment which was made to *Monsieur d'Ablandcourt*, a celebrated *French* Translator; *It is uncertain who have the greatest Obligations to him, the Dead or the Living.*

With all these wondrous Talents, he was Libell'd in his Life-time by the very Men, who had no other Excellencies, but as they were his Imitators. Where he was allow'd to have Sentiments superior to all others, they charged him with Theft: But how did he steal? no otherwise, than like those that steal Beggars Children, only to clothe them the better.

'Tis to be lamented, that Gentlemen still continue this unfair Behaviour, and treat one another every Day with most injurious Libels. The Muses should be Ladies of a chaste and fair Behaviour: when they are otherwise, they are Furies. 'Tis certain that *Parnassus* is at best but a barren Mountain, and its Inhabitants contrive to make it more so by their unneighbourly Deportment; the Authors
are

are the only Corporation that endeavour at the Ruin of their own Society. Every Day may convince them, how much a rich Fool is respected above a poor Wit. The only Talents in Esteem at present are those of *Exchange-Alley*; one Tally is worth a Grove of Bays; and 'tis of much more Consequence to be well read in the Tables of Interest and the Rise and Fall of Stocks, than in the Revolutions of Empires.

Mr. *Dryden* is still a sad and shameful Instance of this Truth: The Man, that cou'd make Kings immortal, and raise triumphant Arches to Heroes, now wants a poor square Foot of Stone, to show where the Ashes of one of the greatest Poets, that ever was upon Earth, are deposited.



OVID's *Metamorphoses*, Book XIV.

The Transformation of SCYLLA.

NOW *Glaucus*, with a Lover's Haste, bounds o'er
The swelling Waves, and seeks the *Latian* Shore.
Messena, *Rhegium*, and the barren Coast
Of flaming *Ætna*, to his Sight are lost:
At length he gains the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and views
The Hills where baneful *Philters* *Circe* brews;
Monsters, in various Forms around her prefs;
As thus the God salutes the Sorceress.

O *Circe*, be indulgent to my Grief,
And give a Love-sick Deity Relief.
Too well the mighty Pow'r of Plants I know,
To those my Figure, and new Fate I owe.
Against *Messena*, on th' *Ausonian* Coast,
I *Scylla* view'd, and from that Hour was lost.
In tend'rest Sounds I su'd; but still the Fair
Was deaf to Vows, and pitiless to Pray'r.

If Numbers can avail, exert their Pow'r;
Or Energy of Plants, if Plants have more.
I ask no Cure; let but the Virgin pine
With dying Pangs, or Agonies, like mine.

No longer *Circe* could her Flame disguise,
But to the suppliant God *Marine*, replies:

When Maids are coy, have manlier Aims in view;
Leave those that Fly, but those that Like, pursue.

If Love can be by kind Compliance won;
See, at your Feet, the Daughter of the Sun.

Sooner, said *Glaucus*, shall the Ash remove
From Mountains, and the Swelling Surges love;
Or humble Sea-weed to the Hills repair;
E'er I think any but my *Scylla* fair.

Straight *Circe* reddens with a guilty Shame,
And vows Revenge for her rejected Flame.

Fierce Liking oft a Spite as fierce creates;
For Love refus'd, without Aversion, hates.

To hurt her hapless Rival she proceeds;
And, by the Fall of *Scylla*, *Glaucus* bleeds.

Some fascinating Bev'rage now she brews;
Compos'd of deadly Drugs, and baneful Juice.

At *Rhegium* she arrives; the Ocean braves,
And treads with unwet Feet the boiling Waves.

Upon the Beach a winding Bay there lies,
Shelter'd from Seas, and shaded from the Skies:

This Station *Scylla* chose; a soft Retreat
From chilling Winds, and raging *Cancer's* Heat.

The vengeful Sorc'ress visits this Recess;
Her Charm infuses, and infects the Place.

Soon as the Nymph wades in, her nether Parts
Turn into Dogs; then at herself she starts.

A ghastly Horror in her Eyes appears;
But yet she knows not, who it is she fears;

In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with Grief the pitying God appears,
And swells the rising Surges with his Tears;

From

From the distressed Sorcerers he flies;
 Her Art reviles, and her Address denies:
 Whilst hapless *Scylla*, chang'd to Rocks, decrees
 Destruction to those Barks, that beat the Seas.

The Voyage of ÆNEAS continu'd.

Here bulg'd the Pride of fam'd *Ulysses'* Fleet,
 But good *Æneas* 'scap'd the Fate he met.
 As to the *Latian* Shore the *Trojan* stood,
 And cut with well-tim'd Oars the foaming Flood:
 He weather'd fell *Charybdis*: But ere-long
 The Skies were darken'd, and the Tempest strong,
 Then to the *Libyan* Coast he stretches o'er;
 And makes at length the *Carthaginian* Shore.
 Here *Dido*, with an hospitable Care,
 Into her Heart receives the Wanderer.
 From her kind Arms th' ungrateful Hero flies;
 The injur'd Queen looks on with dying Eyes,
 Then to her Folly falls a Sacrifice.

Æneas now sets Sail, and plying gains
 Fair *Eryx*, where his Friend *Acestes* reigns:
 First to his Sire does Fun'ral Rites decree,
 Then gives the Signal next, and stands to Sea:
 Out-runs the Islands where *Volcano's* roar;
 Gets clear of *Sirens*, and their faithless Shore:
 But loses *Palinurus* in the Way;
 Then makes *Inarime*, and *Prochyta*.

*The Transformation of CERCOPIANS
 into Apes.*

The Gallies now by *Pythecusa* pass:
 The Name is from the Natives of the Place,
 The Father of the Gods detesting Lies;
 Oft, with Abhorrence, heard their Perjuries.
 Th' abandon'd Race, transform'd to Beasts, began
 To mimick the Impertinence of Man.

Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with Grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in Make, and busy to no End;
This Moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this Species of their past retains;
Tho' lost the Language, yet the Noise remains.

ÆNEAS descends to Hell.

Now, on his Right, he leaves *Parthenope*:
His Left, *Misenus* jutting in the Sea:
Arrives at *Cuma*, and with Awe survey'd
The Grotto of the venerable Maid:
Begs Leave thro' black *Avernus* to retire;
And view the much-lov'd *Manes* of his Sire.
Straight the divining Virgin rais'd her Eyes:
And, foaming with a holy Rage, replies:

O thou, whose Worth thy wond'rous Works proclaim;
The Flames, thy Piety; the World, thy Fame;
Tho' great be thy Request, yet shalt thou see
Th' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernal Monarchy;
Thy Parent's Shade: This Arm thy Steps shall guide:
To suppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd.

She spoke, and pointing to the Golden Bough,
Which in th' *Avernian* Grove refulgent grew,
Seize That, She bids; He listens to the Maid;
Then views the mournful Mansions of the Dead:
The Shade of Great *Anchises*, and the Place
By Fates determin'd to the *Trojan* Race.

As back to upper Light the Hero came,
He thus salutes the Visionary Dame.—

O, whether some propitious Deity,
Or lov'd by those bright Rulers of the Sky!
With grateful Incense I shall stile you One,
And deem no Godhead greater, than your own.
Twas you restor'd me from the Realms of Night,
And gave me to behold the Fields of Light:

To feel the Breeres of Congenial Air ;
And Nature's blest Benevolence to share.

The Story of the SIBYL.

I am no Deity, reply'd the Dame,
But Mortal, and religious Rites disclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannick Sway,
Had I consented to the God of Day.
With Promises he sought my Love, and said,
Have all you wish, my fair *Cumæan* Maid.
I paus'd ; then pointing to a Heap of Sand,
For ev'ry Grain, to live a Year, demand.
But ah ! unmindful of th' Effect of Time,
Forgot to covenant for Youth, and Prime.
The smiling Bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
And feeble Age with lagging Limbs creeps on.
Sev'n Cent'ries have I liv'd ; Three more fulfil
The Period of the Years to finish still.
Who'll think, that *Phœbus*, dress'd in Youth Divine,
Had once believ'd his Lustre less than mine ?
This wither'd Frame (so Fates have will'd) shall waste
To nothing, but Prophetick Words, at last.

The *Sibyl* mounting now from nether Skies,
And the fam'd *Ilian* Prince, at *Cuma* rise.
He sail'd, and near the Place to Anchor came,
Since call'd *Cajeta* from his Nurse's Name.
Here did the luckless *Macareus*, a Friend
To wise *Ulysses*, his long Labours end.
Here, wandering, *Achæmenides* he meets,
And sudden, thus his late Associate, greets.

Whence came you here, O Friend, and whither bound ?
All gave you lost on far *Cyclopean* Ground ;
A Greek's at last aboard a *Trojan* found.



The Adventures of ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus *Achæmenides* ——— With Thanks I name
Eneas, and his Piety proclaim.

I 'scap'd the *Cyclops* thro' the Hero's Aid,
E'ne in his Maw my mangled Limbs had laid.
When first your Navy under Sail he found,
He rav'd, till *Ætna* labour'd with the Sound.
Raging, he stalk'd along the Mountain's Side,
And vented Clouds of Breath at ev'ry Stride.
His Staff a Mountain Ash; and in the Clouds
Of, as he walks, his grisly Front he throws.
Eyeless he grop'd about with vengeful Haste,
And jostled Promontories, as he pass'd.
Then heav'd a Rock's high Summit to the Main,
And bellow'd, like some bursting Hurricane.

Oh! cou'd I seize *Ulysses* in his Flight,
How unlamented were my Loss of Sight!
These Jaws should piece-meal tear each panting Vein,
Grind ev'ry crackling Bone, and pound his Brain.
As thus he rav'd, my Joints with Horror shook;
The Tide of Blood my chilling Heart forsook,
I saw him once disgorge huge Morfels, raw,
Of Wretches undigested in his Maw.
From the pale breathless Trunks whole Limbs he tore,
His Beard all clotted with o'erflowing Gore.
My anxious Hours I pass'd in Caves; my Food
Was Forest Fruits, and Wildings of the Wood.
At length a Sail I wafted, and aboard
My Fortune found an hospitable Lord.

Now, in Return, your own Adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to Sea, befel.

The Adventures of MACAREUS.

Then *Macareus* — There reign'd a Prince of Fame
O'er *Tuscan* Seas, and *Æolus* his Name.

A Largeſs to *Ulyſſes* he conſign'd,
 And in a Steer's tough Hide inclos'd a Wind.
 Nine Days before the ſwelling Gale we ran ;
 The Tenth, to make the meeting Land, began :
 When now the merry Mariners, to find
 Imagin'd Wealth within, the Bag unbind.
 Forthwith out-ruſh'd a Guſt, which backwards bore
 Our Gallies to the *Laſtrigonian* Shore,
 Whoſe Crown, *Antiphates* the Tyrant wore.
 Some few commiſſion'd were with Speed to treat ;
 We to his Court repair, his Guards we meet.
 Two, friendly Flight preſerv'd ; the Third was doom'd,
 To be by thoſe curs'd Cannibals conſum'd.
 Inhumanly our hapleſs Friends they treat ;
 Our Men they murder, and deſtroy our Fleet.
 In time the wiſe *Ulyſſes* bore away,
 And drop'd his Anchor in yon faithleſs Bay.
 The Thoughts of Perils paſt we ſtill retain,
 And fear to land, 'till Lots appoint the Men.
Polites true, *Elpenor* giv'n to Wine,
Eurylochus, myſelf, the Lots aſſign.
 Deſign'd for Dangers, and reſolv'd to Dare,
 To *Circe's* fatal Palace we repair.

The Enchantments of C I R C E.

Before the ſpacious Front, a Herd we find
 Of Beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage Kind.
 Our trembling Steps with Blandiſhments they meet,
 And fawn, unlike their Species, at our Feet.
 Within upon a ſumptuous Throne of State,
 On golden Columns rais'd, th' Enchantreſs ſate.
 Rich was her Robe, and amiable her Mien,
 Her Aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a Queen.
 Her Maids not mind the Loom, nor houſhold Care,
 Nor wage in Needle-work a *Scythian* War.

But cull in Canisters disastrous Flow'rs,
And Plants from haunted Heaths, and fairy Bow'rs,
With brazen Sickles reap'd at Planetary Hours.
Ease Dose the Goddess weighs with watchful Eye;
So nice her Art in impious Pharmacy!

Entring she greets us with a gracious Look,
And Airs, that future Amity bespoke.
Her ready Nymphs serve up a rich Repast;
The Bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her Pow'r we prove, and shew the Sorcery.

Soon, in a Length of Face, our Head extends;
Our Chin stiff Bristles bears, and forward bends.
A Breadth of Brawn new burnishes our Neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.

Alone *Eurylochus* refus'd to taste,
Nor to a Beast obscene the Man debas'd.
Hither *Ulysses* hastes (so Fates command)
And bears the pow'rful *Moly* in his Hand;
Unsheaths his Scimitar, assaults the Dame,
Preserves his Species, and remains the same.
The Nuptial Right this Outrage straight attends;
The Dow'r desir'd is his transfigur'd Friends.
The Incantation backward she repeats,
Inverts her Rod, and what she did, defeats.

And now our Skin grows smooth, our Shape upright;
Our Arms stretch up, our cloven Feet unite.
With Tears our weeping Gen'ral we embrace;
Hang on his Neck, and melt upon his Face,
Twelve Silver Moons in *Circe's* Court we stay,
Whilst there they waste th' unwilling Hours away.
Twas here I spy'd a Youth in *Parian* Stone;
His Head a Pecker bore; the Cause unknown
To Passengers. A Nymph of *Circe's* Train
The Mystry thus attempted to explain.



The Story of PICUS and CANENS.

Picus, who once th' *Ausonian* Sceptre held,
 Could rein the Steed, and fit him for the Field.
 So like he was to what you see, that still
 We doubt if real, or the Sculptor's Skill.
 The Graces in the finish'd Piece, you find,
 Are but the Copy of his fairer Mind.
 Four Lustres scarce the Royal Youth could name,
 'Till ev'ry Love-sick Nymph confess'd a Flame.
 Oft for his Love the Mountain *Dryads* su'd,
 And ev'ry Silver Sister of the Flood :
 Those of *Numicus*, *Albula*, and those
 Where *Almo* creeps, and hasty *Nar* o'erflows :
 Where sedgey *Anio* glides thro' smiling Meads,
 Where shady *Farfar* rustles in the Reeds :
 And those that love the Lakes, and Homage owe
 To the chaste Goddess of the Silver Bow.

In vain each Nymph her brightest Charms put on,
 His Heart no Sov'reign would obey but one.
 She whom *Venilla*, on Mount *Palatine*,
 To *Janus* bore, the fairest of her Line.
 Nor did her Face alone her Charms confess,
 Her Voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
 When e'er she sung, so melting were her Strains,
 'The Flocks unfe'd seem'd list'ning on the Plains ;
 The Rivers would stand still, the Cedars bend ;
 And Birds neglect their Pinions to attend ;
 The Savage Kind in Forest-Wilds grow tame ;
 And *Canens*, from her heav'nly Voice, her Name.

Hymen had now in some ill-fated Hour
 Their Hands united, as their Hearts before.
 Whilst their soft Moments in Delights they waste,
 And each new Day was dearer than the past ;
Picus would sometimes o'er the Forests rove,
 And mingle Sports with Intervals of Love.
 It chanc'd, as once the foaming Boar he chac'd,
 His Jewels sparkling on his *Tyrian* Vest,

Lascivious *Circe* well the Youth survey'd,
 As simpling on the flow'ry Hills she stray'd.
 Her wishing Eyes their silent Message tell,
 And from her Lap the verdant Mischief fell.
 As she attempts at Words, his Courser springs
 O'er Hills, and Lawns, and ev'n a Wish outwings.
 Thou shalt not 'scape me so, pronounc'd the Dame,
 If Plants have Pow'r, and Spells be not a Name.
 She said---and forthwith form'd a Boar of Air,
 That sought the Covert with dissembled Fear.
 Swift to the Thicket *Picus* wings his Way
 On Foot, to chase the visionary Prey.

Now she invokes the Daughters of the Night,
 Does noxious Juices smear, and Charms recite;
 Such as can veil the Moon's more feeble Fire,
 Or shade the golden Lustre of her Sire.
 In filthy Fogs, she hides the chearful Noon;
 The Guard at Distance, and the Youth alone,
 By those fair Eyes, she cries, and ev'ry Grace
 That finish all the Wonders of your Face,
 Oh! I conjure thee, hear a Queen complain;
 Nor let the Sun's soft Lineage sue in vain.

Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the King, forbear,
 None can my Passion with my *Canens* share.
 She first my ev'ry tender Wish possessest,
 And found the soft Approaches to my Breast.
 In Nuptials blest, each loose Desire we shun,
 Nor Time can end, what Innocence begun.

Think not, she cry'd, to santer out a Life
 Of Form, with that domestick Drudge a Wife;
 My just Revenge, dull Fool, ere-long shall show
 What Ills we Women, if refus'd, can do:
 Think me a Woman, and a Lover too.
 From dear successful Spite we hope for Ease,
 Nor fail to Punish, where we fail to Please.

Now twice to East she turns, as oft to West;
 Thrice waves her Wand, as oft a Charm exprest.

3

On the lost Youth her magick Pow'r she tries;
 Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
 On painted Plumes the Woods he seeks, and still
 The Monarch Oak he pierces with his Bill.
 Thus chang'd, no more o'er *Latian* Lands he reigns;
 Of *Picus* nothing but the Name remains.

The Winds from drizzling Damps now purge the Air,
 The Mists subside, the settling Skies are fair:
 The Court their Sovereign seek with Arms in Hand,
 They threaten *Circe*, and their Lord demand.
 Quick she invokes the Spirits of the Air,
 And twilight Elves, that on dun Wings repair
 To Charnels, and th' unhallow'd Sepulcher.

Now, strange to tell, the Plants sweat Drops of Blood,
 The Trees are toss'd from Forests where they stood;
 Blue Serpents o'er the tainted Herbage slide,
 Pale glaring Spectres on the *Æther* ride;
 Dogs howl, Earth yawns, rent Rocks forsake their Beds,
 And from their Quarries heave their stubborn Heads.
 The sad Spectators, stiffen'd with their Fears
 She sees, and sudden ev'ry Limb she smears;
 Then each of savage Beasts the Figure bears.

The Sun did now to Western Waves retire,
 In Tides to temper his bright World of Fire.
Canens laments her Royal Husband's Stay;
 Ill suits fond Love with Absence, or Delay,
 Where she commands, her ready People run;
 She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
 Restless in Mind, and dying with Despair,
 Her Breasts she beats, and tears her flowing Hair.
 Six Days and Nights she wanders on, as Chance
 Directs, without or Sleep, or Sustenance.
Tiber at last beholds the weeping Fair;
 Her feeble Limbs no more the Mourner bear;
 Stretch'd on his Banks, she to the Flood complains,
 And faintly tunes her Voice to dying Strains.
 The sick'ning Swan thus hangs her Silver Wings,
 And, as she droops, her Elegy she sings,

Ere-long sad *Canens* wastes to Air; whilst Fame
The Place still honours with her hapless Name.

Here did the tender Tale of *Picus* cease,
Above Belief the Wonder, I confess.
Again we sail, but more Disasters meet,
Foretold by *Circe*, to our suffering Fleet.
Myself unable further Woes to bear,
Declin'd the Voyage, and am refug'd Here.

ÆNEAS arrives in ITALY.

Thus *Macareus*----Now with a pious Aim
Had good *Æneas* rais'd a fun'ral Flame,
In Honour of his hoary Nurse's Name.
Her Epitaph he fix'd; and setting Sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry Gale.

He steer'd at Distance from the faithless Shore
Where the false Goddess reigns with fatal Pow'r;
And sought those grateful Groves, that shade the Plain,
Where *Tiber* rolls majestick to the Main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair Campaign.

His Kindred Gods the Hero's Wishes crown
With fair *Lavinia*, and *Latinus*' Throne:
But not without a War the Prize he won.
Drawn up in bright Array the Battle stands:
Turnus with Arms his promis'd Wife demands.

Hetrurians, *Latians* equal Fortune share;
And doubtful long appears the Face of War.
Both Pow'rs from neighb'ring Princes seek Supplies,
And Embassies appoint for new Allies.

Æneas, for Relief, *Evander* moves;
His Quarrel he asserts, his Cause approves.
The bold *Rutilians*, with an equal Speed,
Age *Venelus* dispatch to *Diomedes*.

The King, late Grievs revolving in his Mind,
These Reasons for neutrality assign'd.-----

Shall I, of one poor Dotal Town possess,
My People thin, my wretched Country waste;

An exil'd Prince, and on a shaking Throne;
 Or risk my Patron's Subjects, or my own?
 You'll grieve the Harshness of our Hap to hear;
 Nor can I tell the Tale without a Tear.

The Adventures of DIOMEDES.

After fam'd *Ilium* was by *Argives* won,
 And Flames had finish'd, what the Sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, pursu'd us to the Main,
 In Vengeance of her violated Fane.
 Alone *Oilus* forc'd the *Trojan* Maid,
 Yet all were punish'd for the brutal Deed.
 A Storm begins, the raging Waves run high,
 The Clouds look heavy, and benight the Sky;
 Red Sheets of Lightning o'er the Seas are spread,
 Our Tackling yields, and Wrecks at last succeed.
 'Tis tedious our disastrous State to tell;
 Ev'n *Priam* wou'd have pity'd, what besel.
 Yet *Pallas* sav'd me from the swallowing Main;
 At home new Wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
 Chac'd from my Country, I once more repeat
 All Suff'rings Seas could give, or War compleat.
 For *Venus*, mindful of her Wound, decreed
 Still new Calamities should past succeed.
Agmon, impatient thro' successive Ills,
 With Fury, Love's bright Goddess thus reviles:---
 These Plagues in spite to *Diomedes* are sent;
 The Crime is his, but ours the Punishment.
 Let each, my Friends, her puny Spleen despise,
 And Dare that haughty Harlot of the Skies.
 The rest of *Agmon's* Insolence complain,
 And of Irreverence the Wretch arraign.
 About to answer, his blaspheming Throat
 Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful Note.
 To his new Skin a Fleece of Feather clings,
 Hides his late Arms, and lengthens into Wings.

The lower Features of his Face extend,
Warp into Horn, and in a Beak descend.
Some more experience *Agmon's* Destiny,
And wheeling in the Air, like Swans they fly.
These thin Remains to *Daunus's* Realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious King.

The Transformation of APPULUS.

Thus *Diomedes*. *Venulus* withdraws ;
Unsped the Service of the common Cause.
Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
A Cave long honour'd for its awful Shade.
Here trembling Reeds exclude the piercing Ray,
Here Streams in gentle Falls thro' Windings stray,
And with a passing Breath cool Zephyrs play.
The Goatherd God frequents the silent Place,
As once the Wood-Nymphs of the Sylvan Race,
"Till *Appulus* with a dishonest Air,
And gross Behaviour, banish'd thence the Fair.
The bold Buffoon, when-e'er they tread the Green,
Their Motion mimicks, but with Gest obscene.
Loose Language oft he utters ; but ere-long
A Bark in filmy Net-work binds his Tongue.
Thus Chang'd, a base wild Olive he remains ;
The Shrub the Coarseness of the Clown retains.

*The TROJAN Ships transform'd to
Sea-Nymphs.*

Mean while the *Latians* all their Pow'r prepare,
'Gainst Fortune, and the Foe to push the War.
With *Phrygian* Blood the floating Fields they stain ;
But, short of Succours, still contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the *Trojan* Fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at Anchor near the Strand ;
He thought ; and straight a lighted Brand he bore,
And Fire invades, what 'scap'd the Waves before.

The Billows from the kindling Prow retire ;
Pitch, Rosin, Searwood on red Wings aspire,
And *Vulcan* on the Seas exerts his Attribute of Fire. }

This when the Mother of the Gods beheld,
Her towry Crown she shook, and stood reveal'd ;
Her brinkl'd Lions rein'd, unveil'd her Head,
And hov'ring o'er her favour'd Fleet, she said ;

Cease *Turnus*, and the heav'nly Pow'rs respect,
Nor dare to violate, what I protect.
These Gallies, once fair Trees on *Ida* stood,
And gave their Shade to each descending God.
Nor shall consume ; irrevocable Fate
Allots their Being no determin'd Date.

Straight Peals of Thunder Heav'n's high Arches rend,
The Hail-stones leap, the Show'rs in Spouts descend.
The Winds with widen'd Throats the Signal give ;
The Cables break, the smoking Vessels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming Flood,
The Timber softens into Flesh and Blood ;
The Yards, and Oars new Arms, and Legs design ;
A Trunk the Hull ; the slender Keel, a Spine ;
The Prow a female Face ? and by degrees
The Gallies rise green Daughters of the Seas.
Sometimes on coral Beds they sit in State,
Or wanton on the Waves they fear'd of late.
The Barks, that beat the Seas, are still their Care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were ;
To save a *Trojan* Sail in Throngs they press,
But smile to see *Alcinous* in Distress.

Unable were those Wonders to deter
The *Latians* from their unsuccessful War.
Both Sides for doubtful Victory contend ;
And on their Courage, and their Gods depend.
Nor bright *Lavinia*, nor *Latinus*' Crown,
Warm their great Soul to War, like fair Renown.
Venus at last beholds her Godlike Son
Triumphant, and the Field of Battle won ;

Brave *Turnus* slain, strong *Ardea* but a Name,
 And bury'd in fierce Deluges of Flame.
 Her Tow'rs, that boasted once a Sov'reign Sway,
 The Fate of fancy'd Grandeur now betray.
 A famish'd Heron from the Ashes springs,
 And beats the Ruin with disastrous Wings.
 Calamities of Towns distress she feigns,
 And oft, with woful Shrieks, of War complains.

The Deification of ÆNEAS.

Now had *Æneas*, as ordain'd by Fate,
 Surviv'd the Period of *Saturnia's* Hate:
 And by a sure irrevocable Doom,
 Fix'd the Immortal Majesty of *Rome*.
 Fit for the Station of his Kindred Stars,
 His Mother Goddess thus her Suit prefers.

Almighty Arbiter, whose pow'rful Nod
 Shakes distant Earth, and bows our own Abode;
 To thy great Progeny indulgent be,
 And rank the Goddess-born a Deity.
 Already has he view'd, with mortal Eyes,
 Thy Brother's Kingdoms of the nether Skies.

Forthwith a Conclave of the Godhead meets,
 Where *Juno* in the shining Senate sits.
 Remorse for past Revenge the Goddess feels;
 Then thund'ring *Jove* th' Almighty Mandate seals;
 Allots the Prince of his Celestial Line
 An *Apothëosis*, and Rights Divine.

The crystal Mansions echo with Applause,
 And, with her Graces, Love's bright Queen withdraws;
 Shoots in a Blaze of Light along the Skies,
 And, born by Turtle, to *Laurentum* flies.
 Alights, where thro' the Reeds *Numicius* strays,
 And to the Seas his watry Tribute pays.
 The God she supplicates to wash away
 The Parts more gross, and subject to Decay,
 And cleanse the Goddess-born from Seminal Allay.

The horned Flood with glad Attention stands,
Then bids his Streams obey their Sire's Commands.

His better Parts by Lustral Waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to Æthereal Mind;
With Gums of fragrant Scent the Goddess strews,
And on his Features breathes ambrosial Dews.
Thus deify'd, new Honours *Rome* decrees,
Shrines, Festivals; and stiles him *Indiges*.

The Line of the LATIAN Kings.

Ascanius now the *Latian* Sceptre sways;
The *Alban* Nation, *Sylvius*, next obeys.
Then young *Latinus*: Next an *Alba* came,
The Grace, and Guardian of the *Alban* Name.
Then *Epitus*; then gentle *Cappys* reign'd;
Then *Capetis* the regal Pow'r sustain'd.
Next he who perish'd on the *Tuscan* Flood,
And honour'd with his Name the River God.
Now haughty *Remulus* begun his Reign,
Who fell by Thunder he aspir'd to feign.
Meek *Acrota* succeeded to the Crown;
From Peace endeavouring, more than Arms, Renown,
To *Aventinus* well resign'd his Throne. }
The Mount on which he rul'd, preserves his Name,
And *Procas* wore the Regal Diadem.

The Story of VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

A *Hama-Dryad* flourish'd in these Days,
Her Name *Pomona*, from her Woodland Race.
In Garden Culture none could so excel,
Or form the pliant Souls of Plants so well;
Or to the Fruit more gen'rous Flavours lend,
Or teach the Trees with nobler Loads to bend.
The Nymph frequented not the flatt'ring Stream,
Nor Meads, the Subject of a Virgin's Dream;

But to such Joys her Nurs'ry did prefer,
 Alone to tend her vegetable Care.
 A Pruning-hook she carry'd in her Hand,
 And taught the Straglers to obey Command;
 Lest the licentious and unthrifty Bough,
 The too-indulgent Parent should undo.
 She shows, how Stocks invite to their Embrace
 A Graft, and naturalize a foreign Race
 To mend the Salvage Teint; and in its Stead
 Adopt new Nature, and a nobler Breed.

Now hourly she observes her growing Care,
 And guards their Nonage from the bleaker Air:
 Then opes her streaming Sluices, to supply
 With flowing Draughts her thirsty Family.

Long had she labour'd to continue free
 From Chains of Love, and Nuptial Tyranny;
 And in her Orchard's small Extent immur'd,
 Her vow'd Virginity she still secur'd.

Oft would loose *Pan*, and all the lustful Train
 Of Satyrs, tempt her Innocence in vain.

Silenus, that old Dotard, own'd a Flame;

And He, that frights the Thieves with Stratagem
 Of Sword, and something else too gross to name.

Vertumnus too pursu'd the Maid no less;

But, with his Rivals, shar'd a like Success.

To gain Access a thousand Ways he tries;

Oft, in the Hind, the Lover would disguise.

The heedless Lout comes shambling on, and seems

Just sweating from the Labour of his Teams.

Then, from the Harvest, oft the mimic Swain

Seems bending with a Load of bearded Grain.

Sometimes a Dresser of the Vine he feigns,

And lawless Tendrils to their Bounds restrains.

Sometimes his Sword a Soldier shews; his Rod,

An Angler; still so various is the God.

Now, in a Forehead-cloth, some Crone he seems,

A Staff supplying the Defect of Limbs;

Admittance

Admittance thus he gains ; admires the Store
 Of fairest Fruit ; the fair Possessor more ;
 Then greets her with a Kiss : Th' unpractis'd Dame
 Admir'd a Grandame kiss'd with such a Flame.
 Now, seated by her, he beholds a Vine
 Around an Elm in am'rous Foldings twine.
 If that fair Elm, he cry'd, alone should stand,
 No Grapes would glow with Gold, and tempt the Hand ;
 Or if that Vine without her Elm should grow,
 'Twould creep a poor neglected Shrub below.

Be then, fair Nymph, by these Examples led ;
 Nor shun, for fancy'd Fears, the Nuptial Bed.
 Not she for whom the *Lapithites* took Arms,
 Nor *Sparta's* Queen, could boast such heavenly Charms.
 And if you would on Woman's Faith rely,
 None can your Choice direct so well, as I.
 Tho' old, so much *Pomona* I adore,
 Scarce does the bright *Vertumnus* love her more.
 'Tis your fair self alone his Breast inspires
 With softest Wishes and unsoil'd Desires.
 Then fly all vulgar Followers, and prove
 The God of Seasons only worth your Love :
 On my Assurance well you may repose ;
Vertumnus scarce *Vertumnus* better knows.
 True to his Choice, all looser Flames he flies ;
 Nor for new Faces fashionably dies.
 The Charms of Youth, and ev'ry smiling Grace
 Bloom in his Features, and the God confess.
 Besides, he puts on ev'ry Shape at Ease ;
 But those the most, that best *Pomona* please.
 Still to oblige her is her Lover's Aim ;
 Their Likings and Aversions are the same.
 Nor the fair Fruit your burden'd Branches bear ;
 Nor all the youthful Product of the Year,
 Could bribe his Choice ; yourself alone can prove
 A fit Reward for so refin'd a Love.
 Relent, fair Nymph, and with a kind Regret,
 Think 'tis *Vertumnus* weeping at your Feet.

A Tale attend, thro' *Cyprus* known, to prove
How *Venus* once reveng'd neglected Love.

The Story of IPHIS and ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar Birth, by Chance had view'd
Fair *Anaxaretè* of *Teucer's* Blood.

Not long had he beheld the Royal Dame,
Ere the bright Sparkle kindled into Flame.

Oft did he struggle with a just Despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.

But Love, who flatters still his own Disease,
Hopes all things will succeed, he knows will please.

Where-e'er the Fair one haunts, he hovers there;

And seeks her Confident with Sighs, and Pray'r,

Or Letters he conveys, that seldom prove

Successless Messengers in Suits of Love.

Now shiv'ring at her Gates the Wretch appears,

And Myrtle Garlands on the Columns rears,

Wet with a Deluge of unbidden Tears.

The Nymph more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas,

Derides his Pray'rs; insults his Agonies;

Arraigns of Insolence th' aspiring Swain;

And takes a cruel Pleasure in his Pain.

Resolv'd at last to finish his Despair,

He thus upbraids th' inexorable Fair. —

O *Anaxaretè*, at last forget

The Licence of a Passion indiscreet.

Now Triumph, since a welcome Sacrifice

Your Slave prepares, to offer to your Eyes.

My Life, without Reluctance, I resign;

That Present best can please a Pride, like Thine.

But, O! forbear to blast a Flame so bright,

Doom'd never to expire, but with the Light.

And you, great Pow'rs, do Justice to my Name;

The Hours, you take from Life, restore to Fame.

Then o'er the Posts, once hung with Wreaths, he throws

The ready Cord, and fits the fatal Noose;

For

For Death prepares; and bounding from above,
At once the Wretch concludes his Life, and Love.

Ere-long the People gather, and the Dead
Is to his mourning Mother's Arms convey'd.
First, like some ghastly Statue, she appears;
Then bathes the breathless Corse in Seas of Tears,
And gives it to the Pile; now as the Throng
Proceed in sad Solemnity along,
To view the passing Pomp, the cruel Fair
Hastes, and beholds her breathless Lover there.
Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
Set are her Eyes, and motionless her Limbs:
Her Features without Fire, her Colour gone,
And, like her Heart, she hardens into Stone.
In *Salamis* the Statue still is seen
In the fam'd Temple of the *Cyprian* Queen.
Warn'd by this Tale, no longer then disdain,
O Nymph belov'd, to ease a Lover's Pain.
So may the Frosts in Spring your Blossoms spare,
And Winds their rude Autumnal Rage forbear.

The Story oft *Vertumnus* urg'd in vain,
But then assum'd his heav'nly Form again.
Such Looks, and Lustre the bright Youth adorn,
As when with Rays glad *Phæbus* paints the Morn.
The Sight so warms the fair admiring Maid,
Like Snow she melts: So soon can Youth persuade.
Consent, on eager Winds, succeeds Desire;
And both the Lovers glow with mutual Fire.

The L A T I A N Line continu'd.

Now *Procas* yielding to the Fates, his Son
Mild *Numitor* succeeded to the Crown.
But false *Amulius*, with a lawless Pow'r,
At length depos'd his Brother *Numitor*.
Then *Ilia*'s valiant Issue, with the Sword,
Her Parent re-inthron'd, the rightful Lord.

Next

Next *Romulus* to people *Rome* contrives ;
 The joyous time of *Pales'* Feast arrives ;
 He gives the Word to seize the *Sabine* Wives.
 The Sires enrag'd take Arms, by *Tatius* led,
 Bold to revenge their violated Bed.
 A Fort there was, not yet unknown to Fame,
 Call'd the *Tarpeian*, its Commander's Name.
 This by the false *Tarpeia* was betray'd,
 But Death well recompens'd the treach'rous Maid.
 The Foe on this new-bought Success relies,
 And silent march, the City to surprise.
Saturnia's Arts with *Sabine* Arms combine ;
 But *Venus* countermines the vain Design ;
 Intreats the Nymphs that o'er the Springs preside,
 Which near the Fane of hoary *Janus* glide,
 To send their Succours ; ev'ry Urn they drain,
 To stop the *Sabines* Progress, but in vain.
 The *Naiads* now more Stratagems essay ;
 And kindling Sulphur to each Source convey.
 The Floods ferment, hot Exhalations rise,
 Till from the scalding Ford the Army flies.
 Soon *Romulus* appears in shining Arms,
 And to the War the *Roman* Legions warms :
 The Battle rages, and the Field is spread
 With nothing but the Dying and the Dead.
 Both Sides consent to treat without Delay,
 And their two Chiefs at once the Sceptre sway.
 But *Tatius* by *Lavinian* Fury slain ;
 Great *Romulus* continu'd long to reign.

The Assumption of ROMULUS.

Now Warrior *Mars* his burnish'd Helm puts on,
 And thus addresses Heav'n's imperial Throne.

Since the inferior World is now become
 One Vassal Globe, and Colony to *Rome*,
 This Grace, O *Jove*, for *Romulus* I claim,
 Admit him to the Skies, from whence he came.

Long

Long hast thou promis'd an Æthereal State
To *Mars's* Lineage; and thy Word is Fate.

The Sire that rules the Thunder, with a Nod,
Declar'd the *Fiat*, and dismiss'd the God.

Soon as the Pow'r Armipotent survey'd
The flashing Skies, the Signal he obey'd;
And leaning on his Lance, he mounts his Car,
His fiery Courfers lashing thro' the Air.
Mount *Palatine* he gains, and finds his Son
Good Laws enacting on a peaceful Throne;
The Scales of heav'nly Justice holding high,
With steady Hand, and a discerning Eye.
Then vaults upon his Car, and to the Spheres,
Swift, as a flying Shaft, *Rome's* Founder bears.
The Parts more pure, in rising are refin'd,
The gross and perishable lag behind.
His Shrine in purple Vestments stands in view;
He looks a God, and is *Quirinus* now.

The Assumption of H E R S I L I A.

Ere long the Goddess of the nuptial Bed,
With Pity mov'd, sends *Iris* in her Stead
To sad *Herfilia* — Thus the Meteor Maid: —

Chaste Relië! in bright Truth to Heav'n ally'd,
The *Sabines* Glory, and the Sex's Pride;
Honour'd on Earth, and worthy of the Love
Of such a Spouse, as now resides above.
Some Respite to thy killing Griefs afford;
And if thou would'st once more behold thy Lord,
Retire to yon steep Mount, with Groves o'er-spread,
Which with an awful Gloom his Temple shade.

With Fear the modest Matron lifts her Eyes,
And to the bright Ambassadors replies: —

O Goddess, yet to mortal Eyes unknown,
But sure thy various Charms confess thee one:
O quick to *Romulus* thy Votress bear,
With Locks of Love he'll smile away my Care:
In whate'er Orb he shines, my Heav'n is there.

Then

Then hastes with *Iris* to the holy Grove,
And up the Mount *Quirinal* as they move,
A lambent Flame glides downward thro' the Air,
And brightens with a Blaze *Herflia's* Hair.
Together on the bounding Ray they rise,
And shoot a Gleam of Light along the Skies.
With op'ning Arms *Quirinus* met his Bride,
Now *Ora* nam'd, and press'd her to his Side.



OVID's *Metamorphoses*, Book XV.

The Story of CIPPUS.

OR as when *Cippus* in the Current view'd
The shooting Horns that on his Forehead stood,
His Temples first he feels, and with surprise
His Touch confirms th' Assurance of his Eyes.
Straight to the Skies his horned Front he rears,
And to the Gods directs these pious Pray'rs.

If this Portent be prosp'rous, O decree
To *Rome* th' Event; if otherwise, to me.
An Altar then of Turf he hastes to raise,
Rich Gums in fragrant Exhalations blaze;
The panting Entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding Fumes pronounce a Mystery.
Soon as the Augur saw the Holy Fire,
And Victims with presaging Signs expire,
To *Cippus* then he turns his Eyes with speed,
And views the horny Honours of his Head:
Then cry'd, Hail Conqueror! thy Call obey,
Those Omens I behold presage thy Sway.
Rome waits thy Nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy Sov'reign Pow'r as Fate's Decree.

He said—and *Cippus*, starting at th' Event,
Spoke in these Words his pious Discontent.

Far.

Far hence, ye Gods, this Execration send,
 And the great Race of *Romulus* defend.
 Better that I in Exile live abhorr'd,
 Than e'er the Capitol shou'd stile me Lord.

This spoke, he hides with Leaves his Omen'd Head.
 Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and said,

If Augurs can foresee, a Wretch is come,
 Design'd by Destiny the Bane of *Rome*.
 Two Horns (most strange to tell) his Temples crown;
 If e'er he pass the Walls, and gain the Town,
 Your Laws are forfeit, that ill-fated Hour;
 And Liberty must yield to lawless Pow'r.
 Your Gates he might have enter'd; but this Arm
 Seiz'd the Usurper, and withheld the Harm.
 Haste, find the Monster out, and let him be
 Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;
 Or ty'd in Chains, or into Exile thrown;
 Or by the Tyrant's Death prevent your own.

The Crowd such Murmurs utter as they stand,
 As swelling Surges breaking on the Strand:
 Or as when gath'ring Gales sweep o'er the Grove,
 And their tall Heads the bending Cedars move.
 Each with Confusion gaz'd, and then began
 To feel his Fellow's Brows, and find the Man.
Cippus then shakes his Garland off, and cries,
 The Wretch you want, I offer to your Eyes.

The anxious Throng look'd down, and sad in Thought,
 All wish'd they had not found the Sign they sought:
 In haste with Laurel Wreaths his Head they bind;
 Such Honour to such Virtue was assign'd.
 Then thus the Senate——Hear, O *Cippus*, hear;
 So God-like is thy Tutelary Care,
 That since in *Rome* thyself forbids thy Stay,
 For thy Abode those Acres we convey
 The Plough-share can surround, the Labour of a Day.
 In deathless Records thou shalt stand inroll'd,
 And *Rome's* rich Posts shall shine with Horns of Gold.



A SOLILOQUY out of ITALIAN.

COU'D he whom my dissembled Rigour grieves,
 But know what Torment to my Soul it gives;
 He'd find how fondly I return his Flame,
 And want myself the Pity he wou'd claim.
 Immortal Gods! why has your Doom decreed
 Two wounded Hearts with equal Pangs shou'd bleed?
 Since that great Law, which your Tribunal guides,
 Has join'd in Love whom Destiny divides;
 Repent you Pow'rs the Injuries you cause,
 Or change our Natures, or reform your Laws.
 Unhappy Partner of my killing Pain,
 Think what I feel the Moment you complain.
 Each Sigh you utter wounds my tend'rest Part,
 So much my Lips misrepresent my Heart.
 When from your Eyes the falling Drops distil,
 My vital Blood in every Tear you spill:
 And all those mournful Agonies I hear,
 Are but the Echos of my own Despair.



An Imitation of a French Author.

CAN you count the silver Lights
 That deck the Skies, and chear the Nights:
 Or the Leaves that strow the Vales,
 When Groves are stript by Winter Gales:
 Or the Drops that in the Morn
 Hang with transparent Pearl the Thorn.
 Or Bridegroom's Joys, or Miser's Cares,
 Or Gamester's Oaths, or Hermit's Pray'rs:
 Or Envy's Pangs, or Love's Alarms,
 Or Marlb'rough's Acts, or -----n's Charms?

ORATIO

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CLARISSIMÆ

PRO-PRÆSES,
COLLIGÆ DOCTISSIMI.

Auditores humanissimi!



MIRENTUR alii, neque id fortè injuriâ, cùm tot adsint Oratores, ingenio pariter & eloquentiâ illustres; me, quî neque doctrinâ neque arte dicendi polleam, provinciam hanc inauspicatò sortiri: Verum hoc quicquid est, sive honoris, sive muneris, non ambitu quæsitum est ac ne minimâ meâ propensione susceptum; sed cùm jubente Præsîde, reluctari nefas esse duxerim, existimationi potius & famæ propriæ, quàm officio deesse constitui; ne fortè videar non satis auctoritati ejus auscultasse, cujus ipso etiam in hortatu acquiescere debemus. Nec incepti mei me pœniteret, si tanti viri vestigiis insistere possem: Qui, quot habet verba, tot illecebris leporibusque abundat. Suavitate suâ permulcet, subtilitate docet, argumentis flectit, & varietate delectat; nervosâ insuper *Sallustii* brevitate pollet, *Curtii* acumine, & numerosâ *Tullii*, quoties ita visum est, & diffusâ venâ. Nemo igitur *Millingtonum*, ut par est, nisi qui par ingenium sortitus est, laudare moliatur; quàm impar autem & ineptus ego fuerim, Oratione hodiernâ abundè constabit.

Desunt certè mihi & æquabile dicendi genus, & vis suaforia; neque pressè loqui scio, neque uberiùs; inventio
mea

mea jejuna est & sterilis, gestus denique rudis & incompositus. Quid igitur præsentia vestra, quid arte nostra dignum proferam? Non vos latet *Alexandrum* magnum (ut de *Zoroastre*, de *Mitbridate*, de *Lysimacho* fileam) haud minimam medicinæ, idque *Stagyritæ* consilio, dedisse operam. Nec mirum, cum veneranda antiquitas, quamplurimos medendi arte felices, non solum privilegiis, non præmiis, non statuis, sed reverentiâ planè religiosâ, sed cultu prorsus divino dignos existimaverit: Homines enim ad deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam sanitatem dando, conservando, restituendo.

Flammam febrium ferocientem restinguit Medicina, artus paralyticos & rigentes benignis ignibus refocillat, Hydropis laticem exantlat, renum scaturiginem sistit, vultum squallore morbidò foedaturn decorat, & larvam tollit, tabidos instaurat, plus justò saginatos redigit, torpidos irradiat, & insomnes consopit. Plantarum figuras & sapes pene infinitos distinguit, medullam fossilium intimam rimatur, naturam per mille Orbes & Mæandros sectatur, ipsissimum insuper terræ centrum, medicinæ perspicacitatem non fugit, nec quicquam in ipso delitescit Oceano.

Plura dicerem ut artis Apollinæ laudibus nequaquam deessem, verum ista omitto, ne multa hac occasione non ita pridem audita recensere videar. De medicorum itaque dignitate & titulis, qui certiores fieri velint, *Foesium* & alios consulant. Sed in ea nos incidimus loca & tempora, quibus ipsa ægrotat medicina. Ars siquidem omnibus aliis utilissima, sibi suisque prodesse nescit, dum plus Pseudo-medicis quam morbis laborat Anglia. Quot & quales sint isti, programmata parietibus affixa monent indies. Hic circumforaneus in plateis equo insidens, dentes evellit; Ille, domi certis horis fatuos expectat. Alter Matulas inspicit, & ubi morbum non invenit, facit. Alter, turbâ in unum Funambuli ope convocatâ, venit, videt, in confertissimam catervam irruit, & horrendam edit stragem. Non autem telis vulnerat ista Agyrtarum colluvies, sed Theriacâ quâdam magis perniciosâ, non pyrio, sed pulvere nescio quo exotico certat, non gloriâ

bulis plumbeis, sed pilulis æque lethalibus interficit. O genus hominum, si quod aliud sceleratissimum! totam urbem invadunt isti Homicidæ, sed an imperitiâ an impunitate majori incertum; pro pudore, audacia, pro sagacitate inscitia, pro integritate improbitas hodiè, ut olim, viget. Huic pesti ut occurreret *Henricus* octavus regum augustissimus, & sanitati subditorum religiosè consulens, Collegium hoc quamplurimis immunitatibus ad rem medicam moderandam stabiliendamque donavit. *Henrici* ad exemplum *Edvardus* sextus, *Maria* & *Elisabetha* Reginae, *Jacobi*, *Carolique* duo, nullum officii genus, ad emolumentum nostrum spectans, omisere: Multa insuper *Maria* & *Arabella Stuartæ* ex regio sanguine oriundis debemus; *Lumleio* Baroni, summæ, eo tempore authoritatis etiam multa; Nec minora Marchioni *Dorcestriæ*, Collegii hujusce regalis Socio, viro etiam animotibus quàm natalium splendore clariori. Neque nos fugiant Societatis nostræ & alia ornamenta, *Linacrus* nempe *Aikinsus*, *Readus*, *Meyerellus*, *Foxus*, *Gulstonus*, *Pagettus*, *Bidgodfsus*, *Pamannus*, præcipuè verò *Harvæus* & *Hamæus*: ingenti virtute & doctrinâ fuere ambo, sed indole paulum diversâ: *Harvæus* benignitate clarus habebatur, Morum simplicitate *Hamæus*: Ille humanitate festivâ probatus fuit, Huic augusta gravitas dignitatem dedit; Alterius lenitas, alterius stabilitas celebratur.

Quanti quidem *Harvæum* facere debemus non tam ex ore nostro quam scriptis ejus discat *Europa*. Efflorescet indies beati Senis fama, quo doctiorem, nulla ætas vidit, nulla forsitan videbit: Cujus ingenii acumen atque ardor mentis, tanquam flamma quædam cœlitus delapsa, totum Orbem literatum illustravit. Falsa pro veris olim recepta tenebris damnavit, latentia & abscondita in lucem protulit; ipsissimam animalium originem, sudore majori nescio an sagacitate, indagavit, æstum sanguinis felicitatè observavit, motumque reciprocum palam fecit; nihil illi famulavit, nemo virtutis simul & veritatis studiosior; tanta ut illi benevolentia, ut nihil sciverit quod alios nescire voluerit; tanta Eruditio ut nemo ex eâ ad hanc fere diem sciverit quod Ille ignoravit: ad hæc, qualis in vultu fa-

facilitas, in verbis candor, in familiari consuetudine lepor & venustas! Erga Collegas urbanitate, erga amicos constantiâ, erga pauperes charitate, erga omnes probitate inclauit. Deorum immortalium adinstar paucissimis indiguit, & quamplurimis benefecit, etiam posteris, non solum divina edocendo, sed nos omnes Hæredes ex asse constituendo.

Haud longe aliter *Hamæus*. Illius quidem munificentia effectum est, ut Collegium hodie supersit; quantis quidem impensis ædes hæce, sæviente bello plusquam civili, vindicaverit, neminem latere existimo. Esse quàm videri munificus malebat: Alii munera, alii agros, alii statuas, alii alia exoptant, & optando consenescent. Hic de nihilo nisi mente sanâ & corpore sano sollicitus erat, cujus amicitia dum vixit, nunc charissima nobis est memoria & longum colenda.

Neque *Cutlerum* Baronettum præterire licet. Si filem Ego, me monerent hi parietes, hæc subsellia. Vir sanè neque alieni injustè appetens, neque sui profusus; haud plus honesta expetiit, quam male parta devitavit; omnia sibi negavit, uti multa aliis elargiretur, fame & frigore se fere conficiens, uti Egenos victu & igne reficeret; publica curavit, neque interim propria neglexit: plura dicere decorum non est, neque fas, pauciora: Filiam diu Illi non superstitem reliquit, optimis animi ornamentis dotatam, & Illustrissimo Comiti de *Radnor*, profapiâ insigni, virtute vero insigniori, Connubio junctam.

Restant & adhuc nonnulli Benefactores qui in vivis sunt. Domina nempe *Gratia Pierrepont*, dotium paternarum nobilium hæres nobilissima: *Henricus Guy* Armiger, vir non minus humani ingenii, quam ad largiendum promptissimi, qui cum *Gulielmo Langham* & *Johanne Banks* Baronettis, integritate & consilio probatis, digni sunt ut commemorentur.

Ad te nunc Coronidis loco convertimur, Gulielme Auguste, Regum invictissime, non tam Collegii hujusce Jupiter Stator & Custos, quàm Orbis Christiani liberator & publicæ quietis restitutor. Quòd regna Europæa meliora expectant, Tuum est; quòd Agricoltæ tempestates anni letas sperant, Tuum est; quòd castitatem matres, quòd pudorem filia jam tuentur, Tuum est. Te venerantur Angli, Te obser-

vant Hispani, Te mirantur Germani, Te colunt Batavi, & Te verentur Galli. Si gesta Majorum tuorum illustria, si genus antiquum spectemus, ecquid non veteres loquuntur Fasti & Annales? Tot Principes & Heroas è stirpe Nassoviâ oriundos numeremus, quot vix homines è suâ possunt alii.

Ignorat nemo, nisi qui nescire mallet, vim Gallicam viginti, & eò amplius retro annis, toti Europæ tremendam incubuisse. Belli enim defuetudo socordiam, socordia servitutem sapius parit, adeò ut de libertate publicâ desperandum esset, ni juvenis Auriacus, Majorum more, venienti morbo occurrere festinasset. Quæ & quanta plane stupenda in Flandris gestisti, testatur inter alia prælium Montibus dimicatum, ubi hostilem exercitum penitus fudisti, ubi militarem Divi Julii scientiam, Alexandri annos nonaùm prætergressus, implevisti, Tu penè impubis & jam Triumphator.

Te de novo conservatorem petiit concussa salus publica, & in sinum tuum confugit suspirans Anglia; Non te, propria ambitio Imperatorem fecit, sed nostræ angustiae: Britanniam languentem, & extrema jam perpeßam, vel ipsâ præsentia tuâ restituißti, Hiberniam ferè exanimem, adventu tuo refocillasti. Si insignium virtutis tuæ exemplorum immemor essem, Boia flumen me admoneret. Alveum fere deseruit cunctabundus ille amnis ut trajetui tuo indulgeret; traducis copias flumen, ordines deinde instruis, Legiones disponis, res ad manus venit; Ipse in prima acie stas inconcussus; non diu utrinque decertatum est, quin hostes, qui situs & opportunitates locorum apprimè calluere, impetum tuum non sustinentes, fugâ sibi consulere cæperunt. Fugientes insequeris, & quocunque tendis, Te comitatur Victoria.

Cohortibus tuis nullus aditus vel est asper, vel arduus; subsidunt montes, exarescunt flumina, patent januæ, & armis tuis cedit tota insula. Barbaris & Gallis hoc modo subactis, quò Te fata trabunt, & gloria tua, vocaris; Flandriam denuo tot incendiis vastatam, tot Gallici furoris indicibus pessundatam revisis, patrociniùm promittis, & lugendæ rerum sorti benignè succurris. Mœnia Namurci petis; milites, quo jubes, sequuntur alacres, & castris positis, oppidum obsidione premis. Galli, spò multâ in copiis & propugnaculis constitutâ, inceptum irrident. Nostri verò pristina virtutis

memores, acriter & omni impetu obsessos adoriuntur; Teque auspice, & Teste Francorum exercitu, Castrum totius Europæ munitissimum, expugnant.

Quis & quantus Ille dies, si tacerem Ego, Columnæ, Arcus triumphales, Obelisci, brevi eloquerentur.

Ecquid est, Auguste, quod pro utilitate publicâ, non molireris? cum Coclite natares, cum Fabio cunctareris, & cum Manlio contra hostium agmina, solus licet, decertares. Non prosperis, supra quàm Majestati convenit, elatus es, neque rebus sinistris infractus; Sed si à Tuis in prælio derelictus fores, uno animo, sed forti, sed magnifico, universos sustinere quum non posses, singulos vinceret.

Cæli inclementiam, ventorum impetum, Oceani furem, hiemem & æstatem juxtâ perpeti dignaris. Prælium ut primus inis, sic ab eodem ultimus defisti: Dii interim immortales, Te melius, quam ipse soles, curent, ne nimium audendo, crudelis sis in eos quos servasti; præsertim cum ex tuâ unius fortitudine & prudentiâ, tot populorum salus, tot Principum securitas pendere videatur. Si jubes esse felices, sumus: Non tuos, ut alii reges, deprimis, sed demulces, sub attollis; neque vis tibi plura licere, quàm nobis omnibus, Tu solus Tuimet Victor. Te eheu! teipsum vincere potuisse, lucuosâ occasione constabat, quum Maria Augusta, quâ nulla ore amabilior, alloquio suavior terras reliquit. Emicere in reginæ gestu, in fronte, in oculis, majestas, candor, veneris, & quicquid delectationem & cultum unâ conciliaret. Si Octavius Augustus, si Germanicus, si Trajanus, Liviam, Agrippinam, Plotinam jactaverint, ecquid de Heroinâ nostrâ non eloquerentur omnes? sed stillantes passim oculi, virtutes Illius cælestes fortius nuperrimè enunciârunt.

Ipse quidem, Dive Gulielme, die isthâc à lachrymis non temperasti, sed postquam Te esse Conjugem amantiissimum probasti, Te esse Heroem etiam meministi. Rebus Britannicis denudò invigilas, & negotia publica solus sustines, neque magis patriam armis tutaris, quàm tuo ornas exemplo.

Ne miretur aliquis me finem collaudandi ignorare, quum Tu finem mira præstandi nescias; sed in hoc minus stupenda sunt, quia Tua. Monetam nostram diminutam & adulterinam invenisti, probam (sed serò sit utinam) relinques. Britanniam

etiam

etiam sub adventum tuum, molles & enervés, nil bodie, Cæsare duce, nisi victoriam spirant, nil nisi turpem famam metuunt. Dies me ante deficeret, quam gesta tua percurrerem, & qui tota recensere velit, quos Tu emereris annos, habeas necesse est.

Talia de Hercule, de Scipione, de Marcello finguntur, sed de Te vel Majora certa sunt. Fama profectò tua usque adeo se diffudit, ubique gentium sic inclaruit, ut bellicosus Ille Russiæ Imperator, gestorum æmulus, & nominis tui cultor; Te visendi gratiâ, ab ultimo Septentrione venerit; tuo malens frui hospitio, tuas virtutes heroicas mirari, quam dignitatem Imperatoriam exercere, & qui eum domi manent triumphos, de Turcis Tartarisque debellatis, agere; & mox cum eum Tu, Prometheus alter, igne cælesti animaveris, Tuo afflatus Genio, tuo numine plenus, ad implenda Græcorum vota & vaticinia redibit, Imperium Orientale auspicaturus. Regna interim hæc usque ad invidiam sub auspiciis tuis efflorescunt, qui tam Optimi Regis, quam Maximi Ducis omnes numeros implevisti. Reliqua insuper Europa, quin, & ipsa Gallia, tam longis belli infortuniis vexata, ad Regiam tuam Legatos mittunt, & finem miseriarum expetunt. Precibus eorum annuens, ut Jupiter olim, nutu tuo Orbem pacâsti. Nunc silent litui, nunc rubiginem trahunt arma, nunc redeunt sæcula ut olim aurea, conquiescunt Cives, nec hostium incursionibus divexantur Coloni. Desinamus tandem omnes querelarum, & trophæa tua unanimes concinamus, dum Te domum reducem, sellæ curuli infidentem, spoliis decoratum, tunicâ palmatâ, purpurâque indutum, lauro coronatum, Captivorum agmine pone veniente, expectant regna tua; Galliâ denique in terminos proprios redactâ, Hispaniâ liberatâ, Belgiâ in tuto positâ, & Aquilæ Germanicæ alis ad Hungariæ fines expansis, Tibi ludos publicos instituemus, Teque Orbis Europæi vindicem, Te propugnatorem, Te Statorem grati nuncupabimus. Nec jactent Galli Regem suum dedisse Pacem, quam tot Urbium, tot Provinciarum redditione impetravit. Emit ergo sibi Pacem Ludovicus decimus quartus, dedit Gulielmus verè Magnus, idemque Christianissimus, Orbi Christiano.

Vix impetum hic reprimo, sed quoniam Princeps Optimus gesta sua reticere, quam justis suorum præconis

recenseri mallet, & propriâ virtute, non alienis laudibus inclarescit, ad alia transibo; & vos omnes, Collegæ, orabo, ut in quantum Clementissimus totius terrarum Orbis Monarcha, regii hujus Collegii patrociniū suscepit, aliquid saltem tanto Patrono dignum moliamini. Præfidis optimi doctissimique, & quamplurimorum hujusce qui adsunt societatis, exempla satis præclara vobis propono; Illi enim angustiarum & calamitatum alienarum participes, Repositorium Pharmacis omnimodis probe instructum, in egenorum levamen poni curarunt. Si pietas itaque tanta, charitas tanta vos commovere valeat, si non in cæteris, in hoc tamen conformes estote obsecro; nisi eò ventum est, ut inimicos non solum foris, sed domi etiam inveniamus. Si statuta, si fides data, vana nomina sint, vestrâ utcumque interest, Collegæ, ne immunitates vestras vili faciant Isti, qui vobis subservire debent, sed ut privilegia quæ à Majoribus accepistis, posteris relinquatis. A vobis itaque obnixè peto, ut rursus in concordiam redeatis; ut litibus inter nos compositis, Societatis nostræ emolumento unâ consulamus.

Res, tempus, necessitas, magis quam Oratio mea vos hortentur. Nonne eò res devenit, ut nunc vereamini eos, quibus vos decet esse terrori; quibus honesta & inhonesta omnia pariter lucro sunt; Qui eruditionis inopes, qui moribus inculti, qui omni posito pudore, ædes hæc funditus evertere satagunt; Qui, quod spiramus, indignantur: sed licet discordiis nostris quam suis consiliis sint feliciores; intelligant tamen nos fortius vigilare ad Collegii simul & populi salutem, quam ad perniciem Illi. Vos interim Collegæ, (agant inter se Isti ut lubent) datæ fidei memores futuros spero. Plura dicerem si apud pertinaces valerent verba, nam ingenuis abundè dictum puto.





LUCRETII editionis Dedicatio
designata.

Serenissimo Principi

GEORGIO LUDOVICO,
Brunf. & Lun. Duci, &c.

Princeps Serenissime,

SCRIPTOREM perfectu non indignum, summâ,
ut par est, observantiâ tuos ob Oculos pono. Eru-
diatne utilis, an delectet elegantius, jure dubitemus.
Quamplurimi forsan putent, Dignitatis tuæ me parum
Rationem habere, quæ, quicquid forte deliraverim, au-
gusto tuo nomini consecrare voluerim: sed & clementiam
tuam & tenuitatem meam juxta novi. Eâ es humanitate,
ut dum *Heroem* te probas maximum, *Patronum* te præbes
optimum. Incertum si in oppugnantem sis vehementior,
an supplicanti facilior. Si *Lucretius* his temporibus
vixisset, & de rebus quas fortiter susceperis & feliciter
perfeceris, certior factus esset, Providentiam divinam
gestis tuis annuentem, ipse ultrò agnosceret, & gerendis
non defuturam facile prædicaret. Neque adversus mortis
timorem validius quicquam statueret, quam Animi tui
Magnitudinem; neque dulcius solatium, quam vitæ
Integritatem. Si magna, quæ molitus fuisti admodum
adhuc Adolescens, & ad ardua quæque subeunda natus,
enumeranda forent; expugnatam *Treverim*, *Viennam*
liberatam transire nefas esset; quorum altera Coronam
obsidionalem tibi donavit, muralem altera. Neque te
in *Hungaria* præliantem tacerem, ubi in id Bellum in-
cidisti, cujus altera pars sudoris nimium habuit, altera
felicitatis parum. Atque res Imperatorias tu, Romani
Imperii

Imperii Vindex, privato commodo habuisti potiores. De rebus in *Holsatiâ* gestis & compluribus aliis non filerem; neque quæ in *Flandriâ*, nuperò exardente Bello, sunt notiora, prætermitterem. Nunquis etiam ignorat, quanta ad *Rhenum*, Legionibus belli inexpertis, recens gesseris? Famâ propriâ *Europæ* saluti posthabitâ, Victoris personam posuisti, ut Patriæ Conservatoris indueres; & pulchrè statuisti te, cedendo gloriæ bellorum, aucturum tuam. Exercitum instructissimum dimisisti aliò ducendum, & tumultuario per singulas Provincias censu conscripto præesse instituisti; eo certe consilio, ut nihil velles quod posses; eo exitu, ut ubique potueris quantum volueris & prudenter consulta tibi tam feliciter cessare, ut de Gallis tandem triumphâris. Sed vereor ne celsitudini tuæ fim molestior, quæ magna moliri, quam maxima de te recenseri malis; in appetenda Gloria ardentior; in ferenda moderatior; & licet Victorias novas prioribus cumules, verecundia tua usque adhuc restat invicta.

Non tibi, sed tuis te natum arbitraris, & otium, quod aliis paras, tibi soli denegas. Non de Imperio proferendo certas, sed de Libertate vindicanda. Quis in hostem gravior? Quis in civem benignior? in Castris Disciplinam instituis; in Tribunali Justitiam; & Jus cuique suum Dux & Princeps reddis, quod Miles & Civis exoptares.

Voluntas Principum est aliquando pro Legibus. Tu illis solum te nolles; sed salubriter latæ five utiliter emendatæ tibi præcipue arrident; & tales constituis, quibus tui pareant, & quas ipse etiam serves; si quid imperant, imperas; si quid vetant, vetas; inde tibi cautum est, hoc ne agas; illud ut exequaris.

Te genus avitum, & jus à majoribus acceptum, tot seculorum insuper consuetudine approbatum, super cæteros extulerunt; sed ea est moderatio tua, vix quicquam ut tibi, qui omnia potes, nisi quod jure fiat, permissum velis. Non jus vi obrui finis; potentiores ne humiliores opprimant, prohibes. Si studia leniora minus valeant, asperioribus invitus coerces, & severitatem clementiâ usque cōtemperas ut metus frequentior, & pœna rarior eveniat.

Non

Non desunt Principes qui vix quicquam, si dominationi conducatur, turpe existimant; quicquid æquum est averfantur, quicquid iniquum, gratum habent; & probant improbantque, non prout Ratio postulat, sed quemadmodum hortatur ambitio. Ipse id ante omnia consulis, rectumne sit an pravum, & ne vectigalibus tuos, ne armis vicinos opprimas, caves.

Plerique inani Dignitatis Imagine adducti, memores se esse Principes, se esse Homines sunt obliti. Tu, cum ab aulicis curis vaces, non alio, quoquo te vertis, satellitio, nisi piis intuentium votis stipatus incedis; & eo aliis es major, quo aliis te reddis magis parem. Nonnulli in consiliis capiendis mobiles, non nisi blanditiis insidiantibus aurem admovent, & aliorum merita, non proprio judicio, sed adulatorum arbitrio metiuntur. Tu in sententia constans, & adulationem procul amovens, ad aliorum nutum te minimè convertis. Infantes te habent propugnatorem; absentes vindicem; facinorum præclare gestorum in te prædicatorem inveniunt, quibus antea fueras exemplo; & quicquid fieri, ut Dux jusseris, facto, ut commilito, gratularis. Te maximè laudat quæ verissima refert, siue Virtutes tuas, siue Majorum recordetur. Erat tibi Pater Heroum genere natus, bellicorum pariter Munerum atque civilium summè peritus. Superest Mater longo Regum ordine genus deducens, & animi magnitudine supra sceminam conspicua, nihil muliebri præ se ferens, præter hilaritatem priscam & gratam oris venustatem.

Juvat denique Filium memorare, *Europæ* spem alteram, optimâ indole Principem, artibus omnigenis instructissimum; & ob mores amabiles æque infimis atque summis charum. Qui Gloriam, Virtutis tuæ æmulus, more tuo adipiscitur; adeptam more tuo parvi ducit. Nescio an Famæ cursum impleveris jam ipse magis fortiter, an inchoaverit ille feliciter, pro mortalitate à Parente acceptâ immortalitatem redditurus. Quantus in armis sit, certò scimus; quantus evasurus, auguramur; proinde quo optimè laudemus Patrem, Filium oportet nominemus. Quid Votorum superest.

nisi ut bene meritus est ab omnibus, summo in honore habeatur ab omnibus? Quæ de te vulgavit Fama, læti accipimus, grati recognoscimus. In moribus inest Humanitas, in officiis Probitas, in verbis Fides; & qualis haberi velis, talem te esse lætaris. Cum Regina proinde optima (quam Dii immortales diutissimè servant) extremum reddiderit spiritum, te tuosque Senatus Populusque *Britannus* certatim ad se accersent, genti universæ quam elicissimè imperaturos.



Epitaphium GEORGII Comititis de
Huntingdon.

Hic situs est
Georgius Comes de Huntingdon,
Præclara Hastingorum Prosapiâ
Natus;
Et Nepte ex Plantagenettorum stemmate
Oriundus;
Literarum humanorum Cultor indefessus;
In Aulâ ornatissimus;
In Acie imperterritus;
Ubique probus.
Tanta fuit ei morum suavitas,
Cum Gravitate Comitas,
Cum Fide Urbanitas;
Haud quicquam cæteris commune habuit,
Nisi quod mori potuerit.
Tantus Animi Candor ingenitus
Ut tot numeraverit Amicos,
Quot Familiares.
Procul habuit Mollitiem atque Inertiam,
Turpè existimans,
Queis Dignitate præstitit,
Ab His Virtute superari.
Flagrante per Europam Bello,
Salutis publicæ quam suæ studiosior,

Sir SAMUEL GARTH. 443

Ad Rem militarem exercendam
Se contulit.

Obsessis

Venloâ, Ruremondâ, Kaiservertâ,
Quæ fortiter, sub Duce Marlburgensi, tentavit,
Feliciter perfecit ;
Quorum tamen oblivionem maluit
Quam Gloriam.

Obiit Kal. Mart. viii. *Æræ*
Christianæ CIOCCVI.

Ætat. xxvi.



To Mr. GAY on his Poems.

WHEN *Fame* did o'er the spacious Plain
The Lays she once had learn'd repeat;
All listn'd to the tuneful Strains,
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
'Twas thus. The *Graces* held the Lyre,
Th' harmonious Frame the *Muses* strung,
The *Loves* and *Smiles* compos'd the Choir,
And Gay transcrib'd what *Phæbus* sung.



To the merry Poetaster at Sadlers-Hall
in Cheapside.

UNwieldy Pedant, let thy aukward Muse
With Censures praise, with Flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in Thee's an Art ;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy School-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen ;
Thour't fashion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen.
If *B* —— /s immortal Wit thou would'st descry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.
Thy feeble Satire ne'er can do him wrong ;
Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

C O N

C O N T E N T S

O F

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